## WORKS

OF

### PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The RENEGADO.
The PICTURE.
The FATAL DOWRY.
The EMPEROR OF THE EAST.
The MAID OF HONOUR.

#### LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.
M DCC LXI.

WORNS

9 Q

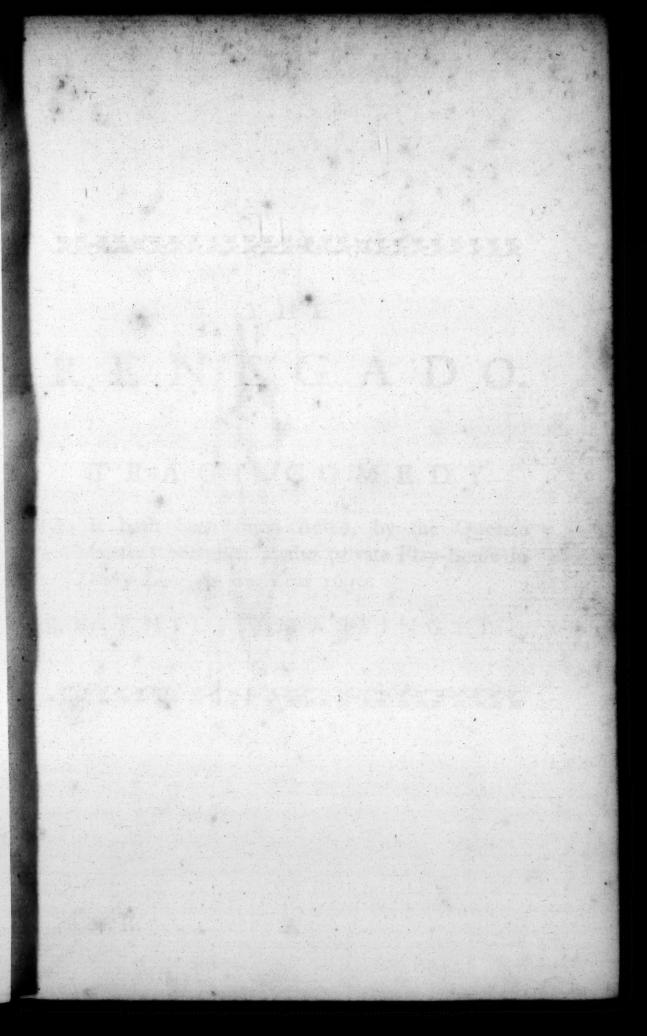
## PHILIP MASSINGER.

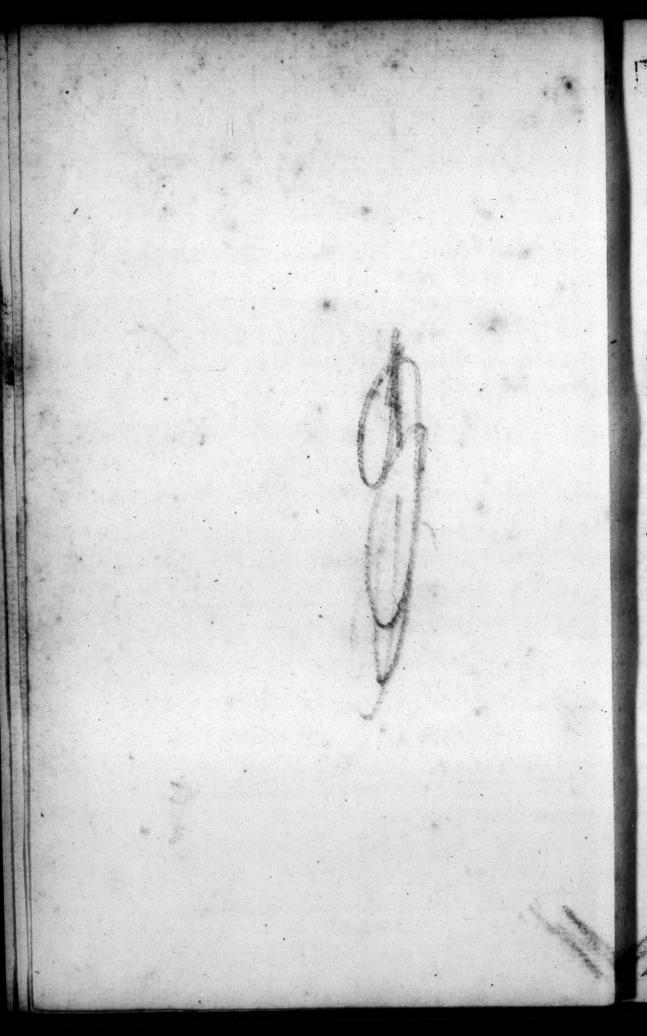
dvojažen žmujo († 3)

15 1 1 1 1 1 1 7 0 0

x o gaz o t

Francis des I. Derrit de la Australia de Louis Comenta Marcolania





THE

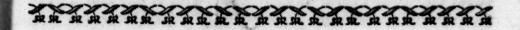
## RENEGADO.

A

TRAGILCOMEDY.

As it hath been often Acted, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants, at the private Play-house in Drury-Lane, in the Year 1630.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.



NEED THE ENGLISH OF STREET STREET, STR

RENEGADO.

N M M N

YABBOS-IDANT

As, is hath licent after Alfeed, by the Circular A. Siech of Market Misself and Assertance Misself and Assertance

By PHILLING ALLSTER TO

THE LABOR DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

7

Voi. II.

#### TO THE

#### RIGHT HONOURABLE

#### GEORGE HARDING.

Baron Barkley, of Barkley Castle, and Knight of the Honourable Order of the BATH. My good Lord, WHO! SOUNT TO A A

\*\* \* O be honoured for old Nobility, or Hereditary Ti-T tles is not alone proper to yourself, but to some \*\* few of your Rank, who may challenge the like Privilege with you: But in our Age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready Hand to raise the dejected Spirits of the contemned Sons of the Muses; such as would not suffer the glorious Fire of Poefy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable, and peculiar to your Lordship, that with a full Vote, and Suffrage it is acknowledged, that the Patronage, and Protection of the dramatic Poem, is yours, and almost without a Rival. I despair not therefore, but that my Ambition to present my Service in this Kind, may in your Clemency meet with a gentle Interpretation. Confirm it, my good Lord in your gracious Acceptance of this Trifle; in which if I were not confident there are some Pieces worthy the Perusal, it should have been taught an humbler Flight; and the Writer (your Countryman) never yet made bappy in your Notice, and Favour, bad not made this an Advocate to plead for his Admission among such as are wbolly, and fincerely devoted to your Service. I may live to tender my bumble Thankfulness in some bigber Strain; and, 'till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your Height to receive

Your Honour's commanded Servant.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABIA

Dramatis Personæ.

Asambeg, Viceroy of Tunis. John Blanye. Mustapha, Basha of Aleppo. John Sumner. Vitelli, a Gentleman of Ve- MICHAEL BOWIER.

nice disguis'd.

Francisco, a Jesuit. WILLIAM REIGNALDS. Anthonio Grimaldi, the Re- WILLIAM ALLEN.

negado.

A for of applicate for

Aga.

Capiaga.

Mafter. Manage 15 to speni

Boatfwain.

Sailors.

Failor. Well right it solvered you be long of wolfidmit you take that

Three Turks.

it, my goed Lock in your gradiens Acceptance of Donufa, Neice to Amurath. EDWARD ROGERS. Paulina, Sister to Vitelli. THEO. BOURNE. Manto, Servant to Donusa.

PRILLIP MASSINGER.

The Original Actors.

Carazie, an Eunuch. WILLIAM ROBINS. Gazet, Servant to Vitelli. EDWARD SHAKERLEY.

tinguithed, is journathable, a that with a juli Fote, and Su

yours, and amoft without a Read.

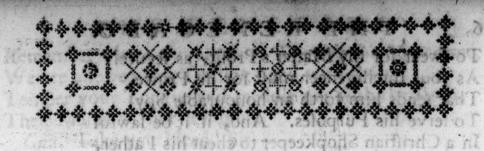
\$110,400,4 POST 40

barrey in vour Wetters and Field

from your Hageby to receive

The Scene, Tunis.

to tender my boundle Therolduluell in land bigber Strawn; and, "till elsen, comfort mylelf with hope, thus you descind



# righted and from The Edward and the thought RENEGADO.

Com Troth, ed animer Araly, I would not be of one that mould commend me and .

What's your Religion Mark

## TRAGI-COMEDY.

the other than allows us to eat I halp and

## ACTI. SCENE I.

ugh it be rotten, rather them

Enter Vitelli and Gazet.

#### A a grown of ene Opiniuliv I like it. I wall models madelly—inche mean

\*\*\*\*OU'VE hir'd a Shop, then? Gaz. Yes, Sir; and our Wares (Though brittle as a Maidenhead at fixteen) Are safe unladen; not a Chrystal crack'd, Or China Dish needs sod'ring; our choice Pictures. As they came from the Workman, without Blemish: And I have studied Speeches for each Piece, And in a thrifty Tone, to fell 'em off, Will fwear by Mahomet, and Termagant, That this is Mistress to the great Duke of Florence. That Neice to old King Pepin, and a Third An Austrian Princess by her Roman Nose, How e'er my Conscience tells me they are Figures Of Bawds and common Courtesans in Venice. Vitel. You make no Scruple of an Oath, then? Gaz. Fye, Sir!

'Tis out of my Indentures; I'm bound there

To swear for my Master's Profit, as securely As your Intelligencer must for his Prince, That sends him forth an honourable Spy To serve his Purposes. And, if it be lawful In a Christian Shopkeeper to cheat his Father, I cannot find but, to abuse a Turk In the Sale of our Commodities, must be thought A meritorious Work.

Vitel. I wonder, Sirrah, What's your Religion?

I would not be of one that should command me To feed upon poor John, when I see Pheasants And Partridges on the Table: Nor do I like The other that allows us to eat Flesh In Lent though it be rotten, rather then be Thought superstitious, as your zealous Cobler, And learned Botcher preach at Amsterdam Over a Hotchpotch. I'd not be confin'd In my Belief, when all your Sects, and Sectaries Are grown of one Opinion; if I like it, I will profess myself,—in the mean Time Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva, I'm of that Country's Faith.

Vitel. And what in Tunis?
Will you turn Turk here?

Gaz. No: So I should lose

A Collop of that Part my Doll enjoin'd me To bring home as she left it: 'Tis her Venture, Nor dare I barter that Commodity Without her special Warrant.

Vitel. You're a Knave, Sir;
Leaving your Roguery, think upon my Business:
It is no Time to fool now——

And learned Botcher preach at Amsterdam

Much about this Time the Low Countries were infested with a fupe stitious Crew of Puritans and Fanatics, and the Persons here alluded to, were perhaps the most noted: A Cobler and a Taylor.

Remember

Remember where you are too: Though this Mart-time, We are allowed free Trading, and with Safety.

Temper your Tongue and meddle not with the Turks,
Their Manners, nor Religion.

Gaz. Take you Heed, Sir,

What Colours you wear. Not two Hours fince there landed

An English Pirate's Whore with a green Apron,
And, as she walk'd the Streets, one of their Mustis
(We call them Priests at Venice) with a Razor
Cuts it off, Petticoat, Smock and all, and leaves her
As naked as my Nail; the young Fry wond'ring
What strange Beast it should be. I 'scap'd a Scouring
My Mistress' Busk Point, of that forbidden Colour
Then ty'd my Codpiece, had it been discover'd
I had been capon'd.

Vitel. And had been well ferv'd,

Haste to the Shop, and set my Wares in order
I will not long be absent?

Gaz. Though I strive, Sir,

To put off Melancholy, to which you are ever Too much inclin'd, it shall not hinder me With my best Care to serve you. [Exit Gazet.

#### Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I believe thee.

O welcome, Sir! Stay of my Steps in this Life, And Guide to all my bleffed Hopes hereafter! What Comfort, Sir? Have your Endeavours prosper'd? Have we tir'd Fortune's Malice with our Sufferings? Is she at length, after so many Frowns, Pleas'd to vouchsafe one cheerful Look upon us?

Fran. You give too much to Fortune, and your Passions,

O'er which a wise Man, if religious, triumphs.
That Name Fool's Worship, and those Tyrants, which We arm against our better Part, our Reason,
May add, but never take from our Afflictions.

A 4

Vitel.

Vitel. Sir, as I am a finful Man, I cannot But like one fuffer. \* bna sanibar Legal bewelle ora; s W

Fran. I exact not from you as a good mov socials !

A Fortitude insensible of Calamity, To which the Saints themselves have bow'd, and shew They're made of Flesh and Blood: All that I challenge Is manly Patience. Will you, that were train'd up In a religious School, where divine Maxims Scorning Comparison with moral Precepts Were daily taught you, bear your Constancy's Trial, Not like Vitelli, but a Village Nurse, With Curses in your Mouth? Tears in your Eyes? How poorly it shows in you.

Vitel. I am school'd, Sir,

And will, hereafter, to my utmost Strength

Study to be myself.

Fran. So shall you find me Most ready to affist you: Neither have I Slept in your great Occasions since I left you: I have been at the Viceroy's Court, and press'd As far as they allow a Christian Entrance. And fomething I have learn'd that may concern The Purpole of this Journey.

Vitel. Dear Sir, what is it?

Fran. By the Command of Asambeg, the Viceroy: The City swells with barbarous Pomp and Pride For the Entertainment of stout Mustapha The Basha of Aleppo, who, in Perion, Comes to receive the Neice of Amurab The fair Donusa for his Bride.

Vitel. I find not low this may profit us.

> 2 Sir, as I am a finful Man, I cannot But like one Suffer.

In Macheth we have a fine Expression like this. Dispute it (says Malcolm) like a Man. Malcolm, I shall do so: But I must also feel it as a Man.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd.

Fran.

Is

#### THE RENEGADO.

Fran. Pray you, give me Leave. Among the rest that wait upon the Viceroy, (Such as have under him Command in Tunis) Who, as you've often heard, are all false Pyrates, I faw the Shame of Venice and the Scorn Of all good Men: The perjur'd Renegado, I hat the was bred in. Antonio Grimaldi.

Vitel. Ha! his Name

Is Poifon to metalization with the rest about the discovered.

Fran. Yet again?

Vitel. I've done, Sir!

Fran. This debauch'd Villain, whom we ever thought (After his impious Scorn done in St. Mark's To me as I stood at the holy Altar)

The Thief that ravish'd your fair Sister from you, The virtuous Paulina, not long fince As I am truly given to understand) Sold to the Viceroy a fair Christian Virgin, On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel Nature Asambeg dotes extremely.

Vitel. 'Tis my Sifter:

It must be flie; my better Angel tells me Tis poor Paulina. Farewell all Difguises! I'll show in my Revenge that I am Noble.

Fran. You are not mad?

Vitel. No, Sir; my virtuous Anger Makes ev'ry Vein an Artery, I feel in me The Strength of twenty Men; and, being arm'd With my good Cause to wreak wrong'd Innocence, I dare alone run to the Viceroy's Court And with this Poignard, before his Face, Dig out Grimaldi's Heart.

Fran. Is this religious?

Vitel. Would you have me tame now? Can I know my Sifter

Mew'd up in his Seraglio, and in Danger Not alone to lose her Honour, but her Soul? The Hell-bred Villain by too, that has fold both To black Destruction, and not haste to send him To the Devil his Tutor? To be patient now,
Were, in another Name, to play the Pander
To th' Viceroy's loose Embraces, and cry Aim
While he by Force, or Flattery compels her
To yield her fair Name up to his foul Lust,
And after turn Apostate to the Faith
That she was bred in.

Fran. Do but give me Hearing, And you shall foon grant how ridiculous This childish Fury is. A wise Man never Attempts Impossibilities: 'Tis as easy For any fingle Arm to quell an Army, As to effect your Wishes. We come hither To learn Paulina's Faith, and to redeem her: Leave your Revenge to Heaven. I oft have told you Of a Relique that I gave her, which has Power (If we may credit holy Mens Traditions) To keep the Owner free from Violence: This on her Breast she wears, and does preserve The Virtue of it by her daily Prayers. So, if she fall not by her own Consent (Which it were Sin to think) I fear no Force. Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd Shape, Till Time and Opportunity present us With some fit Means to see her; which perform'd, I'll join with you in any desperate Course For her Delivery.

Vitel. You have charm'd me, Sir!

And I obey in all Things:—Pray you, pardon
The Weakness of my Passion.

Fran. And excuse it.

Be cheerful, Man; for know that good Intents Are, in the End, Crown'd with as fair Events.

[Exeunt.

I

I

#### SCENE II. Bullet

For the most Part, Inc like Queens,

Her Footmen, her C

#### of theid of the ran of To give free hatertane . moon A all Com

Enter Donusa, Manto, Carazie.

Don. Have you feen the Christian Captive, The great Bashaw is so enamour'd of? Manto. Yes, an't please your Excellency. took a full View of her, when the was Presented to him. Mnows norming but her W

Don. Is she such a Wonder,

As 'tis reported?

Manto. She was drown'd in Tears then, Which took much from her Beauty; yet, in spite Of Sorrow, she appear'd the Mistress of Most rare Perfections; and, though of low Stature, Her well-proportion'd Limbs invite Affection: And, when the speaks, each Syllable is Music That does inchant the Hearers.—But your Highness, That are not to be parallel'd, I never yet Beheld her Equal.

Don. Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great, Seldom distaste our Servants, though they give us More than we can pretend to. I have heard That Christian Ladies live with much more Freedom Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks Never permit their fair Wives to be feen But at the public Bagnios, or the Mosques; And even then veil'd, and guarded. Thou, Carazie, Wert born in England; what's the Custom there Among your Women? Come, be free and merry: I'm no severe Mistress; nor hast thou met with A heavy Bondage.

Car. Heavy? I was made lighter By two Stone Weight, at least, to be fit to serve you. But to your Question, Madam; Women in England, For the most Part, live like Queens. Your Country Ladies

Have Liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast;
To give free Entertainment to all Comers,
To talk, to kiss: There's no such Thing known there
As an Italian Girdle. Your City Dame,
Without Leave, wears the Breeches, has her Husband
At as much Command as her 'Prentice; and, if Need be,
Can make him Cuckold by her Father's Copy.

Don. But your Court-Lady?

Car. She, I assure you, Madam,
Knows nothing but her Will; must be allow'd
Her Footmen, her Coach, her Ushers, her Pages,
Her Doctor, Chaplains; and, as I have heard,
They're grown of late, so learn'd, that they maintain
A strange Position, which their Lords with all
Their Wit cannot confute.

Don. What's that, I pr'thee?

Car. Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful Your Madam there, her much Rest, and high Feeding Duly consider'd, should, to ease her Husband Be allow'd a private Friend. They have drawn a Bill To this good Purpose; and, the next Assembly, Doubt not to pass it.

Don. We enjoy no more

That are of the Ottoman Race, though our Religion Allows all Pleasure. I am dull:—Some Music. Take my Chapins off. 3 So, a lusty Strain—[AGalliard. Who knocks there?

Manto. 'Tis the Bashaw of Aleppo, Who humbly makes Request he may present His Service to you.

Don. Reach a Chair.—We must Receive him like ourself, and not depart with One Piece of Ceremony State, and Greatness, That may beget Respect, and Reverence In one that's born our Vassal. Now admit him.

3 Take my Chapins off.
Chapin (Spanish) a high Cork-heel'd Shoe.

Enter Mustapha, pats off bis yellow Pantofles. 4

Musta. The Place is sacred, and I am to enter The Room where the abides, with fuch Devotion As Pilgrims pay at Meccha, when they visit The Tomb of our great Prophet.

Don. Rife, the Sign was the blander of

That we vouchsafe your Presence.

[The Eunuch takes up the Pantofles.

Musta. May those Powers, That rais'd the Ottoman Empire, and still guard it, Reward your Highness for this gracious Favour You throw upon your Servant. It hath pleas'd The most invincible, mightiest Amurath, (To speak his other Titles would take from him) That in himself does comprehend all Greatness, To make me the unworthy Instrument Receive, divinest Lady, Of his Command.

[ Delivers a Letter.

This Letter, fign'd by his victorious Hand, And made authentic by th' imperial Seal. There when you find me mention'd, far be it from you To think it my Ambition to presume At fuch a Happiness, which his pow'rful Will From his great Mind's Magnificence, not my Meric Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your Content Join with his good Opinion and Allowance To perfect what his Favours have begun, I shall in my Obsequiousness and Duty Endeavour to prevent all just Complaints, Which Want of Will to ferve you may call on me.

Don. His facred Majesty writes here that your Valour Against the Persian hath so won upon him, That there's no Grace, or Honour in his Gift Of which he can imagine you unworthy;

<sup>4</sup> Pantofles (French) Shippers; it is a Custom with the Turks to be bare footed whenever they appear before any of the royal Blood.

And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at, It is his Pleasure you should be receiv'd Into his Royal Family—Provided, (For so far I am unconfin'd) that I Affect and like your Person. I expect not The Ceremony which he uses in Bestowing of his Daughters, and his Neices. As that he should present you for my Slave, To love you, if you pleas'd me; or deliver A Poignard on my least Dislike to kill you. Such Tyranny and Pride agree not with My softer Disposition. Let it suffice For my first Answer, that thus far I grace you.

[Gives bim ber Hand to kiss.]

Hereafter, some Time spent to make Enquiry Of the good Parts, and Faculties of your Mind You shall hear further from me.

Musta. Though all Torments
Really suffer'd, or in Hell imagin'd
By curious Fiction, in one Hour's Delay
Are wholly comprehended: I confess
That I stand bound in Duty, not to check at
Whatever you command, or please to impose
For Trial of my Patience.

Don. Let us find

Some other Subject; too much of one Theme cloys me: Is't a full Mart?

Musta. A Confluence of all Nations Are met together: There's Variety too Of all that Merchants traffic for.

Don. I know not .-

I feel a Virgin's Longing, to descend So far from my own Greatness, as to be, Though not a Buyer, yet a Looker on Their strange Commodities.

Musta. If without a Train
You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine.
And wait upon you as a common Man,
And satisfy your Wishes.

Provide my Veil; and at the Postern Gate
Convey us out unseen.—I trouble you.

Musta. It is my Happiness you deign to command me.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.

A Shop discovered, Gazet in it.

Francisco and Vitelli walking by.

Gaz. What do you lack? Your choice China Dishes, your pure Venetian Chrystal of all Sorts, of all neat and new Fashions, from the Mirror of the Madam, to the private Utensil of the Chamber-Maid; and curious Pictures of the rarest Beauties of Europe: What do you lack, Gentlemen?

Fran. Take heed, I say; howe'er it may appear Impertinent, I must express my Love, My Advice, and Counsel. You are young, And may be tempted; and these Turkish Dames, Like English Mastiss, that increase their Fierceness By being chain'd up from the Restraint of Freedom, If Lust once fire their Blood from a sair Object, Will run a Course the Fiends themselves would shake at, To enjoy their wanton Ends.

Vitel. Sir, you mistake me:
I am too full of Woe, to entertain
One Thought of Pleasure, though all Europe's Queens
Kneel'd at my Feet, and courted me: Much less
To mix with such, whose Difference of Faith
Must, of Necessity, (or I must grant
Myself forgetful of all you have taught me)
Strangle such base Desires.

Fran. Be constant in
That Resolution, I'll abroad again,
And learn, as far as it is possible,
What may concern Paulina. Some two Hours
Shall bring me back.

Vitel.

Vitel. All Bleffings wait upon you! [Exit Francisco. Gaz. Cold Doings, Sir! a Mart do you call this? 'Slight!

A Pudding-Wife, or a Witch with a Thrum Cap, That fells Ale under-ground to such as come To know their Fortunes in a dead Vacation, Have, ten to one, more Stirring.

Vitel. We must be patient.

Gaz. Your Seller by Retail ought to be angry But when he's fingering Money.

Enter Grimaldi, Mafter, Boatswain, Sailors, Turks.

Vitel. Here are Company;
Defend me, my good Angel, I behold
A Bafilisk!

Gaz. What do you lack? What do you lack? Pure China Dishes, clear Chrystal Glasses, a dumb Mistress to make Love to? What do you lack, Gentlemen?

Grim. Thy Mother for a Bawd; or, if thou hast A handsome one, thy Sister for a Whore; Without these, do not tell me of your Trash; Or I shall spoil your Market.

Vitel. —Old Grimaldi?

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to Sea, or stand The raging Winds aloft, or pifs upon The foamy Waves, when they rage most? Deride The Thunder of the Enemy's Shot, board boldly A Merchant's Ship for Prize, though we behold The desperate Gunner ready to give Fire And blow the deck up? Wherefore shake we off Those scrupulous Rags of Charity, and Conscience, Invented only to keep Churchmen warm, Or feed the hungry Mouths of famish'd Beggars; But, when we touch the Shore, to wallow in All sensual Pleasures.

Master. Ay, but, Noble Captain, To spare a little for an After-clap was and but Were not Improvidence.

Grim.

Grim. Hang Confideration:

When this is spent, is not our Ship the same? Our Courage too the same, to fetch in more? The Earth, where it is fertileft, returns not More than three Harvests, whilst the glorious Sun Posts through the Zodiack, and makes up the Year: But the Sea, which is our Mother, (that embraceth Both the rich Indies in her out-stretch'd Arms) Yields every Day a Crop, if we dare reap it. No, no, my Mates! let Tradesmen think of Thrift. And Usurers hoard up; let our Expence Be, as our Comings in are, without Bounds; We are the Neptunes of the Ocean, And fuch as traffick, shall pay Sacrifice Of their best Lading. I'll have this Canvas. Your Boy wears lin'd with Tiffue, and the Cates You taste, serv'd up in Gold; though we carouse The Tears of Orphans in our Greekish Wines, The Sighs of undone Widows paying for The Musick bought to chear us; ravish'd Virgins To Slav'ry fold for Coin to feed our Riots. We will have no Compunction.

Gaz. Do you hear, Sir?
We have paid for our Ground.

Grim. Hum!

Gaz. And hum too,

For all your big Words, get you farther off, And hinder not the Prospect of our Shop,

Grim. What will you do?

Gaz. Nothing, Sir - But pray

Your Worship to give me Handsel.

Grim. By the Ears;

Thus, Sir; by the Ears.

Grim. Come, let's be drunk: Then each Man to his Whore.

Vol. II. B To

To pray in, and repent. Do, do, and cry. It will shew fine in Pirates. [Exit Grimaldi.

Master. We must follow; Or he will spend our Shares. Boatsw. I sought for mine.

Master. Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:

We will not fit out, for our Parts.

Boatsw. Agreed. [Exeunt Master, Boatswain, Sailors. Gaz. The Devil gnaw off his Fingers! If he were In London among the Clubs, up went his Heels For striking of a 'Prentice. What do you lack? What do you lack, Gentlemen?

1 Turk. I wonder how the Viceroy can endure

The Insolence of this Fellow.

2 Turk. He receives Profit
From the Prizes he brings in; and that excuses
Whatever he commits.—Ha! what are these?

#### Enter Mustapha, Donusa, veil'd.

Gaz. What do you lack? See, what you please to buy; Wares of all Sorts, most honourable Madona.

Vitel. Peace, Sirrah! Make no Noise: These are not

People

To be jested with.

Don. Is this the Christians Custom In the vending their Commodities?

Musta. Yes, best Madam!

But you may please to keep your Way, here's nothing But Toys, and Trisles, not worth your observing.

Don. Yes, for Variety's Sake. Pray you shew us, Friends.

The chiefest of your Wares.

Vitel. Your Ladyship's Servant;

And, if in Worth or Title you are more,

My Ignorance plead my Pardon.

Don. He speaks well.

Vitel. Take down the Looking-Glass.—Here is a
Mirrour
Steel'd

Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from,
Nor flattering, the Object, it returns
To the Beholder, that Narcissus might
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)
View his fair Feature in't.

Don. Poetical too!

Vitel. Here China Dishes to serve in a Banquet, Though the voluptuous Persian sat a Guest. Here Chrystal Glasses, such as Ganymede Did sill with Nectar to the Thunderer, When he drank to Alcides, and receiv'd him In the Fellowship of the Gods; true to the Owners. Corintbian Plate studded with Diamonds, Conceal oft deadly Poison: This pure Metal So innocent is, and faithful to the Mistress Or Master that possesses it; that rather Than hold one Drop that's venomous, of itself It slies in Pieces, and deludes the Traitor.

Don. How movingly could this Fellow treat upon A worthy Subject, that finds fuch Difcourse

To grace a Trifle!

Vitel. Here's a Picture, Madam!
The Master-piece of Michael Angelo,
Our great Italian Workman.—Here's another,
So perfect in all Parts, that, had Pygmalion
Seen this, his Prayers had been made to Venus,
T' have given it Life, and his carv'd Iv'ry Image
By Poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rarest Beauties of the Christian World,
And no where to be equal'd.

Don. You are partial
In the Cause of those you favour, I believe;
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inserior.

Vitel. With your Pardon, Madam, I am incredulous.

Don. Can you match me this? [Unveils herfelf. Vitel. What Wonder look I on! I'll fearch above, And suddenly attend you. [Exit Vitelli.

Don. Are you amaz'd?

I'll bring you to yourfelf. [Breaks the Glasses.

Musta. Ha! what's the Matter!

Gaz. My Mafter's Ware?—We are undone!—O

A Lady to turn Roarer, and break Glasses! 'Tis Time to shut up Shop, then.

Musta. You seem mov'd.

If any Language of these Christian Dogs Have call'd your Anger on, in a Frown shew it, And they are dead already.

Don. The Offence

Looks not so far. The foolish paltry Fellow Shew'd me some Trisles, and demanded of me, For what I valu'd at so many Aspers, A thousand Ducats. I confess he mov'd me; Yet I should wrong myself, should such a Beggar Receive least Loss from me.

Musta. Is it no more?

Don. No, I affure you. Bid him bring his Bill To morrow to the Palace, and enquire For one Donusa: That Word gives him Passage Through all the Guard; say there he shall receive Full Satisfaction. Now when you please ——
Musta. I wait you.

[Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, 2 Turks.

1 Turk. We must not know them. — Let's shift off.

and vanish.

Gaz. The Swine's-Pox overtake you: There's a Curse For a Turk that eats no Hog's Flesh.

Vitel. Is she gone?

Gaz. Yes: You may fee her Handy-work.

Vitel. No Matter : ono noy wedl

Said she aught else?

Gaz. That you should wait upon her,

And there receive Court Payment; and, to pass The Guards; she bids you only say, you come To one Donusa.

Vitel. How! remove the Wares.

Do it without Reply, The Sultan's Niece!
I have heard, among the Turks for any Lady
To shew her Face bare, argues Love, or speaks
Her deadly Hatred. What should I fear? My Fortune
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me
Aught worth my shuning.—I will run the Hazard.—
She may be a Means to free distress'd Paulina.—
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die s
Is a full Period to Calamity.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First Ast.

#### 

## Full of fad Thoughts: We must lead farther o

What a Frown was that moon A

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. I N the Name of Wonder, Manto, what hath my Lady

Done with herfelf fince Yesterday?

Manto. I know not.

Malicious Men report we are all guided In our Affections by a wand'ring Planet: But such a sudden Change, in such a Person, May stand for an Example to confirm Their false Affertion.

Car. She's now pettish, froward:

Musick, Discourse, Observance tedious to her.

Manto. She slept not the last Night; and yet prevented The rising Sun, in being up before him. Call'd for a costly Bath, then will'd the Rooms

Is a full Period to Calamity.

Mult

Massinger makes use of these Words on a similar Occasion in the Roman Actor. See the latter Part of the sirst Scene, in Act 5.

B

Should

Should be perfum'd; ransack'd her Cabinets
For her choicest, richest Jewels; and appears now
Like Cynthia in full Glory, waited on
By the fairest of the Stars.

Car. Can you guess the Reason,
Why the Aga of the Janizaries, and he
That guards the Entrance of the inmost Port,

Were call'd before her?

Manto. They are both her Creatures, And by her Grace prefer'd. But I am ignorant To what Purpose they were sent for.

#### Enter Donusa.

Car. Here she comes,
Full of sad Thoughts: We must stand farther off.—
What a Frown was that!

Manto. Forbear.

Car. I pity her. was Williams

Don. What Magick hath transform'd me from my-Where is my Virgin Pride? How have I loft My boafted Freedom? What new Fire burns up My scorched Entrails? What unknown Desires Invade, and take Possession of my Soul, All virtuous Objects vanish'd? Have I stood The Shock of fierce Temptations, stop'd mine Ears Against all Syren Notes Lust ever sung, To draw my Bark of Chastity (that with Wonder Hath kept a constant and an honour'd Course) Into the Gulf of a deferv'd ill Fame? Now fall unpitied? And, in a Moment With mine own Hands dig up a Grave to bury The monumental Heap of all my Years, Employ'd in noble Actions? O my Fate! -But there is no resisting. I obey thee, Imperious God of Love, and willingly Put mine own Fetters on, to grace thy Triumph: 'Twere therefore more than Cruelty in thee To use me like a Tyrant. What poor Means

Must

Must I make use of now? And flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my Liberty,
One gracious Look of mine would have erected
An Altar to my Service. How now, Manto!
My ever careful Woman, and Carazie
Thou hast been faithful too.

Car. I dare not call

My Life mine own, fince it is yours; but gladly Will part with it, when e'er you shall command me; And think I fall a Martyr, so my Death May give Life to your Pleasures.

Manto. But vouchsafe

To let me understand what you desire
Should be essected, I will undertake it,
And curse myself for Cowardice if I paus'd
To ask a Reason Why.

Don. I'm comforted

In the Tender of your Service, but shall be Confirm'd in my sull Joys, in the Performance. Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you But what you stand engag'd for, to a Mistress; Such as I have been to you. All I ask Is Faith, and Secrecy.

Car. Say but you doubt me,
And, to fecure you, I'll cut out my Tongue
I am libde in the Breech already.

Manto. Do not hinder Yourself by these Delays.

Don. Thus then I whisper
My own Shame to you. O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!

And further— [Whispers, and uses vehement Actions.

Manto. Is this all?

Don. Think it not base;
Although I know the Office undergoes

A coarse Construction.

Car. Coarse? 'Tis but procuring

A Smock Employment, which has made more Knights, In a Country I could name, then twenty Years

B 4

Of

Of Service in the Field. MA Swon to the salami I hald

Don. You have my Ends. I brought I lib mod wo I

Mante. Which fay you have arriv'd at, be not wanting To yourfelf, and fear not us, solving you or and A r.A.

Car. I know my Burthen:

Manto. Talk not, but do. [Exeunt Carazie, Manto. Don. O Love! what poor Shifts thou dost force us to? fre Donufar when ever you thall compand me

#### And think I fall a Martyr, to my Death S C.E. N. E . H. or old svin val.

Alaste. But youth Enter Aga, Capiaga, Janizaries.

Aga. She was ever our good Miftress, and our Maker, And should we check at a little Hazard for her, We were unthankful.

Cap. I dare pawn my Head, 'Tis fome diffused Minion of the Court, Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her The Viceroy's Actions.

Aga. That concerns not us; His Fall may be our Rife: Whate'er he be,

He passes through my Guards.

Cap. And mine—provided

He give the Word.

#### Enter Vitelli.

Lam didge in the Breech already.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far, Would argue me of Cowardice. Aga. Stand—the Word—

Or, being a Christian, to press thus far, Forfeits thy Life.

Vitel. Donusa.

Aga. Pass in Peace. | Exeunt Aga, and Janizaries. Vitel. What a Privilege her Name bears!

'Tis wond'rous strange! If the great Officer the day and the state of the

The Guardian of the inner Port deny not.

Cap.

Cap. Thy Warrant .- Speak, or a storie of the said of

Or thou art dead.

Vitel. Donusa.

Stends amon it.

Cap. That protects thee; without Fear, enter. So-Discharge the Watch. [Exit Vitelli, Capiaga,

With more Delight and Pleafare.

#### A notify windy and a will bh A SCENE III.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. Though he hath past the Aga, and chief Porter, This cannot be the Man. Alind avail now and way of the

Manto. By her Description, I am sure it is.

Car. O Women, Women!

What are you? A great Lady dote upon

A Haberdasher of small Wares!

Manto. Pish! thou hast none.

Car. No; if I had I might have ferv'd the Turn: This 'tis to want Munition, when a Man Should make a Breach and enter, amaid isnes on back

#### Enter Vitelli. ai zi flori suitid of

Why do you flake h My fold Touch brings no Ague

My Looks like to the Good als Eleac Manto. Sir! you're welcome: A country of the

Think what 'tis to be happy, and poffess it.

Car. Perfume the Rooms there, and make Way.

Let Music's choice Notes entertain the Man,

The Princess now purposes to honour.

Vitel. I am ravish'd. [Exeunt.

#### That excellent Cre. VI. e. H M . B IDe& It I and not

I have a Memery. Or that you are

To look on my poor I thier A Room of State. And me I Moll

A Table set forth, Jewels and Bags upon it: Loud Music.

Enter Donusa, takes a Chair; to her Carazie, Vitelli, Manto.

Don. Sing o'er the Ditty, that I last compos'd Upon my Love-fick Passion: Suit your Voice

To the Music that's plac'd yonder, we shall hear you With more Delight and Pleasure.

Car. I obey you.

[Song.

Vitel. Is not this Tempe, or the bleffed Shades, Where innocent Spirits reside? Or do I dream, And this a heavenly Vision? Howsoever, It is a Sight too glorious to behold n. [Stands amaz'd. For fuch a Wretch as I am.

Car. He is daunted.

Manto. Speak to him, Madam! cheer him up, or you Destroy what you have built. ORM and ad tonnas and

Car. Would I were furnish'd

With his Artillery, and if I stood Gaping as he does, hang me. I have A hang our and W

Vitel. That I might ever dream thus. Kneels.

Don. Banish Amazement: 3001 Body Idle . Standa

You wake; your Debtor tells you fo, your Debtor: And to affure you that I am Substance, 104 of all aid I' And no aerial Figure, thus I raise you. I a plant blood? Why do you shake? My soft Touch brings no Ague; No biting Frost is in this Palm; nor are

My Looks like to the Gorgon's Head, that turn Men into Statues: Rather they have Power (Or I have been abus'd) where they beftow Their Influence (let me prove it Truth in you)

To give to dead Men Motion. 2004 901010 godlul 1001

Vitel. Can this be not or esloging won alesair I ad I

May I believe my Senses? Dare I think I have a Memory? Or that you are That excellent Creature, that of late disdain'd not To look on my poor Trifles.

Don. I am She. . 3 12 to moon A

Vitel. The Owner of that bleffed Name, Donusa, Which, like a potent Charm, although pronounc'd By my prophane, but much unworthier Tongue, Hath brought me fafe to this forbidden Place, Where Christian yet ne'er trod? Dan. Sing o'er the Ditty. th

Don. I am the same.

Vitel. And to what End, great Lady, pardon me, That I prefume to ask, did your Command Command me hither? Or what am I, to whom You should vouchsafe your Favours; nay, your Anger? If any wild or uncollected Speech Offensively deliver'd, or my Doubt Of your unknown Perfections, have displeas'd you, You wrong your Indignation, to pronounce Yourself my Sentence: To have seen you only, And to have touch'd that Fortune-making Hand, Will with Delight weigh down all Tortures, that A slinty Hangman's Rage could execute, Or rigid Tyranny command with Pleasure.

Don. How the Abundance of Good, flowing to thee, Is wrong'd in this Simplicity: And these Bounties, Which all our Eastern Kings have kneel'd in vain for, Do by thy Ignorance, or wilful Fear, Meet with a false Construction. Christian! know (For till thou art mine by a nearer Name, That Title though abhorr'd here, takes not from Thy Entertainment) that 'tis not the Fashion Among the greatest and the fairest Dames, This Turkish Empire gladly owns, and bows to To punish, where there's no Offence; or nourish Displeasures against those, without whose Mercy They part with all Felicity. Pr'ythee be wife, And gently understand me; do not force her, That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er read The Elements of Affection, but from fuch As gladly fu'd to her, in the Infancy Of her new-born Defires, to be at once Importunate, and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know,
Great Lady, your Commands; or, to what Purpose
This personated Passion tends, (since 'twere
A Crime in me deserving Death, to think
It is your own) I should, to make you Sport,
Take any Shape you please t' impose upon me;

And with Joy strive to serve you.

Don. Sport? Thou art cruel, The or but A least If that thou canst interpret my Descent, From my high Birth and Greatness, but to be A Part in which I truly act myself.

And I must hold thee for a dull Spectator If it stir not Affection, and invite Compassion for my Sufferings. Be thou taught By my Example, to make Satisfaction For Wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly I do confess my Fault; I injur'd thee In some poor petty Trifles; thus I pay for The Trespass I did to thee. Here—receive These Bags stuff'd full of our Imperial Coin; Or, if this Payment be too light, take here These Jems for which the savish Indian dives To th' Bottom of the Main: Or, if thou fcorn These as base Dross (which take but common Minds) But fancy any Honour in my Gift (Which is unbounded as the Sultan's Power)

And be possest of t.

Vitel. I am overwhelm'd

With the Weight of Happiness you throw upon me:

Nor can it fall in my Imagination,

What Wrong I e'er have done you; and much less How like a royal Merchant to return

Your great Magnificence. Violed his driw risq yed T

Don. They are Degrees,
Not Ends, of my intended Favours to thee,

These Seeds of Bounty I yet scatter on

A Glebe I have not try'd:—But, be thou thankful, The Harvest is to come. The Harvest is to come.

Vitel. What can be added

To that which I already have receiv'd,

I cannot comprehend.

Den.

Don. The Tender of Myself.-Why dost thou start! and in that Gift Full Restitution of that Virgin Freedom Which thou hast rob'd me of. Yet, I profess, I so far prize the lovely Thief that stole it,

That,

That, were it possible thou couldst restore What thou unwittingly halt ravish'd from me, I should refuse the Present.

Vitel. How I shake

In my constant Resolution! and my Flesh, Rebellious to my better Part, now tells me, As if it were a strong Defence of Frailty. A Hermit in a Defert, trench'd with Prayers, Could not refift this Battery. made comine to seed

Don. Thou an Italian?

Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian, Such as are Courtiers born to pleafe fair Ladies, Yet come thus flowly on?

Vitel. Excuse me, Madam, What Imputation foe'er the World Is pleas'd to lay upon us: In myfelf I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis That I should offer.

Don. By Instinct I'll teach thee, And with fuch Ease as Love makes me to ask it. When a young Lady wrings you by the Hand—thus; Or with an amorous Touch preffes your Foot Looks Babies in your Eyes, plays with your Locks, Do not you find, without a Tutor's Help, What 'tis fhe looks for.

Vitel. I am grown already

Skilful i' th' Mystery.

Don. Or, if thus she kiss you, Then taftes your Lips again.

Vitel. That latter Blow

Has beat all chafte Thoughts from me.

Don. Say she points to

Some private Room, the Sun Beams never enters, Provoking Dishes passing by to heighten Declined Appetite, active Music ushering Your fainting Steps, the Waiters too as born dumb, Not daring to look on you. [Exit, inviting bim to follow.

Vitel. Though the Devil

Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find,

That

That Virtue's but a Word, and no fure Guard, If fet upon by Beauty, and Reward. [Exeunt. I mould rejute the Preient.

#### S.CENE DV. I WOLL MANY

In my confiant Resolution! and my Enter Aga, Capiaga, Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, &c.

Aga. The Devils in him, I think. Grim. Let him be damn'd too. I'll look on him, though he star'd as wild as Hell; Nay, I'll go nearer to tell him, to his Teeth, If he mends not fuddenly, and proves more thankful, We do him too much Service. Wer't not for Shame now.

I could turn honest and forswear my Trade, Which, next to being trust up at the Main-yard By fome low Country Butter-box, I hate As deadly as I do fasting, or long Grace When Meat cools on the Table.

Cap. But take Heed, You know his violent Nature.

Grim. Let his Whores And Catamites know't; I understand myself, And how unmanly 'tis to fit at home And rail at us, that run abroad all Hazards: If ev'ry Week we bring not home new Pillage, For the fatting his Seraglio.

#### Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga.

Aga. Here he comes.
Cap. How terrible he looks? Grim. To fuch as fear him:

The Viceroy Asambeg! were he the Sultan's felf,— He'll let us know a Reason for his Fury, Or we must take Leave without his Allowance, To be merry with our Ignorance. Asam. Mahomei's Hell

ind I

Light on you all—you crouch, and cringe now. Where Was the Terror of my just Frowns, when you suffered Those Thieves of *Malta*, almost in our Harbour, To board a Ship, and bear her safely off, While you stood idle Lookers on?

Aga. The odds
I' th' Men and Shipping, and the suddenness
Of their Departure yielding us no Leisure
To send forth others to relieve our own,
Deter'd us, mighty Sir.

Asam. Deter'd you, Cowards?
How durst you only entertain the Knowledge
Of what Fear was, but in the not Performance
Of our Command? In me great Amurath spake;
My Voice did eccho to your Ears his Thunder,
And will'd you, like so many Seaborn-Tritons,
Arm'd only with the Trumpets of your Courage,
To swim up to her, and, like Remoras
Hanging upon her Keel, to stay her Flight
'Till Rescue, sent from us, had setch'd you off.
You think you're safe now; who durst but dispute it,
Or make it questionable, if this Moment of
I charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, that glasses
His rugged Forehead in the neighbouring Lake,

1 charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, &c.

In Hamlet we have an Image that bears some Resemblance to this,

That beetles o'er his Base into the Sea;

Act 1. Scene 4.

And in the Lady Errant, a Tragi-Comedy, by Mr. William Cartwright, I remember a Passage, which though not similar to the above, I shall for its Beauty and Elegance here transcribe.

Of any Mountain, whose cold frozen Top
Sees Hail i' th' Bed, not yet grown round, and Snow
I' th' Peece, not carded yet, whose hanging Weight
Archeth some still deep River, that for Fear
Steals by the Foot of't without Noise.

Act 1. Scene 4.

To throw yourselves down headlong? Or like Faggots To fill the Ditches of defended Forts,

While on your Backs we march'd up to the Breach?

Grim. That would not I.

Asam. Ha?

Grim. Yet I dare, as much

As any of the Sultan's boldeft Sons,

(Whose Heaven, and Hell, hang on his Frown, or Smile,) His warlike Janisaries.

Asam. Add one Syllable more,

Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a Sentence That, Earthquake-like, will swallow thee.

Grim. Let it open;

I'll fland the Hazard: Those contemned Thieves
Your Fellow-Pirates, Sir! the bold Maltese
Whom with your Looks you think to quell, at Rhodes
Laugh'd at great Solyman's Anger: And, if Treason
Had not delivered them into his Power,
He had grown old in Glory, as in Years,
At that so fatal Siege; or ris'n with Shame
His Hopes and Threats deluded.

Asam. Our great Prophet!

How have I lost my Anger, and my Power?

Grim. Find it, and use it on thy Flatterers:
And not upon thy Friends that dare speak Truth,
These Knights of Malta but a Handful to
Your Armies that drink Rivers up, have stood
Your Fury at the Height, and with their Crosses
Struck pale your horned Moons; these Men of Malta
Since I took Pay from you, I've met and sought with;
Upon Advantage too. Yet, to speak Truth,
By th' Soul of Honour, I have ever found them
As provident to direct, and bold to do,
As any train'd up in your Discipline:
Ravish'd from other Nations.

Musta. I perceive
The Lightning in his fiery Looks, the Cloud
Is broke already.

Grim. Think not, therefore, Sir,

That

That you alone are Giants; and such Pigmies

You war upon.

Afam. Villain, I'll make thee know
Thou hast blasphem'd the Ottoman Power, and safer
At Noon-day might have given Fire to St. Mark's,
Your proud Venetian Temple.—Seize upon him;—
I am not so near reconcil'd to him,
To bid him die: That were a Benesit
The Dog's unworthy of, to our Use consiscate
All that he stands posses'd of: Let him taste
The Misery of Want, and his vain Riots,
Like to so many walking Ghosts, affright him
Where e'er he sets his desperate Foot. Who is't

That does command you?

Grim. Is this the Reward

For all my Service, and the Rape I made

On fair Paulina?

Asam. Drag him hence,-he dies,

That dallies but a Minute.

Boatsw. What's become

Of our Shares now, Master?

Grimaldi, drag'd off, bis Head covered.

Mast. Would he had been born dumb:

Patience, the Beggar's Cure, is all that's left us.

[Exeunt Master and Boatswain.

Musta. 'Twas but Intemperance of Speech, excuse

Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out For a deserving Fellow.

Asam. At Aleppo

I durst not press you so far: Give me Leave To use my own Will and Command in Tunis, And, if you please, my Privacy.

Musta. I will see you

at

When this high Wind's blown o'er. [Exit Mustapha.

Asam. So shall you find me

Ready to do you Service. Rage, now leave me; Stern Looks, and all the ceremonious Forms

Attending on dread Majesty, fly from

Transformed

Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug

[Plucks out a gilt Key.

So near my Heart, what leads me to my Prison? Where she, that is inthral'd, commands her Keeper, And robs me of the Fierceness I was born with. Stout Men quake at my Frowns; and, in Return, I tremble at her Sostness. Base Grimaldi But only nam'd Paulina, and the Charm Had almost choak'd my Fury, e'er I could Pronounce his Sentence. Would, when first I saw her, Mine Eyes had met with Lightning, and, in Place Of hearing her inchanting Tongue, the Shrieks Of Mandrakes had made Music to my Slumbers: For now I only walk a loving Dream, And, but to my Dishonour, never wake; And yet am blind, but when I see the Object, And madly dote on it. Appear bright Spark

[Opens a Door, Paulina discovered, comes forth.

Of all Perfection! any Simile,

Borrow'd from Diamonds, or the fairest Stars
To help me to express, how dear I prize

Thy unmatch'd Graces, will rife up, and chide me

For poor Detraction.

Pau. I despise thy Flatteries:

Thus spit at 'em, and scorn 'em; and, being arm'd In the Assurance of my innocent Virtue, I stamp upon all Doubts, all Fears, all Tortures Thy barbarous Cruelty, or, what's worse, thy Dotage (The worthy Parent of thy Jealousy)

Can show'r upon me.

Asam. If these bitter Taunts
Ravish me from myself, and make me think
My greedy Ears receive angelical Sounds;
How would this Tongue tun'd to a loving Note,
Invade, and take Possession of my Soul
Which then I durst not call mine own!

Pau. Thou art false; Falser then thy Religion. Do but think me Something above a Beast; nay more, a Monster,

Would

Would fright the Sun to look on, and then tell me, If this base Usage, can invite Affection. If to be mew'd up, and excluded from Human Society; the Use of Pleasures; The necessary, not superstuous, Duties Of Servants to discharge those Offices, I blush to name.

Afam. Of Servants? Can you think
That I, that dare not trust the Eye of Heaven
To look upon your Beauties; that deny
Myself the Happiness to touch your Pureness,
Will e'er consent an Eunuch, or bought Handmaid,
Shall once approach you?—There is something in you
That can work Miracles, or I am couzen'd;
Dispose and alter Sexes. To my Wrong,
In Spite of Nature, I will be your Nurse,
Your Woman, your Physician, and your Fool;
'Till, with your free Consent, which I have vow'd
Never to force, you grace me with a Name
That shall supply all these.

Pau. What is't?

ild

Asam. Your Husband.

Pau. My Hangman, when thou pleafest.

Asam. Thus I guard me

Against your further Angers .-

Pau. Which shall reach thee,

Though I were in the Center.

(Puts too the Door, and locks it.

Asam. Such a Spirit,
In such a small Proportion I ne'er read of;
Which Time must alter:—Ravish her I dare not;
The Magic that she wears about her Neck;
I think, defends her, this Devotion paid
To this sweet Saint, Mistress of my soure Pain,
'Tis sit I take mine own rough Shape again.

[Exit Asambeg:

defe derrett i et

#### SCENE VI.

Enter Francisco, Gazet.

Fran. I think he's lost.

Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that;
I ne'er knew Citizen turn Courtier yet,
But he lost his Credit, though he sav'd himself.
Why, look you, Sir! there are so many Lobbies,
Out-offices, and Disputations here
Behind these Turkish Hangings, that a Christian
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

# Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto.

Fran. I'm troubl'd
Troubled exceedingly.—Ha! what are these?

Gaz. One by his rich Suit should be some French Ambassador:

For his Train, I think they are Turks.

Fran. Peace!—be not feen.

Cara. You are now past all the Guards, and undiscover'd

You may return.

Vitel. There's for your Pains:—Forget not My humblest Service to the best of Ladies.

Manto. Deferve her Favour, Sir! in making Haste For a second Entertainment.

Vitel. Do not doubt me; [Exeunt Carazi, Manto. I shall not live till then.

Gaz. The Train is vanish'd:

They've done him some good Office, he's so free And liberal of his Gold. Ha! do I dream?

Or is this mine own natural Master?

Fran. 'Tis he;

But strangely metamorphos'd. You have made, Sir. A prosperous Voyage; Heaven grant it be honest! I shall rejoice then too.

Gaz. You make him blush.

To talk of Honesty: You were but now In the giving Vein, and may think of Gazet

Your Worship's 'Prentice.

Vitel. There's Gold: Be thou free too, And Master of my Shop, and all the Wares We brought from Venice.

Gaz. Rivo then. Vitel. Dear Sir!

This Place affords not Privacy for Discourse; But I can tell you Wonders: My rich Habit Deferves least Admiration; there's nothing, That can fall in the Compass of your Wishes Though it were to redeem a thousand Slaves From the Turkish Gallies, or at home to erect Some pious Work, to shame all Hospitals But I am Master of the Means.

Fran. 'Tis strange.

Vitel. As I walk, I'll tell you more.

Gaz. Pray you a Word, Sir!

And then I will put on. I have one Boon more

Vitel. What is't? Speak freely. Gaz. Thus then: As I am Mafter

Of your Shop, and Wares, pray you, help me to some Trucking,

With your last she Customer; though she crack'd my best Piece,

I will endure it with Patience.

Vitel. Leave your prating.

Gaz. I may: You have been doing; we will do too. Fran. I am amaz'd, yet will not blame, nor chide you,

'Till you inform me further: Yet must fay,

They steer not the right Course, nor traffick well,

That feek a Paffage, to reach Heaven, through Hell.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

# स्रिक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्रक्षत्

# ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Donusa, Manto.

Don. WHEN faid he, he would come again? Manto. He swore,

Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him, Until the Tender of his second Service,

So much he feem'd transported with the first.

Don. I'm fure I was. I charge thee, Manto, tell me, By all my Favours, and my Bounties, truly, Whether thou art a Virgin; or, like me, Hast forseited that Name.

Mante. A Virgin, Madam?

At my Years, being a Waiting-Woman, and in Court too?

That were miraculous. I fo long fince loft That barren Burthen, I almost forget That ever I was one.

Don. And could thy Friends

Read in thy Face, thy Maidenhead gone; that thou

Hadft parted with it?

Manto. No, indeed: I past
For current many Years after; 'till, by Fortune,
Long and continued Practice in the Sport
Blew up my Deck: A Husband then was found out
By my indulgent Father, and to the World
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,
That at your Pleasure may repair your Honour?
Durst any envious, or malicious Tongue,
Presume to taint it?

Don. How now?

H

B

# Enter Carazie.

Car. Madam, the Bashaw Humbly desires Access.

Don. If it had been

My neat Italian, thou hadst met my Wishes.

—Tell him we would be private.

Car. So I did;

But he is much importunate.

Manto. 'Best dispatch him;

His ling'ring here, else, will deter the other

From making his Approach.

Don. His Entertainment Shall not invite a fecond Visit.—Go, Say we are pleas'd.

## Enter Mustapha.

Musta. All Happiness.

Don. Be fudden.

'Twas faucy Rudeness in you, Sir, to press On my Retirements; but ridiculous Folly To waste the Time, that might be better spent, In complimental Wishes.

Car. There's a Cooling

For his hot Encounter.

Don. Come you here to stare?

If you have loft your Tongue, and Use of Speech, Refign your Government: There's a Mute's Place void In my Uncle's Court, I hear, and you may work me

To write for your Preferment.

Musta. This is strange!

I know not, Madam, what Neglect of mine

Has call'd this Scorn upon me.

Don. To the Purpose ----

My Will's a Reason, and we stand not bound To yield Account to you.

Musta. Not of your Angers,

But with erected Ears, I should hear from you The Story of your good Opinion of me Confirm'd by Love, and Favours.

Don. How deserv'd?

I have consider'd you from Head to Foot,
And can find nothing in that Wainscot Face, 7
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim Aspect, or toadpole-like Complexion.
Those Scars you glory in, I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry Tale
Than all your Battles won with Blood and Sweat,
Though you belch forth the Stink too, in the Service,
And swear by your Mustachios all is true.
You're yet too rough for me: Purge and take Physick,
Purchase Persumers; get me some French Taylor,
To new-create you; the first Shape you were made with
Is quite worn out: Let your Barber wash your Face too,
You look, yet, like a Bugbear to fright Children;
Till when I take my Leave—Wait me, Carazie.

[Exeunt Donusa and Carazie.

Musta. Stay you, my Lady's Cabinet-Key!

Manto. How's this, Sir?

Musta: Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall fall, else; Not to firk your Belly up, Flounder-like, but never To rise again. Offer but to unlock These Doors that stop your sugitive Tongue (observe And, by my Fury, I'll six there this Bolt me) To bar thy Speech for ever.—So:—Be safe, now,

#### I And can find nothing in that Wainfest Face,

The abusive Terms contained in this Speech, and its Impropriety in the Mouth of a Princess, must render it very disgustful to every Reader conversant with the more refined Language of our modern

However, in some measure to defend Massinger; he is not the only Poet guilty of such ill Manners: Homer makes his "Heroes of Old, in rating each other, very free with the mutual Terms of Dogs, Cowards, Villains, &c. In the Odysey we have impudent Birch; and Jupiter, if I mistake not, pays exactly the same Compliment to his Royal Consort in the Iliad."

The Rev. Mr. Spence.

And but resolve me (not of what I doubt, But bring Affurance to a Thing believ'd) Thou mak'ft thyfelf a Fortune; not depending On the uncertain Favours of a Mistress, But art thyself one. I'll not so far question My Judgment, and Observance, as to ask Why I am flighted, and contemn'd; but in Whose Favour it is done. I, that have read The copious Volumes of all Women's Falshood, Commented on by the Heart-breaking Groans Of abus'd Lovers; all the Doubts wash'd off With fruitless Tears, the Spider's Cobweb Veil Of Arguments, alledg'd in their Defence, Blown off with Sighs of desperate Men, and they Appearing in their full Deformity: Know that some other hath displanted me, With her Dishonour. Has she giv'n it up? Confirm it in two Syllables.

Manto. She has.

Musta. I cherish thy Confession thus, and thus, Gives ber Jewels.

Be mine. — Again I court thee thus, and thus: Now prove but constant to my Ends.

Manto. By all -

Musta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee. O Land-Crocodiles,

Made of Ægyptian Slime, accursed Women!
But 'tis no Time to rail: Come, my best Manto.

[Exeunt.

# SCENE II.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Vitel. Sir, as you are my Confessor, you stand bound Not to reveal whatever I discover. In that Religious Way: Nor dare I doubt you. Let it suffice, you've made me see my Follies, And wrought, perhaps, Compunction; for I would not Appear an Hypocrite: But, when you impose

A Pe-

A Penance on me, beyond Flesh and Blood To undergo, you must instruct me how To put off the Condition of a Man; Or, if not pardon, at the leaft, excuse My Disobedience. Yet, despair not, Sir; For, though I take mine own Way, I shall do Something that may hereafter, to my Glory, Speak me your Scholar.

Fran. I enjoin you not

To go, but send.

Vitel. That were a petty Trial; Not worth one, fo long taught, and exercis'd Under so grave a Master. Reverend Francisco! My Friend, my Father! in that Word, my All! Rest confident, you shall hear something of me That will redeem me in your good Opinion, Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet (She shall give Order that he may have Entrance) To acquaint you with my Fortunes. [Exit Vitelli, Fran. Go, and prosper, Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee! Howsoever,

As my Endeavours are, fo may they find

Gracious Acceptance.

# Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in Rags.

Gaz. Now, you do not roar, Sir; You speak not Tempests, nor take Ear-rent from A poor Shop-keeper. Do you remember that, Sir? I wear your Marks here still.

Fran. Can this be possible?

All Wonders are not ceas'd then.

Grim. Do, abuse me, Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the Nose! Thrust out these fiery Eyes, that Yesterday Would have look'd thee dead.

Gaz. O fave me, Sir! Grim. Fear nothing!

I'm tame, and quiet; there's no Wrong can force me

To

I

To remember what I was. I have forgot,
I e'er had ireful Fierceness, a steel'd Heart,
Insensible of Compassion to others:
Nor is it sit that I should think myself
Worth mine own Pity.—Oh!

Fran. Grows this Dejection
From his Difgrace, do you fay?

Gaz. Why he's cashier'd, Sir!
His Ships, his Goods, his Livery-Punks confiscate:
And there is such a Punishment laid upon him,
The miserable Rogue must steal no more,
Nor drink, nor drab.

Fran. Does that torment him?
Gaz. O, Sir!

Should the State take Order to bar Men of Acres
From those two laudable Recreations,
Drinking and Whoring, how should Panders purchase,
Or thrifty Whores build Hospitals? 'Slid! if I,
That, since I am made free, may write myself
A City-Gallant, should forfeit two such Charters,
I should be ston'd to Death, and ne'er be pitied
By th' Liveries of those Companies.

Fran. You'll be whip'd, Sir!

If you bridle not your Tongue, Haste to the Palace,

Your Master looks for you.

Gaz. My quondam Master,
Rich Sons forget they ever had poor Fathers:
In Servants 'tis more pardonable — As a Companion,
Or so, I may consent: But, is there Hope, Sir!
He has got me a good Chapwoman? Pray you write
A Word or two in my Behalf.

Fran. Out, Rascal!

Gaz. I feel some Insurrections.

Fran. Hence!

Gaz. I vanish.

Grim. Why should I study a Defence, or Comfort,
In whom black Guilt, and Misery, if balanc'd,
I know not which would turn the Scale? Look upward
I dare not; for, should it but be believ'd

That

# THE RENEGADO.

That I (dy'd deep in Hell's most horrid Colours)
Should dare to hope for Mercy, it would leave
No Check or Feeling, in Men innocent
To catch at Sins, the Devil ne'er taught Mankind yet.
No! I must downward, downward; tho' Repentance a Could borrow all the glorious Wings of Grace,
My mountainous Weight of Sins would crack their PiAnd sink them to Hell with me. [nions,

Fran. Dreadful! hear me,

Thou miserable Man!

Grim. Good Sir! deny not
But that there is no Punishment beyond
Damnation.

# Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. Yonder he is: I pity him.

Boatsw. Take Comfort, Captain: We live still to serve you,

Grim. Serve me? I'am a Devil already.—Leave me! 9 Stand farther off! you're blafted, else, I've heard Schoolmen affirm, Man's Body is compos'd Of the four Elements; and, as in League together They nourish Life, so each of them affords Liberty to the Soul, when it grows weary Of this fleshy Prison.—Which shall I make Choice of?

No, I must downward, downward, though Repentance Could borrow att the glorious Wings, &c.

The Beauty of this Passage is inimitable, and truly original: Shakespear has, indeed many that are similar to it; but none that can be brought in Competition.

Stand farther off! you're blasted else,

Whenever the Mind is harraffed by the Stings of Conscience, or the Horrors of Guilt, the Senses are liable to infinite Delusions, and startle at hideous imaginary Monsters. The Poet, who can touch such Incidents with happy Dexterity, and paint such Images of Consternation, will infallibly work upon the Minds of others.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH.

The Fire? No; I shall feel that hereafter. The Earth will not receive me. - Should some Whirl-Snatch me into the Air, and I hang there, Perpetual Plagues would dwell upon the Earth, And those superior Bodies, that pour down Their cheerful Influence, deny to pass it Through those vast Regions I have infected. The Sea, I, that is Justice, there I plow'd up Mischief as deep as Hell: There, there I'll hide This curfed Lump of Clay: May it turn Rocks Where Plummet's Weight could never reach the Sands! 10 And grind the Ribs of all fuch Barks as prefs The Ocean's Breast in my unlawful Course. I haste then to thee: Let thy rav'nous Womb, Whom all Things else deny, be now my Tomb! Exit Grimaldi.

Master. Follow him, and restrain him. Fran. Let this stand

For an Example to you. I'll provide
A Lodging for him, and apply such Cures
To his wounded Conscience, as Heaven hath lent me.
He's now my second Care; and my Profession
Binds me to teach the Desperate to repent,
As far as to confirm the Innocent.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. Your Pleasure?

Musta. 'Twill exact your private Ear;

And, when you have receiv'd it, you will think

Too many know it.

[Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. Leave the Room; but be

so in Shakespear,

"Where Fathom-Line could never touch the Ground."
HENRY IVth, 1st Part, Act 1. Scene 3.

Within

Within our Call.-Now, Sir, what burning Secrets brings you

(With which it feems you are turn'd Cinders)

To quench in my Advice, or Power?

Musta. The Fire

Will rather reach you.

Asam. Me?

Musta. And confume both; For 'tis impossible to be put out, But with the Blood of those that kindle it:

And yet one Vial of it is so precious, It being borrow'd from the Ottoman Spring,

That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish

Than prove the desp'rate Means, that must restrain it

From fpreading farther.

Asam. To the Point, and quickly:

These winding Circumstances in Relations Seldom environ Truth.

Musta. Truth, Asambeg?

Asam. Truth, Mustapha. I said it, and add more! You touch upon a String that to my Ear

Does found Donusa. Musta. You then understand

Who 'tis I aim at.

Asam. Take Heed, Mustapha;

Remember what she is, and whose we are.

'Tis her Neglect, perhaps, that you complain of \$

And, should you practife to revenge her Scorn, With any Plot to taint her in her Honour,—

Musta. Hear me.

Asam. I will be heard first; there's no Tongue

A Subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.

Musta. Well, take your Way.

Asam. I then again repeat it,

If Mustapha dares with malicious Breath

(On jealous Suppositions) presume

To blaft the Bloffom of Donuja's Fame,

Because he is deny'd a Happiness

Which Men of equal, nay, of more Defert,

Have

Have fu'd in vain for-

Musta. More?

Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it, The Balhaw of Natolia, and myself Were Rivals for her; either of us brought More Victories, more Trophies, to plead for us To our great Master, than you dare lay claim to; Yet still, by his Allowance, she was left To her Election: Each of us ow'd Nature As much for outward Form, and inward Worth. To make Way for us to her Grace and Favour, As you broug! h you. We were heard, repuls'd; Yet thought it ishonour to fit down With the Difgr if not to force Affection May merit fuch ame.

Musta. Have u done, yet?

Asam. Be, therefore, more than sure, the Ground, on which

You raise your Accusation, may admit No underminding of Defence in her: For if with pregnant and apparent Proofs, Such as may force a Judge, more then inclin'd, Or partial in her Cause, to swear her guilty; You win not me to set off your Belief: Neither our ancient Friendship, nor the Rites, Of facred Hospitality (to which I would not offer Violence) shall protect you.

-Now when you pleafe.

Musta. I will not dwell upon Much Circumstance; yet cannot but profess, With the Affurance of a Loyalty Equal to yours, the Reverence I owe The Sultan, and all fuch his Blood makes facred: That there is not a Vein of mine, which yet is Unemptied in his Service, but this Moment Should freely open, so it might wash off The Stains of her Dishonour. Could you think? Or, though you faw it, credit your own Eyes? That She, the Wonder and Amazement of

Her Sex, the Pride, and Glory of the Empire,
That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted
A frozen Coldness, which no Appetite,
Or Height of Blood could thaw, should now so far
Be hurry'd with the Violence of her Lust,
As, in it burying her high Birth and Fame,
Basely descend to fill a Christian's Arms?
And to him yield her Virgin Honour up?
Nay, sue to him to take't.

Asam. A Christian?

Musta. Temper

Your Admiration:—And what Christian, think you? No Prince disguis'd; no Man of Mark, nor Honour; No daring Undertaker in our Service, But one, whose Lips her Foot should scorn to touch, A poor Mechanick Pedlar.

Asam. He?

Musta. Nay, more;

Whom do you think she made her Scout, nay, Bawd, To find him out, but me? What Place makes Choice of To wallow in her foul and loathsome Pleasures, But in the Palace? Who the Instruments Of close Conveyance, but the Captain of Your Guard, the Aga, and, that Man of Trust, The Warden of the inmost Port?—I'll prove this; And, though I sail to shew her in the Act, Glu'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion, Your Incredulity shall be convinc'd With Proofs I blush to think on.

Asam. Never yet

This Flesh selt such a Fever.—By the Life And Fortune of great Amurath, should our Prophet (Whose Name I bow to) in a Vision speak this, 'Twould make me doubtful of my Faith.—Lead on; And, when my Eyes, and Ears, are, like yours, guilty, My Rage shall then appear; for I will do Something;—but what, I am not yet determin'd.

[Exeunt.

I

I

E

#### And ever long'd to lee a Malk at Court, It is an even Lay, WILLIAM BOR

A Courner to your Fathers, and I think Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet way read wo !

Car. They're private to their Wishes.

Manto. Doubt it not!

Gaz. A pretty Structure this! a Court do you call it? Vaulted and arch'd: O! here has been old jumbling Behind this Arras.

Car. Pry'thee let's have some Sport soven i soo

With this fresh Codshead.

And would not have my goo Manto. I am out of Tune, But do as you please. My Conscience.—Tush! the Hope. Of Liberty does throw that Burthen off; on v8 I must go watch, and make Discovery.

Car. He's musing,

And will talk to himself; he cannot hold; or of short both And most prov

The poor Fool's ravish'd.

Gaz. I am in my Master's Clothes; They fit me to a Hair too; let but any Indifferent Gamester measure us Inch by Inch, Or weigh us by the Standard, I may pass:

I have been prov'd, and prov'd again, true Metal.

Car. How he furveys himself.

Gaz. I've heard, that some Have fool'd themselves at Court into good Fortunes, That never hop'd to thrive by Wit i' th' City, Or Honesty i'th' Country. If I do not Make the best Laugh at me. I'll weep for myself, If they give me Hearing.—'Tis refolv'd—I'll try

What may be done. By your Favour, Sir! I pray you,

Were you born a Courtier?

Car. No, Sir; why do you afte?

Gaz. Because I thought, that none could be prefer'd, But fuch as were begot there. A Turkip Government a City on

Car. O, Sir! many;

And, howfoe'r you are a Citizen born, Yet if your Mother were a handforne Woman,

VOL. II.

And ever long'd to see a Mask at Court, It is an even Lay, but that you had A Courtier to your Father; and I think so, You bear yourself so sprightly.

Gaz. It may be;
But pray you, Sir! had I fuch an Itch upon me
To change my Copy, is there Hope a Place
May be had here for Money?

Car. Not without it; That I dare warrant you.

Gaz. I have a pretty Stock,

And would not have my good Parts undiscover'd, What Places of Credit are there?

Car. There's your Beglerbeg. "

Gaz. By no Means that; it comes too near the Beggar;

And most prove so that come there.

Car. Or your Sangiack. 12

Gaz. Saucy Jack? Fie! none of that.

Car. Your Chiaus. 13

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chief Gardener!

Gaz. Out upon't!

'Twill put me in Mind my Mother was an Herb-woman, What is your Place, I pray you?

Car. Sir! an Eunuch.

Gaz. An Eunuch? Very fine! I Faith! an Eunuch! And what are your Employments? Neat and easy.

Car. In the Day, I wait on my Lady, when she eats, Carry her Pantosles, bear up her Train; Sing her asleep at Night, and, when she pleases, I am her Bedfellow.

11 There's your Beglerberg.

(i.e. Lord of Lords) a chief Governor of a Turkish Province.

Or your Sangiack.

A Turkish Governor of a City or Province.

13 Your Chiaus.

An Officer in the Turkish Court, who performs the Duty of an Usher, and also an Ambassador to foreign Princes and States.

Gaz.

Gaz. How? Her Bedfellow?

Car. Yes, and lie with her.

Gaz. O rare!

I'll be an Eunuch, though I fell my Shop for't, And all my Wares.

Car. It is but parting with

A precious Stone or two. I know the Price on't.

Gaz. I'll part with all my Stones; and, when I am

An Eunuch, I'll so toss and towse the Ladies;

Pray you help me to a Chapman.

Car. The Court-Surgeon Shall do you that Favour.

Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch!

## Enter Manto.

Manto. Carazie, quit the Room!
Car. Come, Sir! we'll treat of
Your Business further.
Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch!

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.

#### Enter Donusa, Vitelli.

Vitel. Leave me, or I am lost again: No Prayers, No Penitence, can redeem me.

Don. Am I grown

1

ts,

iaz.

Old, or deform'd, fince Yesterday?

Vitel. You are still,

Although the sating of your Lust hath sullied Th' imaculate Whiteness of your Virgin Beauties, Too sair for me to look on: And, though Pureness, The Sword with which you ever fought, and conquer'd, Is ravish'd from you by unchaste Desires, You are too strong for Flesh and Blood to treat with, Though Iron Grates were interpos'd between us, To warrant me from Treason.

D 2

Don. Whom do you fear?

Vitel. That human Frailty I took from my Mother, That, as my Youth increas'd, grew stronger on me: That still pursues me, and, thought once recover'd, In Scorn of Reason, and, what's more, Religion, Again seeks to betray me.

Don. If you mean, Sir!

To my Embraces, you turn Rebel to The Laws of Nature, the great Queen, and Mother Of all Productions, and deny Allegiance, Where you fland bound to pay it.

Vitel. I will stop

Mine Ears against these Charms, which, if Ulysses Could live again, and hear this second Syren, Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too Fasten'd with all her Anchors, this Inchantment Would force him, in Despite of all Resistance, To leap into the Sea, and follow her; Although Destruction with outstretched Arms, Stood ready to receive him.

Don. Gentle Sir;

Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchfafe
To look upon me. Though I use no Language
The Grief for this unkind Repulse will print
Such a dumb Eloquence upon my Face,
As will not only plead, but prevail for me.

Witel. I am a Coward: I will fee and hear you; The Trial, elfe, is nothing; nor the Conquest, My Temperance shall crown me with hereaster, Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my Virtue! And holy Thoughts, and Resolutions arm me, Against this sierce Temptation! give me Voice, Tun'd to a zealous Anger, to express At what an Over-value I have purchas'd The wanton Treasure of your Virgin Bounties, That in their salse Fruition heap upon me Despair and Horror—That I could with that Ease Redeem my forseit Innocence, or cast up The Poison I receiv'd into my Intrails,

From the alluring Cup of your Enticements,
As now I do deliver back the Price, [Returns the Cafket.
And Salary of your Lust! or thus uncloth me
Of Sin's gay Trappings, (the proud Livery
[Throws off bis Cloak and Doublet.

Of wicked Pleasure) which but worn, and heated With the Fire of Entertainment and Consent, Like to Alcides' fatal Shirt, tears off Our Flesh, and Reputation both together, Leaving our ulcerous Follies bare, and open

To all malicious Cenfure.

Don. You must grant,

If you hold that a Loss to you, mine equals,

If not transcends it. If you then first tasted

That Poison, as you call it, I brought with me

A Palat unacquainted with the Relish

Of those Delights, which most (asul have heard)

Greedily swallow; and then the Offence

(If my Opinion may be believ'd)

Is not so great; howe'er, the Wrong no more

Than if Hippolitus and the Virgin Huntress,

Should meet and kiss together.

Vitel. What Defences

Can Lust raise to maintain a Precipice

[ Asambeg and Mustapha above.

To the Abyss of Looseness? But affords not The least Stair, or the fast ning of one Foot, To re-ascend that glorious Height we fell from.

Musta. By Mabomet she courts him!

Asam. Nay, kneels to him:

Observe the scornful Villain turns away too,

As glorying in his Conquest.

fiem.

Don. Are you Marble? [Kneels.]
If Christians have Mothers, sure they share in
The Tygress Fierceness; for, if you were Owner

Of human Pity, you could not endure A Princess to kneel to you, or look on

These falling Tears which hardest Rocks would soften And yet remain unmov'd. Did you but give me

• D 2

A

A Taste of Happiness in your Embraces, That the Remembrance of the Sweetness of it Might leave perpetual Bitterness behind it? Or shew'd me what it was to be a Wife, To live a Widow ever?

# Enter Capiaga, Aga, with others.

Asam. She has confest it; Seize on him, Villains! O the Furies!

Don. How? - [Asambeg and Mustapha descend,

Are we betray'd?

Vitel. The better; I expected

A Turkish Faith.

Don. Who am I, that you dare this? 'Tis I that do command you to forbear

A Touch of Violence.

Aga. We already, Madam,

Have satisfied your Pleasure further than

We know to answer it.

Cap. Would we were well off; We stand too far engag'd, I fear.

Don. For us?

We'll bring you fafe off. Who dares contradict What is our Pleasure?

# Enter Afambeg, Mustapha.

Asam. Spurn the Dog to Prison! I'll answer you anon.

Vitel. What Punishment

So e'er I undergo, I'm still a Christian [Exit with Vitel. Don. What bold Prefumption's this? Under what Law Am I to fall, that fet my Foot upon

Your Statutes and Decrees?

Musta. The Crime committed

Our Alcoran calls Death.

Don. Tush! who is here,
That is not Amurath's Slave, and so unfit To fit a judge upon his Blood?

Asam. You've loft to state Wante to more veiler out at

And sham'd the Privilege of it; rob'd me too
Of my Soul, my Understanding, to behold
Your base, unworthy Fall from your high Virtue.

Don. I do appeal to Amurath.

Asam. We'll offer

No Violence to your Person, 'till we know His sacred Pleasure; 'till when, under Guard You shall continue here.

Don. Shall?

Asam. I have faid it.

Don. We shall remember this.

Asam. It ill becomes

Such, as are guilty, to deliver Threats

Against the innocent. [The Guard leads off Donusa.

I could tear this Flesh now,

But 'tis in vain; nor must I talk, but do:

Provide a well man'd Galley for Constantinople:

Such fad News never came to our great Mafter.

As he directs; we must proceed, and know No Will but his, to whom what's Ours we owe. [Exeunt.

The End of the Third Act.

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Master, Boatswain.

Master. HE does begin to eat?
Boats. A little, Master:

But our best Hope for his Recovery is, that
His Raving leaves him; and those dreadful Words,
Damnation, and Despair, with which he ever
Ended all his Discourses are forgotten.

Master. This Stranger is a most religious Man, sure

And I am doubtful, whether his Charity

In the relieving of our Wants, or Care
To cure the wounded Conscience of Grimaldi
Deserves more Admiration.

Boats. Can you guess

What the Reason should be, that we never mention The Church, or the high Altar, but his Melancholy Grows, and increases on him?

Master. I have heard him
(When he gloried to profess himself an Atheist,)
Talk often, and with much Delight and Boasting,
Of a rude Prank he did e'er he turn'd Pirate,
The Memory of which, as it appears,

Lies heavy on him,

Boats. 'Pray you, let me understand it. Master. Upon a solemn Day, when the whole City Join'd in Devotion, and with barefoot Steps Pass'd to S. Mark's, the Duke and the whole Signiory, Helping to perfect the religious Pomp With which they were received; when all Men else Were full of Tears, and groan'd beneath the Weight Of past Offences (of whose heavy Burden They came to be absolv'd and freed,) our Captain, Whether in Scorn, of those so pious Rites He had no Feeling of, or else drawn to it, Out of a wanton, irreligious Madness, (I know not which) ran to the holy Man, As he was doing of the Work of Grace, And, fnatching from his Hands the fanctify'd Means, Dash'd it upon the Pavement.

Boatf. How escap'd he?

It being a Deed deserving Death with Torture.

Master. The general Amazement of the People
Gave him Leave to quit the Temple, and a Gondola, 14
(Prepar'd, it seems, before) brought him aboard,
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The Remembrance
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated

A Venetiqu Wherry-Beat.

With a strong Belief, he cannot receive Pardon
For this foul Fact, but from his Hands, 'gainst whom'
It was committed.

Boats. And what Course intends
His heavenly Physician Reverend Francisco,
To beat down this Opinion?

Master. He promis'd
To use some holy and religious Finesse,
To this good End; and, in the mean Time, charg'd me
To keep him dark, and to admit no Visitants;
But on no Terms to cross him.—Here he comes.

#### Enter Grimaldi with a Book.

Grim. For Theft, he that restores treble the Value, 's Makes Satisfaction; and, for want of Means, To do so, as a Slave, must serve it out, 'Till he hath made full Payment.—There's Hope left here:

Oh! with what Willingness would I give up
My Liberty to those that I have pillag'd;
And wish the Numbers of my Years, though wasted
In the most fordid Slavery, might equal
The Rapines I have made; 'till with one Voice,
My Patient Sufferings might exact from my
Most cruel Creditors, a full Remission,
An Eye's Loss with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb; '6
A sad Account!—yet, to find Peace within here,
Though all such as I have maim'd, and dismember'd

15 For Theft, be that restores treble the Value, makes Satisfac-

This, and the following Part of this Speech alludes to the Law of Moses: As in Execus we read, "If a Man shall stead an Ox or a Sheep, and kill it, or sell it, he shall restore sive Oxen for an Ox; and four Sheep for a Sheep.—If he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his Thest."

Cap. 22. Ver. 1, 3.

16 An Eye's Lafs with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb.

These are common Expressions both in the Old, and in the New Testament.

h

In drunken Quarrels, or o'ercome with Rage,
When they were giv'n up to my Power, stood here now,
And cry'd for Restitution; to appease 'em,
I'd do a bloody Justice on myself;
Pull out these Eyes, that guided me to ravish
Their Sight from others; lop these Legs, that bore me
To barbarous Violence; with this Hand cut off
This Instrument of wrong, 'till nought were left me,
But this poor bleeding limbles Trunk, which gladly
I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

### Enter Francisco in a Cope like a Bishop.

Of petty Forseitures! in this reverend Habit,
(All that I am turn'd into Eyes) I look on
A Deed of mine so siend-like, that Repentance,
Though with my Tears I taught the Sea new Tides,
Can never wash off: All my Thests, my Rapes
Are venial Trespasses, compar'd to what
I offer'd to that Shape; and in a Place too,
Where I stood bound to kneel to't.

[Kneels.

Fran. 'Tis forgiven;

I with his Tongue (whom in these sacred Vestments With impure Hands thou did'st offend) pronounce it; I bring Peace to thee; see, that thou deserve it In thy fair Life hereafter.

Grim. Can it be? dealers and the state of any of all

Dare I believe this Vision? Or hope

A Pardon e'er may find me? wall to dan its diguod?

Fran. Purchase it

By zealous Undertakings, and no more Twill be remembered.

Grim. What celeftial Balm

I feel now pour'd into my wounded Conscience!
What Penance is there I'll not undergo;
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more Pleasure
Than Flesh and Blood e'er tasted! shew me true Sorrow,
Arm'd with an Iron Whip, and I will meet
The Stripes she brings along with her, as if

They

T

1

W

I

T

W

D

By

T

A

TI

A

N

N

So

Of

To

Ai

O

T

Ar

Yo

Yo

Al

h

An

Bu

Ma

Le

They were the gentle Touches of a Hand That comes to cure me. Can good Deeds redeem me? I will rife up a Wonder to the World, When I have giv'n strong Proofs how I am alter'd, I that have fold fuch as profess'd the Faith That I was born in, to Captivity, Will make their Number equal, that I shall Deliver from the Oar; and win as many By the Clearness of my Actions, to look on Their Misbelief, and loath it. I will be A Convoy for all Merchants; and thought worthy To be reported to the World hereafter The Child of your Devotion, nurs'd up, And made strong by your Charity, to break through All Dangers Hell can bring forth to oppose me: Nor am I, though my Fortunes were thought desperate, Now you have reconcil'd me to myfelf, So void of worldly Means, but, in Despight Of the proud Viceroy's Wrongs, I can do fomething To prove, that I have Power; when you please try me, And I will perfect what you shall injoin me, Or fall a joyful Martyr.

Fran. You will reap
The comfort of it; live yet undiscover'd,
And with your holy Meditations strengthen
Your Christian Resolution; e'er long,
You shall hear further from me.

Grim. I'll attend

[Exit Francisco.
All your Commands with Patience;—come, my Mates!
I hitherto have liv'd an ill Example;
And as your Captain led you on to Mischief;
But now will truly labour, that good Men
May say hereafter of me, to my Glory,
Let but my Power and Means hand with my Will,
"His good Endeavours, did weigh down his Ill."

[Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.

#### Enter Francisco.

Fran. This Penitence is not counterfeit; howfoever Good Actions are in themselves rewarded; My Travail's to meet with a double Crown, If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove Himself the Master of his wild Affections.

#### Enter Gazet.

Oh! I shall have Intelligence, how now, Gazet! Why these sad Looks and Tears?

My worthy Master. Your rich Heir seems to mourn for A miserable Father, your young Widow Following a bed-rid Husband to his Grave, Would have her Neighbours think she cries, and roars, That she must part with such a Goodman Do-nothing; When 'tis, because he stays so long above Ground, And hinders a rich Suitor: — All's come out, Sir! We are smok'd for being Cunny-catchers; My Master Is put in Prison; his She-Customer Is under Guard too.—These are Things to weep for; But mine own Loss consider'd, and what a Fortune I have, as they say, snatch'd out of my Chops, Would make a Man run mad.

Fran. 1 scarce have Leisure, I am so wholly taken up with Sorrow For my lov'd Pupil, to enquire thy Fate; Yet I will hear it.

Gaz. Why, Sir! I had bought a Place,
A Place of Credit too, and had gone through with it:
I should have been made an Eunuch.—There was Honour

For a late poor 'Prentice; when upon the fudden There was fuch a Hurly-burly in the Court, That I was glad to run away, and carry The Price of my Office with me.

Fran.

Y

I

B

F

1

r

I

Fran. Is that all? You've made a faving Voyage. We must think now, Though not to free, to comfort fad Vitelli; My griev'd Soul suffers for him.

Gaz. I am fad too; synthet Deven in som sole it of But, had I been an Eunuch Fran. Think not on it. [Exeunt.

or

rs,

3;

r

10-

an.

#### SCENE H.

I could believe vouse best when A that there's

Enter Asambeg, unlocks the Door, leads forth Paulina.

Asam. Be your own Guard: Obsequiousness and Ser-Shall win you to be mine. Of all Restraint [vice For ever take your Leave . No Threats shall awe you; No jealous Doubts of mine disturb your Freedom: No fee'd Spies wait upon your Steps. Your Virtue And due Consideration in yourself, From vieldien ba Of what is noble, are the faithful Helps I leave you, as Supporters to defend you From falling basely.

Paul. This is wond'rous strange! Whence flows this Alteration?

Asam. From true Judgment, And strong Assurance: Neither Grates of Iron,

Hem'd in with Walls of Brass, strict Guards, high Birth, The Forfeiture of Honour, nor the Fear Of Infamy, or Punishment, can stay A Woman flav'd to Appetite from being False, and unworthy.

Paul. You are grown fatyrical Against our Sex. Why, Sir, I durst produce Myself in our Defence, and from you challenge A Testimony that's not to be denied; All fall not under this unequal Censure. I, that have stood your Flatteries, your Threats, Bore up against your fierce Temptations; scorn'd The cruel Means you practis'd to supplant me, Having no Arms to help me to hold out,

But

But Love of Piety, and constant Goodness, If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly Enter into the Lists, and combat with All Opposites Man's Malice can bring forth To shake me in my Chastity, built upon The Rock of my Religion.

Afam. I do wish

I could believe you; but, when I shall shew you A most incredible Example of Your Frailty in a Princess, su'd and sought to By Men of Worth, of Rank, of Eminence; courted By Happiness itself, and her cold Temper Approv'd by many Years; yet she to fall, Fall from herself, her Glories, nay, her Safety, Into a Gulf of Shame, and black Despair; I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding Her Punishment, for ever be deter'd From yielding basely.

Paul. I would fee this Wonder;

Tis, Sir, my first Petition.

Asam. And thus granted;——Above you shall observe all.

[Paulina steps aside.

AA

O

T

1

N

S

I

ŀ

I

1

V

F

I

## Enter Mustapha.

Musta. Sir, I sought you,
And must relate a Wonder. Since I studied
And knew what Man was, I was never Witness
Of such invincible Fortitude as this Christian
Shews in his Sufferings: All the Torments that
We could present him with to fright his Constancy,
Consirm'd, not shook it; and those heavy Chains
That eat into his Flesh, appear'd to him
Like Bracelets, made of some lov'd Mistress' Hairs,
We kiss in the Remembrance of her Favours.
I'm strangely taken with it, and have lost
Much of my Fury.

Asam. Had he suffer'd poorly, It had call'd on my Contempt; but manly Patience

And

And all-commanding Virtue, wins upon
An Enemy. I shall think upon him. Ha!

# Enter Aga with a Black Box.

So foon return'd? This Speed pleads in Excuse Of your late Fault, which I no more remember. What's the Grand Signior's Pleasure?

Aga. 'Tis inclos'd here. I lis born a panta yibash en l

The Box too, that contains it, may inform you How he stands affected: I am trusted with Nothing but this.—On Forseit of your Head, She must have a speedy Trial.

Asam. Bring her in
In Black, as to her Funeral: 'Tis the Colour
Her Fault wills her to wear; and which, in Justice,
I dare not pity.—Sit, and take your Place:
However in her Life she has degenerated,
May she die nobly; and in that confirm

Her Greatness, and High Blood.

A solemn Musick. A Guard. The Aga, and Capi-Aga, leading in Donusa in Black; her Train borne up by Carazie and Manto.

Musta. I now could melt; — But soft Compassion leave me.

Manto. I am affrighted

With this dismal Preparation. Should the enjoying Of loose Desires find ever such Conclusions,

All Women would be Veftals.

nd

[Afide.

Don. That you cloath me
In this fad Livery of Death, affures me
Your Sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty Caufe
To use Qualification, or Excuse—
Yet must I not part so with mine own Strength,
But borrow from my Modesty Boldness, to
Enquire by whose Authority you sit

My

My Judges, and whose Warrant digs my Grave In the Frowns you dart against my Life? vman?

Asam. See here!

This fatal Sign, and Warrant! This, brought to A General fighting at the Head of his Victorious Troops, ravishes from his Hand His e'en then conquering Sword! This thewn unto The Sultan's Brothers, or his Sons, delivers) and a sand His deadly Anger; and, all Hopes laid by, IT Commands them to prepare themselves for Heaven; Which would stand with the Quiet of your Soul was To think upon, and imitate to I no - and and grides

Don. Give me Leave land vbood a synd flum, odd

A little to complain: First, of the hard Condition of my Fortune, which may move you, Though not to rife up Intercessors for me, Yet, in Remembrance of my former Life, in the (This being the first Spot tainting mine Honour) To be the Means to bring me to his Presence; And then I doubt not, but I could alledge be seed and Such Reasons in mine own Defence, or plead So humbly (my Tears helping) that it should Awake his fleeping Pity.

Asam. 'Tis in vain!

If you have aught to fay, you shall have Hearing, And in me think him present on blues who I . show

Don. I would thus then are aveal as The grown First kneel, and kiss his Feet; and after, tell him How long I'd been his Darling; what Delight My infant Years afforded him; how dear He priz'd his Sifter, in both Bloods, my Mother; That she, like him, had Frailty, that to me Descends as an Inheritance; then conjure him, By her bleft Ashes, and his Father's Soul, The Sword that rides upon his Thigh, his Right Hand Holding the Scepter, and the Ottoman Fortune, To have Compassion on me. I was son I fla

Asam. But suppose (As I am fure) he would be deaf, what then Could you infer?

Don.

Don. I, then, would thus rife up, And to his Teeth tell him, he was a Tyrant, A most voluptuous, and insatiable Epicure Any or base In his own Pleasures; which he hugs so dearly, As proper, and peculiar to himself, That he denies a moderate lawful Use Of all Delight to others. And to thee, Unequal Judge, I speak as much, and charge thee But with impartial Eyes to look into Thyself, and then consider with what Justice Thou canst pronounce my Sentence. Unkind Nature! To make weak Women, Servants; proud Men, Masters. Indulgent Mahomet! Do thy bloody Laws Call my Embraces with a Christian, Death? Having my Heat and May of Youth, to plead In my Excuse? and yet want Power to punish These that with Scorn break thro' thy Cobweb-Edicts And laugh at thy Decrees? To tame their Lufts There's no religious Bit; let her be fair, and off med I And pleasing to the Eye, though Persian, Moor, Idolatress, Turk, or Christian, you are privileg'd, And freely may enjoy her. At this Instant, I know, unjust Man! thou hast in thy Power word A lovely Christian Virgin; thy Offence Equal, if not transcending mine: Why, then, We being both guilty, dost thou not descend From that usurp'd Tribunal, and with me Walk Hand in Hand to Death?

Asam. She Raves! and we

Lose Time to hear her:—Read the Law.

Don. Do! do!-

I stand resolv'd to suffer.

Aga. If any Virgin, of what Degree or Quality foever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal Looseness, and Incontinence with any Christian, the is, by the Decree of our great Prophet, Mahomet, to lose her Head.

Asam. Mark that! then tax our Justice.

Aga. Ever provided, That if she, the said Offender, by any Reasons, Arguments, or Persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian, offending with her, to alter his Religion, and marry her, that then the Winning of a Soul to the Mahometan Sect shall acquit her from all Shame, Disgrace and Punishment whatsoever.

Don. I lay hold on that Clause, and challenge from The Privilege of the Law. [you

Musta. What will you do?

Don. Grant me Access and Means, I'll undertake To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him: This Trial you cannot deny.

Musta. O base!

Can Fear to die make you descend so low From your high Birth, and brand the Ottoman Line With such a Mark of Infamy?

Asam. This is worse

Than the parting with your Honour.—Better suffer Ten thousand Deaths, and without Hope to have A Place in our great Prophet's Paradise, Than have an Act to After-times remember'd So foul as this is.

Musta. Chear your Spirits, Madam!
To die is nothing; 'tis but parting with
A Mountain of Vexations.

Asam. Think of your Honour: In dying nobly you make Satisfaction For your Offence; and you shall live a Story Of bold heroic Courage.

Don. You shall not fool me Out of my Life: I claim the Law, and sue for A speedy Trial; if I fail, you may Determine of me as you please.

Asam. Base Woman!

—But use thy Ways, and see thou prosper in 'em:
For, if thou fall again into my Power,
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand Tortures,
Cry out for Death, that Death which now thou sly'st from.

Unloofe

Unloofe the Prisoner's Chains.—Go! lead her on To try the Magick of her Tongue -- I follow: -I'm on the Rack. Descend, my best Paulina.

Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.

#### Enter Francisco, Jailor.

Fran. I come not empty-handed; I will purchase Your Favour at what Rate you please.—There's Gold. Jailor. 'Tis the best Oratory. I will hazard

A Check for your Content.—Below there!

Vitel. Welcome! [Vitelli under the Stage.

Art thou the happy Messenger, that brings me

News of my Death?

Jailor. Your Hand! [Vitelli pluck'd up.

Fran. Now, if you please, was will be an in the

A little Privacy, your now behinds and remoi deport T

Jailor. You have bought it, Sir;

Enjoy it freely. [Exit Jailor.

Fran: O, my dearest Pupil las , on a do bod out

Witness these Tears of Joy: I never saw you, 'Till now, look levely; nor durst I e'er glory In the Mind of any Man I had built up With the Hands of virtuous and religious Precepts, 'Till this glad Minute. Now you have made good My Expectation of you. By my Order! All Roman Cafars, that led Kings in Chains, Fast bound to their triumphant Chariots, if

Compar'd with that true Glory, and full Lustre You now appear in, all their boafted Honours,

Purchas'd with Blood, and Wrong, would lose their Names, ove

And be no more remember'd.

Vitel. This Applause,

fe

Confirm'd in your Allowance, joys me more Than if a thousand full-cram'd Theatres Should clap their eager Hands, to witness that The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.

But

But these are, Father, but Beginnings, not The Ends, of my high Aims. I grant t' have master'd The rebel Appetite of Flesh and Blood, Was far above my Strength; and still owe for it To that great Power that lent it. But, when I Shall make't apparent, the grim Looks of Death Affright me not; and that I can put off The fond Defire of Life (that, like a Garment Covers, and cloaths our Frailty) hast'ning to My Martyrdom, as to a heavenly Banquet, To which I was a choice invited Guest. Then you may boldly fay, you did not plough, Or trust the barren and ungrateful Sands With the fruitful Grain of your religious Counfels. Fran. You do instruct your Teacher. Let the Sun Of your clear Life (that lends to good Men Light) But fet as gloriously as it did rise,

To human Wishes. · Vitel. I have almost gain'd The End o' th' Race, and will not faint, or tire now.

Though fometimes clouded, you may write nil ultra

#### Enter Aga and Failor.

Aga. Sir, by your Leave (nay stare not) I bring Comfort;

acts you kas plant blb Bat

The Viceroy, taken with the constant Bearing Of your Afflictions; and prefuming too You will not change your Temper, does command Your Irons should be ta'en off. Now arm yourself With your old Resolution: Suddenly

The Chains taken off. You shall be visited. You must leave the Room too:

And do it without Reply. Fran. There's no contending:

Be still thyself, my Son!

Exit Francisco.

Vitel. 'Tis not in Man

Enter Donusa, Asambeg, Mustapha, Paulina.

To change or alter me.

Paul. Whom do I look on?

My Brother?—'Tis he!—But no more, my Tongue!
Thou wilt betray all.

[Afide.

Asam. Let us hear this Temptress:

The Fellow looks as he would ftop his Ears

Against her powerful Spells.

Paul. He is undone else.

Vitel. I'll fland th' Encounter - Charge me home.

Don. I come, Sir! [Bows berself.

A Beggar to you, and doubt not to find

A good Man's Charity, which, if you deny,

You're cruel to yourfelf; a Crime a wife Man

(And fuch I hold you) would not willingly

Be guilty of; nor let it find less Welcome,

Though I (a Creature you contemn) now shew you

The Way to certain Happiness; nor think it

Imaginary or phantaftical,

And fo not worth th' acquiring, in respect

The Passage to it is not rough nor thorny;

No steep Hills in the Way which you must climb up;

No Monsters to be conquer'd; no Inchantments

To be diffolv'd by Counter-Charms, before

You take Poffession of it.

Vitel. What strong Poison

Is wrap'd up in these sugar'd Pills?

Don. My Suit is,

That you would quit your Shoulders of a Burthen

Under whose pond'rous Weight you wilfully

Have too long groan'd, to cast those Fetters off,

With which, with your own Hands, you chain your

Freedom:

Forsake a severe, nay, imperious Mistress,

Whose Service does exact perpetual Cares,

Watchings, and Troubles; and give Entertainment

E/3

To

To one that courts you, whose least Favours are Variety, and Choice of all Delights Mankind is capable of.

Vitel. You speak in Riddles.

What Burthen, or what Mistress? or what Fetters Are those, you point at?

Don. Those, which your Religion,

The Mistress you too long have serv'd, compels To bear with Slave-like Patience.

Vitel. Ha!

Paul. How bravely

That virtuous Anger shows!

[Afide.

Don. Be wife, and weigh

The prosperous Success of Things; if Blessings Are Donatives from Heaven (which, you must grant, Were Blasphemy to question) and that They are call'd down, and pour'd on such, as are Most gracious with the great Disposer of 'em, Look on our flourishing Empire, if the Splendor, The Majesty, and Glory of it dim not Your seeble Sight, and then turn back, and see The narrow Bounds of yours; yet that poor Remnant Rent in as many Factions, and Opinions, As you have petty Kingdoms; and then, if You are not obstinate against Truth and Reason, You must confess the Deity you worship Wants Care, or Power to help you.

Paul. Hold out now,

And then thou art victorious.

Asam. How he eyes her!

Musta. As if he would look through her.

Afam. His Eyes flame too,

As threat'ning Violence.

Vitel. But that I know

The Devil, thy Tutor fills each Part about thee, And that I cannot play the Exorcist To disposses thee, unless I should tear Thy Body Limb by Limb, and throw it to The Furies that expect it, I would now

Pluck

Pluck out that wicked Tongue, that hath blasphem'd That great Omnipotency, at whose Nod The Fabrick of the World shakes. Dare you bring Your juggling Prophet in Comparison with That most inscrutable, and infinite Essence That made this All, and comprehends his Work? The Place is too prophane to mention him Whose only Name is facred. O Donuja! How much in my Compassion I suffer, That thou, on whom this most excelling Form, And Faculties of Discourse, beyond a Woman, Were by his liberal Gift confer'd, should'st still Remain in Ignorance of him that gave it! I will not foul my Mouth to speak the Sorceries Of your Seducer, his base Birth, his Whoredoms, His strange Impostures; nor deliver how He taught a Pigeon to feed in his Ear; Then made his credulous Followers believe It was an Angel that instructed him In the framing of his Alcoran. Pray you mark me.-Asam. These Words are Death, were he in nought elfe guilty.

Vitel. Your Intent, to win me
To be of your Belief, proceeded from
Your Fear to die. Can there be Strength in that
Religion, that suffers us to tremble
At that which every Day, nay, Hour, we haste to?
Don. This is unanswerable, and there's something tells

I err in my Opinion. Vitel. Cherish it!

It is a heavenly prompter; entertain
This holy Motion, and wear on your Forehead
The facred Badge he arms his Servants with,
You shall, like me, with Scorn look down upon
All Engines Tyranny can advance to batter
Your constant Resolution: Then you shall
Look truly fair, when your Mind's Pureness answers
Your outward Beauties.

Don. I came here to take you, But I perceive an yielding in myself To be your Prisoner.

Vitel. 'Tis an Overthrow,
That will outshine all Victories. O Donusa!
Die in my Faith like me; and 'tis a Marriage
At which celestial Angels shall be Waiters,
And such as have been fainted welcome us.
—Are you confirm'd?

Don. I would be; but the Means

That may affure me?

Vitel. Heaven is merciful, And will not fuffer you to want a Man To do that facred Office, build upon it.

Don. Then thus I spit at Mahomet.

Asam. Stop her Mouth:

In Death to turn Apostate! I'll not hear
One Syllable from any;—wretched Creature:
With the next rising Sun prepare to die.
Yet Christian, in Reward of thy brave Courage,
Be thy Faith right, or wrong, receive this Favour.
In Person I'll attend thee to thy Death;
And boldly challenge all that I can give,
But what's not in my grant, which is to live. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

#임상: 1813+ 1813+ 1813+ 1813+ 1813+ 1813+ 1813+ 1813+

### ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Fran. YOU'RE wond'rous brave, and jocund. Vitel. Welcome, Father!
Should I spare Cost, or not wear chearful Looks
Upon my Wedding Day, it were ominous,
And shew'd I did repent it; which I dare not,
It being a Marriage, howsoever sad

In the first Ceremonies that confirm it, That will for ever arm me against Fears, Repentance, Doubts, or Jealousies, and bring Perpetual Comforts, Peace of Mind, and Quiet To the glad Couple,

Fran. I well understand you; And my full Joy to see you so resolv'd Weak Words cannot express. What is the Hour Design'd for this Solemnity?

Vitel. The fixth;
Something before the setting of the Sun
We take our last Leave of his fading Light,
And with our Soul's Eyes seek for Beams eternal.
Yet there's one Scruple with which I am much
Perplex'd, and troubl'd, which I know you can
Resolve me of.

Fran. What is't?

Whom I first courted, and then won (not with Loose Lays, poor Flatteries, apish Compliments, But sacred, and religious Zeal) yet wants
The holy Badge that should proclaim her sit
For these celestial Nuptials: Willing she is,
I know, to wear it, as the choicest Jewel
On her fair Forehead; but to you, that well
Could do that Work of Grace, I know the Viceroy
Will never grant Access. Now, in a Case
Of this Necessity, I would gladly learn,
Whether in me a Layman, without Orders,
It may not be religious, and lawful
As we go to our Deaths to do that Office?

Fran. A Question, in itself, with much Ease answer'd; Midwives upon Necessity perform't; And Knights that in the holy Land fought for The Freedom of Jerusalem, when full Of sweat, and Enemy's Blood, have made their Helmets The Fount, out of which with their holy Hands They drew that heavenly Liquor: 'Twas approved then By the holy Church, nor must I think it now In you a Work less pious. Vitel.

Vesel.

Vitel. You confirm me;
I will find a Way to do it. In the mean Time
Your holy Vows affift me.

Fran. They shall ever

Be present with you.

Vitel. You shall see me act

This last Scene to the Life.

Fran. And, though now fall,

Rife a bles'd Martyr.

Vitel. That's my End, my All.

Exeunt.

W

A

1

F

### SCENE II.

Enter Grimaldi, Mafter, Boatswain, Sailors.

Boats. Sir, if you slip this Opportunity, Never expect the like.

Master. With as much Ease now
We may steal the Ship out of the Harbour, Captain,
As ever Gallants in a wanton Bravery
Have set upon a drunken Constable,
And bore him from a sleepy, Rug-gown'd Watch:
Be therefore wise.

Grim. I must be honest too,
And you shall wear that Shape: You shall observe me,
If that you purpose to continue mine.
Think you Ingratitude can be the Parent
To our unseign'd Repentance? Do I owe
A Peace within here, Kingdoms could not purchase,
To my religious Creditor, to leave him
Open to Danger, the great Benefit
Never remembred? No; though in her Bottom.
We could stow up the Tribute of the Turk;
Nay, grant the Passage safe too; I will never
Consent to weigh an Anchor up, till he,
That only must, commands it.

Boats. This Religion
Will keep us Slaves and Beggars.

Master.

Master. The Fiend prompts me To change my Copy: Plague on't, we are Seamen: What have we to do with't, but for a Snatch, or so, At the End of a long Lent?

### Enter Francisco.

Boatf. Mum. See, who is here?

Grim. My Father!

t.

Fran. My good Convert! I am full
Of ferious Business, which denies me Leave
To hold long Conference with you: Only thus much
Briefly receive;—a Day or two at the most,
Shall make me fit to take my Leave of Tunis,
Or give me lost for ever.

Grim. Days, nor Years,

Provided that my Stay may do you Service, But to me shall be Minutes.

Fran. I much thank you:

In this small Scroll you may, in private read What my Intents are; and, as they grow ripe, I will instruct you further: In the mean Time Borrow your late distracted Looks, and Gesture; The more dejected you appear, the less The Viceroy must suspect you.

Grim. I am nothing,

But what you please to have me be.

Fran. Farewell, Sir!-

Be cheerful, Master! something we will do That shall reward itself in the Persormance; And that's true Prize indeed.

Master. I am obedient.

[Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.

Boats. And I:- There's no contending.

Fran. Peace to you all.

Prosper thou great Existence, my Endeavours, As they religiously are undertaken, And distant equally from servile Gain, Enter Paulina, Carzi, and Manto.

Or glorious Ostentation.—I am heard In this blest Opportunity, which in vain I long have waited for.—I must show myself! O, she has found me! now if she prove right All Hope will not forsake us.

Paul. Farther off!

And in that Distance know your Duties too!
You were bestow'd on me as Slaves to serve me,
And not as Spies to pry into my Actions,
And after to betray me. You shall find
If any Look of mine be unobserv'd,
I am not ignorant of a Mistress' Power,
And from whom I receive it.

Car. Note this, Manto.

The Pride, and Scorn, with which she entertains us!

Now we are made her's by the Viceroy's Gist.

Our sweet condition'd Princess, fair Donusa,

(Rest in her Death wait on her!) never us'd us

With such Contempt. I would he had sent me

To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gave me

To this proud little Devil.

[Aside.

Manto. I expect

All tyrannous Usage, but I must be Patient; And, though ten Times a Day, she tears these Locks, Or makes this Face her Footstool, 'tis but Justice.

Paul. 'Tis a true Story of my Fortunes, Father! My Chastity preserv'd by Miracle, Or your Devotions for me; and, believe it, What outward Pride so e'er I counterfeit, Or State to these appointed to attend me, I am not in my Disposition alter'd, But still your humble Daughter, and share with you, In my poor Brother's Sufferings.—All Hell's Torments Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's Soul, That, in his Rape of me, gave a Beginning

To

T

H

In

Y

T

W

B

N

T

N

P

F

1

E

I

I

To all the Miseries that since have follow'd.

Fran. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle Daughter!

He's a chang'd Man, and may redeem his Fault In his fair Life hereafter. You must bear too Your forc'd Captivity (for 'tis no better, Though you wear golden Fetters) and of him, Whom Death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.

Paul. You are still the same good Counsellor.

Fran. And who knows,

(Since what above is purpos'd, is inscrutable)
But that the Viceroy's extreme Dotage on you
May be the Parent of a happier Birth
Than yet our Hopes dare fashion. Longer Conference
May prove unsafe for you, and me, however,
Perhaps for Trial, he allows you Freedom.

[Delivers a Paper.

From this learn therefore what you must attempt,
Though with the Hazard of yourself,—Heaven guard
you,

And give Vitelli Patience; then I doubt not But he will have a glorious Day, fince some Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. What we commanded, see perform'd; and fail not

In all Things to be punctual.

de.

de.

CS

0

Aga. We shall, Sir! [Exeunt Aga, Capiaga. Musta. 'Tis strange, that you should use such Circumstance

To a Delinquent of so mean Condition!

Asam. Had he appear'd in a more fordid Shape
Then disguis'd Greatness ever deign'd to mask in,
The gallant bearing of his present Fortune
A loud proclaims him noble.

Musta.

Musta. If you doubt him To be a Man built up for great Employments, And, as a cunning Spy, fent to explore The Cities Strength, or Weakness, you by Torture May force him to discover it.

Asam. That were base; Nor dare I do fuch Injury to Virtue And bold, affured Courage; neither can I Be won to think, but, if I should attempt it, I shoot against the Moon. He, that hath stood The roughest Battery, that Captivity Could ever bring to shake a constant Temper; Despis'd the Fawnings of a future Greatness, By Beauty in her full Perfection tender'd; That hears of Death as of a quiet Slumber, And, from the Surplufage of his own Firmness, Can spare enough of Fortitude, to affire A feeble Woman; will now, Mustapha, never Be alter'd in his Soul for any Torments We can afflict his Body with?

Musta. Do your Pleasure! I only offer'd you a Friend's Advice, But without Gall, or Envy, to the Man That is to fuffer.—But what do you determine Of poor Grimaldi? The Difgrace call'd on him,

I hear, has run him mad.

Asam. There weigh the Difference In the true Temper of their Minds. The one, A Pirate fold to Mischiefs, Rapes, and all That make a Slave relentless and obdurate; Yet, of himself wanting the inward Strengths That should defend him, finks beneath Compassion, Or Pity of a Man; whereas this Merchant, Acquainted only with a civil Life, Arm'd in himself, intrench'd, and fortify'd With his own Virtue, valuing Life and Death At the fame Price, poorly does not invite A Favour, but commands us do him right; Which unto him, and her (we both once honour'd)

As a just Debt I gladly pay 'em—they enter; Now sit equal Hearers. [A dreadful Musick at one Door.

The Aga, Janizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, Gazet at the other: Donusa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.

Musta. I shall hear,

And fee, Sir! without Passion; my Wrongs arm me. Vitel. A joyful Preparation! to whose bounty Owe we our Thanks for gracing thus our Hymen? The Notes, though dreadful to the Ear, found here As our Epithalamium were fung By a Cælestial Choir, and a full Chorus Affur'd us future Happiness. These that lead me Gaze not with wanton Eyes upon my Bride, Nor for their Service are repaid by me With Jealousies, or Fears; nor do they envy My Passage to those Pleasures from which Death Cannot deter me. Great Sir, pardon me! Imagination of the Joys I haften to Made me forget my Duty; but, the Form And Ceremony past, I will attend you, And with our constant Resolution feast you, Not with course Cates, forgot as soon as tasted, But fuch as shall, while you have Memory, Be pleasing to the Palate.

Fran. Be not lost

In what you purpose. [Exit Francisco.

Gaz. Call you this a Marriage?

It differs little from Hanging; I cry at it.

Vitel. See, where my Bride appears! in what full Luftre!

As if the Virgins, that bear up her Train,
Had long contended to receive an Honour
Above their Births, in doing her this Service.
Nor comes fhe fearful to meet those Delights,
Which, once past o'er, immortal Pleasures follow.
I need not, therefore, comfort, or encourage
Her forward Steps; and I should offer Wrong

To her Mind's Fortitude, should I but ask
How she can brook the rough high going Sea,
Over whose foamy Back our Ship, well rig'd
With Hope and strong Assurance, must transport us.
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the Haven
(Which Tempests shall not hinder) what loud Welcome
Shall entertain us; nor commend the Place,
To tell whose least Perfection would strike dumb
The Eloquence of all boasted in Story,
Though join'd together.

Don. 'Tis enough, my dearest?'
I dare not doubt you; as your humble Shadow,
Lead where you please, I follow.

Vitel. One Suit, Sir!

And willingly I cease to be a Beggar;
And, that you may with more Security hear it,
Know, 'tis not Life I'll ask, nor to defer,
Our Deaths, but a few Minutes.

Asam. Speak; 'tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our latest Leave
And grown of one Belief, I do desire
I may have your Allowance to perform it,
But in the Fashion which we Christians use,
Upon the like Occasions.

Asam. 'Tis allow'd of.

Vitel. My Service: Haste, Gazet, to the next Spring, And bring me of it.

Gazet. Would I could as well

Fetch you a Pardon; I would not run but fly, And be here in a Moment.

Musta. What's the Mystery of this? Discover it.

Vitel. Great Sir! I'll tell you.

Each Country hath it's own peculiar Rites:
Some, when they are to die, drink Store of Wine,
Which pour'd in liberally does oft beget
A baftard Valour, with which arm'd they bear
The not to be declined Charge of Death
With less Fear, and Aftonishment: Others take
Drugs to procure a heavy Sleep, that so

They

I

I

E

E

They may insensibly receive the Means
That casts them in an everlasting Slumber;
Others—O welcome!

### Enter Gazet with Water.

Asam. Now the Use of yours?

Vitel. The Clearness of this is a perfect Sign
Of Innocence; and as this washes off
Stains, and Pollutions from the Things we wear,
Thrown thus upon the Forehead, it hath Power
To purge those Spots that cleave unto the Mind,

[Throws it on her Face]

If thankfully receiv'd.

ġ,

ney

Asam. 'Tis a strange Custom!

Vitel. How do you entertain it, my Donusa? Feel you no Alteration? No new Motives? No unexpected Aids that may confirm you In that to which you were inclin'd before?

Don. I am another Woman,—till this Minute
I never liv'd, nor durft think how to die.
How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,
By this blest Means I feel the Films of Error,
Ta'en from my Soul's Eyes. O divine Physician!
That hast bestow'd a Sight on me, which Death,
Though ready to embrace me in his Arms,
Cannot take from me. Let me kiss the Hand
That did this Miracle, and seal my Thanks
Upon those Lips from whence these sweet Words vanish'd

That freed me from the cruelest of Prisons, Blind Ignorance, and Misbelies: false Prophet! Impostor Mahomet!

Asam. I'll hear no more; You do abuse my Favours, sever 'em: Wretch if thou hadst another Life to Iose, This Blasphemy deserv'd it,—instantly Carry them to their Deaths.

Vol. II.

Vitel?

Vitel. We part now, blest one!

To meet hereafter in a Kingdom, where Hell's Malice shall not reach us.

Paul. Ha! ha! ha!

Afam. What means my Miffres? Paul. Who can hold her Spleen,

When fuch ridiculous Follies are presented; The Scene too made Religion? O, my Lord, How from one Cause two contrary Effects Spring up upon the sudden.

Asam. This is strange!

Paul. That which hath fool'd her in her Death, wins

That hitherto have bar'd myself from Pleasure, To live in all Delight.

Asam. There's Musick in this.

Paul. I now will run as fiercely to your Arms As ever longing Woman did, borne high On the swift Wings of Appetite.

Vitel. O Devil!

Paul. Nay more; for there shall be no odds betwixt

I will turn Turk.

Gazet. Most of your Tribe do so, When they begin in Whore.

Asam. You are serious Lady?

Paul. Serious:—But fatisfy me in a Suit
That to the World may witness that I have
Some Power upon you, and To-morrow challenge
Whatever's in my Gift; for I will be
At your Dispose.

Gazet. That's ever the Subscription

To a damn'd Whore's false Epistle.

Asam. Ask this Hand,

Or, if thou wilt, the Heads of these. I am rapt

Beyond myself with Joy.—Speak, speak, what is it?

Paul. But twelve short Hours reprieve for this base

Couple.

Asam. The Reason, since you hate them?

Paul.

Afide.

Afide.

Paul. That I may Have Time to triumph o'er this wretched Woman: I'll be myself her Guardian. I will feast, Adorned in her Choice and richest Jewels, Commit him to what Guards you please. Grant this, I am no more mine own, but yours.

Asam. Enjoy it. Repine at it who dares. Bear him safe off To the Black Tower, but give him all Things useful; The contrary was not in your Request.

Paul. I do contemn him.

Don. Peace in Death deny'd me?

Paul. Thou shalt not go in Liberty to thy Grave, For one Night a Sultana is my Slave.

Musta. A terrible little Tyranness.

Asam. No more;

xt

le.

te.

ase

ul.

Her Will shall be a Law. 'Till now ne'er happy.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.

Enter Francisco, Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, and Sailors.

Grim. Sir! all Things are in Readiness; the Turks That feiz'd upon my Ship stow'd under Hatches; My Men resolv'd, and chearful. Use but Means To get out of the Ports, we will be ready To bring you aboard, and then (Heaven be but pleas'd) This for the Viceroy's Fleet.

Fran. Discharge your Parts, In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, Master! Something will come along to fraught your Bark, That you will have just Cause to say you never Made fuch a Voyage.

Master. We will stand the Hazard.

Fran. What's the best Hour? Boats. After the second Watch.

Fran Enough;—each to his Charge. Grim. We will be careful.

### SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, Manto.

Paul. Sit, Madam! it is fit that I attend you; And pardon, I befeech you, my rude Language, To which the fooner you will be invited, When you shall understand, no Way was left me To free you from a present Execution, But by my personating that, which never My Nature was acquainted with.

Don. I believe you.

Paul. You will, when you shall understand I may Receive the Honour to be known unto you By a nearer Name.—And, not to rack you further, The Man you please to favour is my Brother; No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman Of the best Rank in Venice.

Don. I rejoice in't, But what's this to his Freedom? For myself, Were he well off, I were secure.

Paul. I have

A present Means, not plotted by myself, But a religious Man, my Confessor, That may preserve all, if we had a Servant Whose Faith we might rely on.

Don. She, that's now,

Your Slave, was once mine; had I twenty Lives, I durst commit them to her Trust.

Manto. Oh! Madam!

I have been false,—forgive me—I'll redeem it By any Thing, however desperate, You please t' impose upon me.

Paul. 'Troth these Tears,—

I think, cannot be counterfeit,—I believe her, And if you please will try her.

Don. At your Peril;

There is no further Danger can look towards me.

Paul. This only then—canst thou use Means to carry This bak'd Meat to Vitelli?

Manto. With much Ease;

I am familiar with the Guard; beside,

It being known 'twas I that did betray him,

My Entrance hardly will of them be question'd. Paul. About it then.—Say it was fent to him

From his Donusa: Bid him search the midst of't,

He there shall find a Cordial.

Manto. What I do

Shall speak my Care and Faith. [Exit Manto.

Don. Good Fortune with thee!

Paul. You cannot eat.

Don. The Time we thus abuse

We might employ much better.

Paul. I am glad

To hear this from you. As for you Carazie! If your Intents do profper, make Choice, whether You'll steal away with your two Mistresses, Or take your Fortune.

Car. I'll be gelded twice first; Hang him that stays behind.

Paul. I wait you Madam.

Were but my Brother off, by the Command Of the doting Viceroy there's no Guard dare stay me; And I will safely bring you to the Place Where we must expect him.

Don. Heaven be gracious to us.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE VI.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Guard.

Vitel. Paulina to fall off thus! 'tis to me More terrible than Death; and, like an Earthquake Totters this walking Building (fuch I am) And in my fudden Ruin would prevent, By choking up at once my vital Spirits, This pompous Preparation for my Death.

F 3

But

But I am lost; that good Man, good Francisco, Deliver'd me a Paper, which till now

I wanted Leisure to peruse. [Reads the Paper.

Aga. This Christian

Fears not, it feems, the ne'er approaching Sun Whose second Rise he never must falute.

### Enter Manto with the bak'd Meat.

I Guard. Who's that?

2 Guard. Stand!

Aga. Manto?

Manto. Here's the Viceroy's Ring

Gives Warrant to my Entrance. Yet you may

Partake of any Thing I shall deliver;

Tis but a Present to a dying Man

Sent from the Princess that must suffer with him.

Aga. Use your own Freedom.

Manto, I would not diffurb

This his last Contemplation.

Vitel. O, 'tis well!

He has reftor'd all, and I at Peace again

With my Paulina.

Manto. Sir! the fad Donusa

Grieved for your Suff'rings, more than for her own,

Knowing the long and tedious Pilgrimage

You are to take, presents you with this Cordial,

Which privately she wishes you should taste of,

And fearch the middle Part, where you shall find

Something that hath the Operation to

Make Death look lovely.

Vitelli. I will not dispute

What she commands, but serve it.

[Exit Vitelli,

ľ

C

C

T

I

·I

I

A

B

Aga. Pr'ythee, Manto!

How hath the unfortunate Princess spent this Night

Under her proud new Mistress?

Manto. With fuch Patience

As it o'ercomes the other's Infolence;

Nay, triumphs o'er her Pride. My much Haste now

Commands

Commands me hence; but, the fad Tragedy past,

I'll give you Satisfaction to the full

Of all hath pass'd, and a true Character
Of the proud Christian's Nature. [Exit Manto.

Aga. Break the Watch up.-

What should we fear i' th' midst of our own Strengths? 'Tis but the Bashaw's Jealousy. Farewell, Soldiers.

[Excunt.

### SCENE VII.

Enter Vitelli, with the bak'd Meats above.

Vitel. There's fomething more in this than means to cloy

A hungry Appetite, -which I must discover.

She will'd me search the midst.—Thus, thus I pierce it:
—Ha! what is this? A Scroll bound up in Pack-thread?
What may the Mystery be? [He reads the Scroll.

"Son, let down this Pack-thread, at the West Window of the Castle. By it you shall draw up a Ladder
of Ropes, by which you may descend, your dearest

Donusa with the rest of your Friends, below attend
you. Heaven prosper you!"

Francisco.

O best of Men! he that gives up himself
To a true religious Friend, leans not upon
A salse deceiving Reed, but boldly builds
Upon a Rock; which now with Joy I find
In reverend Francisco, whose good Vows,
Labours, and Watchings in my hoped-for Freedom,
Appear a pious Miracle.—I come,
I come, good Man, with Considence; though the Defeent

Were steep as Hell, I know I cannot slide Being call'd down by such a faithful Guide.

[Exit Vitelli.

### SCENE the last.

Asambeg, Mustapha, Janizaries.

Asam. Excuse me Mustapha, though this Night to me Appear as tedious as that treble one Was to the World, when Jove on fair Alemena Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter Those ravishing Pleasures, which the flow-pac'd Hours (To me they are fuch) bar me from, you would With your continu'd Wishes strive to imp New Feathers to the broken Wings of Time, And chide the amorous Sun, for too long Dalliance In Thetis' wat'ry Bosom.

Musta. You are too violent In your Defires, of which you are yet uncertain, Having no more Affurance to enjoy 'em Than a weak Woman's Promise, on which wise Men Faintly rely.

Asam. Tush! she is made of Truth; And what the fays the will do, holds as firm As Laws in Brass that know no Change: What's this? Some new Prize brought in, fure.—Why are thy Looks A Piece Shot off.

So ghaftly.—Villain, speak!

### Enter Aga,

Aga. Great Sir! hear me, Then, after, kill me.-We are all betray'd, The false Grimaldi sunk in your Disgrace, With his Confederates, have feiz'd his Ship, And those that guarded it stow'd under Hatches: With him the condemn'd Princess, and the Merchant, That with a Ladder made of Ropes descended From the black Tower in which he was inclos'd, And your fair Mistress.—

Asam. Ha!

Aga. With all their Train,
And choicest Jewels, are gone safe aboard,
Their Sails spread forth, and with a Fore-gale
Leaving our Coast, in Scorn of all Pursuit
As a Farewell they shew'd a Broad-side to us.

Asam. No more.—
Musta. Now note your Confidence!

Asam, No more.—
O my Credulity! I am too full
Of Grief, and Rage to speak.—Dull heavy Fool!
Worthy of all the Tortures that the Frown
Of thy incensed Master can throw on thee
Without one Man's Compassion. I will hide
This Head among the Desarts, or some Cave
Fill'd with my Shame and me; where I alone
May die without a Partner in my Moan.

[Exeunt.

F I N 1 S.



THE REWISE ADO. 18 man Triods the 1897 and Attacked the carries and should be the same the their box served having that the The Brand Har has been a first facilities a postyre Hoad topical thick is the temperature of the second \* District of the control of the first of the control of the contr Commence of the state of the st es com parte supplies and their engine and day their Assembly in the constant of th

### 

THE

# PICTURE.

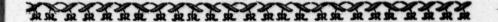
A

# TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was often presented with good Allowance, at the Globe, and Black-Friers Playhouses, by the King's Majesty's Servants. 1630.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.



ACARLANA ING ARAKTARAN KAN

A H T

BRUTOI

TORMODITORS

A

lij st:

it

a

g

er

1

Ti

9

is it was creek partented with good allowance, be the Color, and Misselvanes Playmostics or the tripp's history of Servants.

ETTTTIE

BENEFIT OF A M STATES

# 48934893489348934893489348934893489348

TO

# My Honoured and Selected Friends

Noble Society of the INNER TEMPLE.

\*\*\* \* T may be objected, my not inscribing their Names. \* or Titles, to whom I dedicate this Poem, proceedeth either from my Diffidence of their Af-\*\* festion to me, or their Unwillingness to be published the Patrons of a Trifle. To such as shall make so strict an Inquisition of me, I truly answer, The Play, in the Presentment, found such a general Approbation, that it gave me Assurance of their Favour to whose Protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the Maker, that they would have freely granted that in the Publication, which, for some Reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real Proofs of their Friendship, than Mountebank-like boast their Numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a Confirmation of bis Service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the World bow much be stands engaged for your so frequent Bounties, and in your charitable Opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

**Dramatis** 

### Dramatis Personæ.

Ladislaus, King of Hungary. ROBERT BENFIELD. Eubulus, an old Counsellor. JOHN LEWIN. Ferdinand, General of the RICHARD SHARPE. Army. Mathias, a Knight of Bo- Joseph Taylor. bemia. Ubaldo, 7 Two wild Cour- THOMAS POLLARD. Ricardo, S tiers. Hilario, Servant to Sopbia. John Shanucke. Julio Baptista, a great WILLIAM PEN. Julio Baptista, a great Scholar.

Honoria, the Queen. Acanthe, a Maid of Honour. ALEXANDER GOFFE. Sopbia, Wife to Mathias. Corisca, Sophia's Woman.

Six Masquers. Six Servants to the Queen. Attendants.

## The Original Actors.

My Hogoured and Scienced Priends

EYLARDT SWANSTONE.

JOHN TOMSON. JOHN HUNNIEMAN. WILLIAM TRIGGE.



### ada bas TaH & E and I was worken wall

Such airy Tuerours take not are.

# PICTURE.

A True HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias in Armour, Sophia in a riding Suit, Co-risca, Hilario, with other Servants.

#### Mathias.

Of his Timariots, that scour the Country,
May fall upon us?—Be now, as thy Name
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wise, and discreet, and to thy Understanding
Marry thy constant Patience.

Soph. You put me, Sir,
To the utmost Trial of it.

Math. Nay, no Melting;
Since the Necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the Reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in Tears.
I grant that you in Birth were far above me,
And great Men, my Superiors, Rivals for you;
But mutual Consent of Heart, as Hands
Join'd by true Love, hath made us one, and equal:
Nor

Nor is it in me mere Desire of Fame,
Or to be cry'd up by the publick Voice
For a brave Soldier, that puts on my Armour;
Such airy Tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our Demeans are, and what's more,
Having as yet no Charge of Children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, Sir,

I have all Abundance.

Math. For my Mind's content,
In your own Language I could answer you;
You have been an obedient Wife, a right one;
And to my Power, though short of your Desert,
I have been ever an indulgent Husband.
We have long enjoy'd the Sweets of Love, and though
Not to Satiety, or Loathing, yet
We must not live such Dotards on our Pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain Loss
Of Prosit and Preserment. Competent Means
Maintains a quiet Bed; Want breeds Dissention,
Even in good Women.

Sopb. Have you found in me, Sir, Any Distaste, or Sign of Discontent, For want of what's superfluous?

Math. No, Sophia;

Nor shalt thou ever have Cause to repent
Thy constant Course in Goodness, if Heaven bless
My honest Undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn Soldier, and put forth, Dearest,
Upon this Sea of Action as a Factor,
To trade for rich Materials to adorn
Thy noble Parts, and shew 'em in full Lustre.
I blush that other Ladies, less in Beauty

Soph. In you alone, Sir,
I have all Abundance; for my Mind's content.

Math. In your own Language I could answer you;
You have, &c.

And

0

N

In

W

C

In

A

O

Al

TI

In

As

Il

Ar

Ot

To

Ar

W

A

Sh

 $T_0$ 

AI.

Go

On

Til

Bui

For To

Cir

An

For

W

I am apt to think this Speech of Sophia ought to be read thus:

And outward Form (but in the Harmony Of the Soul's ravishing Musick, the same Age Not to be nam'd with thee) should so out-shine thee In Jewels and Variety of Wardrobes; While you (to whose sweet Innocence both Indies Compar'd are of no Value) wanting these Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am fo rich, or In your Opinion fo, why should you borrow Additions for me?

Math. Why!—I should be censur'd
Of Ignorance, possessing such a Jewel
Above all Price, if I forbear to give it
The best of Ornaments. Therefore, Sophia,
In sew Words know my Pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your Discretion
I leave the Government of my Family,
And our poor Fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself:
To the utmost of what's mine live plentifully;
And e'er the Remnant of our Store be spent,
With my good Sword, I hope, I shall reap for you
A Harvest in such full Abundance, as
Shall make a merry Winter.

Sopb. Since you are not To be diverted, Sir, from what you purpose, All Arguments to stay you here are useless. Go when you please, Sir: Eyes, I charge you waste not One Drop of Sorrow, look you hoard all up Till in my widow'd Bed I call upon you, But then be fure you fail not. You bleft Angels, Guardians of human Life, I at this Instant Forbear t' invoke you, at our parting; 'twere To personate Devotion. My Soul Shall go along with you, and when you are Circled with Death and Horror, feek and find you; And then I will not leave a Saint unfu'd to For your Protection. To tell you what will do in your Absence, would shew poorly; VOL. II. My

.

nd

My Actions shall speak me; 'twere to doubt you,
To beg I may hear from you where you are;
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one Post
By Night, or Day, pass unexamin'd by me.
If I dwell long upon your Lips, consider
After this Feast the griping Fast that follows,
And it will be excusable; Pray turn from me,
All that I can is spoken. 2 Exit Sophia,

Math. Follow your Miftress.

Forbear your Wishes for me; let me find em At my Return, in your prompt Will to serve her.

Hil. For my Part, Sir, I will grow lean with Study

To make her merry.

Corif. Though you are my Lord, Yet being her Gentlewoman, by my Place I may take my Leave; your Hand, or if you please To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy, But stand a tip-toe for't.

Math. O! farewel, Girl.

Hil. A Kifs well begg'd, Corifca.

Corif. 'Twas my Fee;

Jove, how he melts! I cannot blame my Lady's Unwillingness to part with such Marmulade Lips. There will be scrambling for 'em in the Camp; And were it not for my Honesty, I cou'd wish now I were his leager Landress, I would find Soap of mine own, enough to wash his Linnen, Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the Mammet twitters! Come, come, my Lady stays for us. Corif. Would I had been Her Ladyship the last Night.

The foregoing Scene between Mathias and Sophia, though shows is very beautiful: The Assemblage of Love and Grief at their parting, must be very pleasing to every Heart that is capable of being touched with Tenderness.

All that I can is spoken.

Hil. No more of that, Wench

[Eneunt Hilario and Corifca.

Math. I am strangely troubled: Yet why I should nourish

A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food?
Having no real Grounds on which to raise
A Building of Suspicion she ever was,
Or can be false hereaster? I in this
But soolishly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present Ignorance were a cheap Purchase,
Though with my Loss of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingness) have won him
To do as much as Art can to resolve me
My Fate that follows — To my Wish he's come.

### Enter Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm Your Promise and Performance walk together; And therefore, without Circumstance to the Point, Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had Made Trial of my Love some other Way. Math. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

Bapt. If you can,

Proportion your Defire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy: I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchless Wife
Is to this present Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

lil.

Bapt. In reason therefore You should fix here, and make no farther Search Of what may fall hereaster.

Math. O Baptista!

Tis not in me to mafter fo my Passions;

I muft

I must know farther, or you have made good
But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my Presence was
A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
The absolute Disposer of herself,
Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
If then she hold out——

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainties, Bap-By your Assurance, or your boasted Art [tista, Deserves no Admiration. How you triste— And play with my Affliction? I'm on The Rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, Mathias,
I am no God, nor can I dive into
Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
Out of long Observation, what is likely;
But positively to foretel that this shall be,
You may conclude impossible; all I can
I will do for you, when you are distant from her
A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her;
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of Sophia, With more than human Skill limb'd to the Life; Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing So punctually observ'd, that, had it Motion, In so much 'twere herself.

Math. It is, indeed, An admirable Piece; but if it have not Sot In

As Win The She But From

She'
But
The
Is fo

Incl

The Ba

M

In fp In the And Ma

You Ban Ban I'll te Ma

> Ric Uba Ric Uba

y the

Some

Some hidden Virtue that I cannot guess at, In what can it advantage me?

Bapt. I'll inftruct you, Carry it still about you, and as oft As you defire to know how she's affected, With curious Eyes peruse it: While it keeps The Figure it now has entire and perfect, She is not only innocent in Fact, But unattempted; but if once it vary From the true Form, and what's now white and red Incline to yellow, rest most consident She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd. But if it turn all black, 'tis an Affurance The Fort, by Composition or Surprize, Is forc'd, or with her free Consent, furrender'd.

Math. How much you have engag'd me for this Fa-

vour.

The Service of my whole Life shall make good. Bapt. We will not part fo; I'll along with you, And it is needful, with the rifing Sun The Armies meet; yet, e'er the Fight begin, In spite of Opposition I will place you In the Head of the Hungarian General's Troop. And near his Person.

Math. As my better Angel You shall direct and guide me.

Bapt. As we ride 'll tell you more.

Math. In all Things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE II.

Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo.

Ric. When came the Post? Ubal. The last Night. Ric. From the Camp? Ubal. Yes, as 'tis faid, and the Letter writ and fign'd y the General Ferdinand.

Ric.

Ric. Nay, then fans question It is of Moment.

Ubal. It concerns the Lives

Of two great Armies.

Ric. Was it chearfully Received by the King?

Ubal. Yes, for being affured

The Armies were in View of one another; Having proclaim'd a public Fast and Prayer For the good Success, he dispatch'd a Gentleman Of his Privy Chamber to the General, With absolute Authority from him To try the Fortune of a Day.

Ric. No doubt then

The General will come on, and fight it bravely.

Heaven prosper him: This military Art

I grant to be the noblest of Professions;

And yet (I thank my Stars for't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, since this bubble Honour, 3

(Which is indeed the Nothing Soldiers fight for,
With the Loss of Limbs or Life) is in my Judgment
Too dear a Purchase.

Ubal. Give me our Court-warfare: The Danger is not great in the Encounter Of a fair Mistress.

Ric. Fair and found together
Do very well, Ubaldo. But fuch are
With Difficulty to be found out; and when they know
Their Value, priz'd too high. By thy own Report
Thou wast at Twelve a Gamester, and since that
Studied all Kinds of Females, from the Night-trader
I'the Street, with certain Danger to thy Pocket,

In speaking of Honour, Mossinger seems to have had Shakespear in his Eye: Thus, in As you like it,

Seeking the Bubble, Reputation, Even in the Cannon's Mouth.

And in Falftaff's Catechism, See the First Part of Henry IV. Acts

T

T

T

T

B

1

A

M

D

N

T

M

Bu

H

T

Sa

 $\mathbf{H}$ 

T

T

W

T

Ye

O

I

Im

W

 $\mathbf{D}_{\mathbf{I}}$ 

A

This Bubble Honour.

To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That spent upon thee more in Cullises,
To strengthen thy weak Back, than would maintain
Twelve Flanders Mares, and as many running Horses;
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons Bills,
Paid upon all Occasions, and those frequent.

Ubal. You talk Ricardo, as if yet you were

A Novice in those Mysteries.

Ric. By no Means;

My Doctor can affure the contrary, I lose no Time. I have felt the Pain and Pleasure, As he that is a Gamester, and plays often, Must sometimes be a loser.

Ubal. Wherefore then

Do you envy me?

Ric. It grows not from my Want,
Nor thy Abundance, but being as I am
The likelier Man, and of much more Experience,
My good Parts are my Curfes: There's no Beauty
But yields e'er it be fummon'd; and as Nature
Had fign'd me the Monopolies of Maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my Market:
Satiety cloys me: As I live, I would part with
Half my Estate, nay, travel o'er the World,
To find that only Phanix in my Search
That could hold out against me.

Ubal. Be not rap'd fo:

You may spare that Labour, as she is a Woman, What think you of the Queen?

Ric. I dare not aim at

The Petticoat royal; that is still excepted:
Yet were she not my King's, being the Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman,
To write her in my Catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my Neck to a Halter. But we talk of
Impossibilities; as she hath a Beauty
Would make old Nestor young, such Majesty
Draws forth a Sword of Terror to defend it,
As would fright Paris, though the Queen of Love

G 4

Vow'd

Vow'd her best Furtherance to him, who I want out a

Ubal. Have you observ'd

The Gravity of her Language mix'd with Sweetness ?

Ric. Then, at what Distance she reserves herself

When the King himself makes his Aproaches to her?

Ubal. As she were still a Virgin, and his Life?

But one continued Wooing.

Ric. She well knows Her Worth, and values it.

Ubal. And so far the King is

Indulgent to her Humours, that he forbears

The Duty of a Husband, but when she calls for't.

Ric. All his Imaginations and Thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud Noise of War

Cannot awake him.

Ubal. At this very Instant,

When both his Life and Crown are at the Stake, He only studies her Content, and when She's pleas'd to shew herself, Music and Masques Are with all Care and Cost provided for her.

Ric. This Night she promis'd to appear.

Ubal. You may believe it by the Diligence of the King, As if he were her Harbinger.

Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and Attendants with Perfumes.

Ladif. These Rooms
Are not perfum'd, as we directed.
Eub. Not Sir.

I know not what you would have; I am fure the Smoak Cost treble the Price of the whole Week's Provision Spent in your Majesty's Kitchens.

Ladif. How! I fcorn

Thy gross Comparison. When my Honoria,

4 As she were still a Virgin and his Life But one, &c.

This Passage I think would read better thus.

As she were still a Virgin—His Life's

But one continued Wooing.

T

C

BT

BA

M

SI

T

SIA

H

W

Th

Th' Amazement of the present Time, and Envy Of all succeeding Ages, does descend To fanctify a Place, and in her Presence Makes it a Temple to me, can I be Too curious, much less Prodigal to receive her? But that the Splendour of her Beams of Beauty Hath struck thee blind.

Eub. As Dotage hath done you.

Ladif. Dotage, O Blasphemy! is it in me To serve her to her Merit? Is she not The Daughter of a King?

Eub. And you the Son
Of ours I take it, by what Priviledge else

Do you reign over us? For my Part, I know not

Where the Disparity lies.

Ladif. Her Birth, old Man, Old in the Kingdom's Service which protects thee, Is the least Grace in her: And though her Beauties Might make the Thunderer a Rival for her, They are but superficial Ornaments, And faintly speak her. From her heavenly Mind, 5 Were all Antiquity and Fiction loft, Our modern Poets could not in their Fancy But fashion a Minerva far transcending Th' imagin'd one, whom Homer only dream't of: But then add this, she's mine, mine Eubulus. And though the knows one Glance from her fair Eyes Must make all Gazers her Idolaters, She is so sparing of their Influence, That to shun Superstition in others, She shoots her powerful Beams only at me. And can I then, whom she desires to hold Her kingly Captive above all the World, Whose Nations and Empires if she pleas'd

Massinger abounds in these Allusions, and is very happy in them: They must be very pleasing to every Reader of a poetical Turn.

<sup>5</sup> From her heavenly Mind Were all Antiquity, &c.

She might command as Slaves, but gladly pay The humble Tribute of my Love and Service? Nay, if I faid of Adoration to her, I did not err.

Eub. Well, since you hug your Fetters,
In Love's Name wear 'em. You are a King, and that
Concludes you wise. Your Will a powerful Reason,
Which we that are foolish Subjects must not argue.
And what in a mean Man I should call Folly,
Is in your Majesty remarkable Wisdom.
But for me I subscribe.

Ladis. Do, and look up, Upon this Wonder.

Loud Musick, Honoria in State under a Canopy, ber Train born up by Sylvia and Acanthe,

Ric. Wonder? It is more Sir. Ubal. A Rapture, an Astonishment.

Ric. What think you, Sir?

Eub. As the King thinks, that is the furest Guard We Courtiers ever lie at. Was ever Prince So drown'd in Dotage? Without Spectacles I can fee a handsome Woman, and she is so: But yet to Admiration look not on her. Heaven, how he fawns! and as it were his Duty, With what affured Gravity she receives it! Her Hand again! O fhe at length vouchfafes Her Lip, and as he had fuck'd Nectar from it, How he's exalted! Women in their Natures Affect Command, but this Humility In a Husband and a King, marks her the Way To absolute Tyranny. So, Juno's plac'd In Jove's Tribunal, and like Mercury (Forgetting his own Greatness,) he attends For her Employments. She prepares to speak, What Oracles shall we hear now?

Hon: That you please, Sir, With such Assurances of Love and Favour,

T

F

7

I

To grace your Handmaid, but in being yours, Sir, A matchless Queen, and one that knows herself so, Binds me in Retribution to deserve.

The Grace conferr'd upon me.

Ladif. You transcend

In all Things excellent, and it is my Glory,
(Your Worth weigh'd truly) to depose myself
From absolute Command, surrendering up
My Will and Faculties to your Disposure:
And here I vow, not for a Day or Year,
But my whole Life, which I wish long, to serve you:
That whatsoever I in Justice may
Exact from these my Subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In Sign of my Subjection, as your Vassal,
Thus I will pay my Homage.

Hon. O forbear, Sir,

Let not my Lips envy my Robe: On them Print your Allegiance often. I desire No other Fealty.

Ladis. Gracious Sovereign,

Boundless in Bounty!

He's questionless bewitch'd. Would I were gelt So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit My Life for it I must speak.—By your good Leave, Sir, I have no Suit to you, nor can you grant one, Having no Power. You are like me, a Subject, Her more then serene Majesty being present. And I must tell you, 'tis ill Manners in you, Having depos'd yourself, to keep your Hat on, And not stand bare as we do, being no King, But a sellow Subject with us. Gentlemen Ushers, It does belong to your Place, see it reform'd, He has given away his Crown, and cannot challenge The Privilege of his Bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eub. Tempt you, in what? In following your Example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter, As Ladislaus should do Eubulus, On equal Terms. You were of late my Sovereign, But weary of it, I now bend my Knee To her Divinity, and defire a Boon From her more then Magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not mov'd, for our Mirth Sake let us hear him. Eub. 'Tis but to ask a Question: have you ne'er read The Story of Semiramis and Ninus?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eub. I will then instruct you, And 'tis to the Purpose. This Ninus was a King, And fuch an impotent loving King, as this was, But now he's none. This Ninus (pray you observe me) Doted on this Semiramis, a Smith's Wife, (I must confess, there the Comparison holds not, You are a King's Daughter, yet, under your Correction, Like her, a Woman) this Affyrian Monarch (Of whom this is a Pattern) to express His Love and Service, feated her, as you are, In his regal Throne, and bound by Oath his Nobles, Forgetting all Allegiance to himfelf, One Day to be her Subjects, and to put In Execution whatever the Pleas'd to impose upon 'em. Pray you command him To minister the like to us, and then You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladif. Well, Sir, to your Story.

Eub. You have no Warrant, stand by; let me know Your Pleasure, Goddess.

Hon: Let this Nod affure you.

Eub. Goddess like, indeed; as I live, a pretty Idol! She knowing her Power, wifely made Use of it; And fearing his Inconstancy, and Repentance Of what he had granted (as in Reason Madam, You may do his) that he might never have Power to recall his Grant, or question her For her short Government, instantly gave Order To have his Head struck off.

Ladif.

Fo

Ar

H

U

Y

H

W

In

(V

A

Si

0

H

I

D

P

0

H

A

0

V

0

T

Ί

T

T

It

Ladif. I'st possible?

Eub. The Story fays fo, and commends her Wisdom For making Use of her Authority: And it is worth your Imitation, Madam, He loves Subjection, and you are no Queen, Unless you make him feel the Weight of it. You are more then all the World to him, and that, 6 He may be Foe to you, and not feek change, When his Delights are fated, mew him up In some close Prison if you let him live, (Which is no Policy) and there diet him As you think fit to feed your Appetite, Since there ends his Ambition.

Ubal. Devillish Counsel.

Ric. The King's amaz'd.

Ubal. The Queen appears too, full Of deep Imaginations, Eubulus Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolv'd:

I long to know the Issue [Honoria descends. Hon. Give me Leave,

Dear Sir, to reprehend you for appearing Perplex'd with what this old Man, out of Envy Of your unequal'd Graces showr'd upon me, Hath in his fabulous Story faucily Apply'd to me. Sir, that you only nourish One Doubt, Honoria dares abuse the Power With which she is invested by your Favour, Or that she ever can make Use of it To the Injury of you the great Bestower, Takes from your Judgment. It was your Delight To feek to me with more Obsequiousness, Then I defir'd; and stood it with my Duty

<sup>6</sup> You are more than all the World to him, and that He may be Foe to you,

This is the reading of all the old Copies, but most certainly false. It ought to be

You are more then all the World to him, and that He may be so to you.

Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer?

I do but act the Part you put upon me,
And though you make me personate a Queen,
And you my Subject, when the Play, your Pleasure,
Is at a Period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble Wife,
And you my royal Sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of Captains taken more with Dan-

Then the Rewards, and if in your Approaches
To those Delights which are your own, and freely
To heighten your Desire, you make the Passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
Or blame your Fondness? Or can that swell me
Beyond my just Proportion?

Ubal. Above Wonder!

Ladif. Heaven make me thankful for fuch Goodness.

Hon. Now, Sir,

The State I took to fatisfy your Pleasure, I change to this Humility; and the Oath You made to me of Homage, I thus cancel, And seat you in your own.

Ladis. I am transported

Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wife Lordship, Am I prov'd a Semiramis? Or hath My Ninus, as maliciously you made him, Cause to repent th' Excess of Favour to me, Which you call Dotage?

Ladif. Answer Wretch.

Eub. I dare, Sir,

And fay, however the Event may plead In your Defence, you had a guilty Cause; Nor was it Wisdom in you (I repeat it) To teach a Lady, humble in herself, With the ridiculous Dotage of a Lover, To be ambitious. Hon. Eubulus, I am so,
'Tis rooted in me, you mistake my Temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my Sex, but not to hold
Command over my Lord, such a proud Torrent
Would sink me in my Wishes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve.

And may with Justice challenge. Eub. This I look'd for;

After this feeming humble Ebb, I knew

A gushing Tide would follow.

Hon. By my Birth,

And liberal Gifts of Nature, as of Fortune, From you, as Things beneath me, I expect What's due to Majesty, in which I am A Sharer with your Sov'reign.

Eub. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in Place, In all my Actions I would appear so.

Ladif. You need not fear a Rival.

Hon. I hope not;

And till I find one, I disdain to know What Envy is.

Ladif. You are above it, Madam.

Hon. For Beauty without Art, Discourse, and free From Affectation, with what Graces else Can in the Wife and Daughter of a King Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself.

Eub. As I

LOW

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praises! 7-

7 As I Blush for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praises

Mr Dodfley, in his Collection of Old Plays, reads this Passage thus:

As I Blush for you, Lady, trumpet not your own Praise.

I think that the old Reading should stand. He means, that she herfelf having lost all Sense of Shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.

This

This spoken by the People, had been heard With Honour to you; does the Court afford No Oil-tongu'd Parasite, that you are forc'd To be your own gross Flatterer?

Ladif. Be dumb,

Thou Spirit of Contradiction.

Hon. The Wolf

But barks against the Moon, and I contemn it. The Masque you promis'd.

# A Horn. Enter a Post.

Ladif. Let 'em enter. How! Eub. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for. Ladif. From the Camp?

Post. The General, victorious in your Fortune,

Kiffes your Hand in this, Sir.

Ladis. That great Power,
Who at his Pleasure does dispose of Battles,
Be ever prais'd for't. Read, Sweet, and partake it:
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little Loss
Upon our Part, in which our Joy is doubl'd.

Eub. But let it not exalt you; bear it, Sir, With Moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladis. I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now Enquire Particulars. Our Delights deferr'd, With Rev'rence to the Temples, there we'll tender Our Soul's Devotions to his dread Might, Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight. 8

[Exeunt omnes.

# The End of the First Act.

8 Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight.

Massinger, as well as Shakespear, has greatly enriched himself from the Holy Scriptures: Thus in the 144th Psalm, David says, Blessed be the Lord my Strength, which teacheth my Hands to war, and my Fingers to fight. And in many other Places we find several Passages similar to the above.

(

# K KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

# ACT II. SCENEI.

Enter Hilario, Corifca.

Hil. Y OU like my Speech?

Corif. Yes, if you give it Action

In the Delivery. and first um gand when he

Hil. If? - I pity you.

I have play'd the Fool before; this is not the first Time; Nor shall be, I hope, the last.

Corif. Nay, I think fo too.

Hil. And if I put her not out of her Dumps with Laughter,

I'll make her howl for Anger.

Corif. Not too much

Of that, good Fellow Hilario. Our fad Lady Hath drank too often of that bitter Cup, A pleasant one must restore her. With what Patience Would she endure to hear of the Death of my Lord; That merely out of Doubt he may miscarry,

Afflicts herfelf thus?

Hil. Um; 'tis a Question

A Widow only can resolve. There be some That in their Husband's Sickness have wept Their Pottle of Tears a Day; but being once certain At Midnight he was dead, have in the Morning Dry'd up their Handkerchiefs, and thought no more on't.

Corif. Tush, she is none of that Race; if her Sorrow Be not true and perfect, I against my Sex Will take my Oath, Woman ne'er wept in Earnest. She has made herself a Prisoner to her Chamber, Dark as a Dungeon, in which no Beam Of Comfort enters. She admits no Visits; Eats little, and her nightly Musick is

Of Sighs and Groans, tun'd to fuch Harmony VOL. II.

Of feeling Grief, that I, against my Nature, Am made one of the Confort. This Hour only She takes the Air, a Custom every Day She folemnly observes, with greedy Hopes, From some that pass by, to receive Assurance Of the Success and Safety of her Lord. Now, if that your Device will take —

Hil. Ne'er fear it:

I am provided cap-a-peé, and have My Properties in Readiness.

Sopbia within. Bring my Veil, there. Coris. Be gone, I hear her coming. Hil. If I do not

Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, his me. Exit Hilario.

## Enter Sophia.

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a Star, but now Turn'd a prodigious Meteor; and, like one, Hang in the Air between my Hopes and Fears, And every Hour (the little Stuff burnt out That yields a waning Light to dying Comfort) I do expect my Fall, and certain Ruin. In wretched Things more wretched is Delay . 9 And Hope, a Parasite to me, being unmasq'd, Appears more horrid than Despair, and my Distraction worse than Madness. E'en my Prayers, When with most Zeal sent upward, are pull'd down With strong imaginary Doubts and Fears, And in their fudden Precipice o'erwhelm me. Dreams and fantaftick Visions walk the Round 10

9 In wretched Things more wretched is Delay. This, I think should be read, To wretched Things, &c.

Dreams and fantaflick Visions walk the Round. "Tis thus in the old Copies; but I am inclin'd to think it should Dreams and fantaflick Visions walk their Round.

About

S

About my widow'd Bed, and every Slumber Broken with loud Alarms: Can there be then But fad Prefages, Girl?

Corif. You make 'em fo, sent a sed V 16H . See And antedate a Loss shall ne'er fall on you. Such pure Affection, such mutual Love, A Bed, and undefil'd on either Part, A House without Contention, in two Bodies One Will and Soul (like to the Rod of Concord) Kissing each other, cannot be short-liv'd, Or end in Barrenness.—If all these, dear Madam, (Sweet in your Sadness) should produce no Fruit, Or leave the Age no Models of yourselves, To witness to Posterity what you were, Succeeding Times, frighted with the Example, But hearing of your Story, would instruct Their fairest Issue to meet sensually, Like other Creatures, and forbear to raise

True Love, or Hymen Altars. True Love, or Hymen Altars. Sophia. O Corisca!

I know thy Reasons are like to thy Wishes, And they are built upon a weak Foundation, To raise me Comfort. Ten long Days are past, Ten long Days, my Corifca, fince my Lord Embark'd himself upon a Sea of Danger, In his dear Care of me. And if his Life Had not been shipwreck'd on the Rock of War, His Tenderness of me (knowing how much I languish for his Absence) had provided Some trufty Friend from whom I might receive

Affurance of his Safety.

ald

ut

Coris. Ill News, Madam, Are Swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on Crutches: With Patience expect it; and e'er long, No Doubt, you shall hear from him. a not does does them to be any Neeting for a line of the control o

carried the Malake in the Lanting

and therefore he placed it over the Werd How, w

A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Post. "

Sopb. Ha! What's that?
Corif. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn,
As I take it, Madam.
Sopb. It makes this Way still,

Nearer and nearer.

Corif. From the Camp, I hope.

Enter Hilario, with long white Hair and Beard, in an antick Armour, one with a Horn before him.

Soph. The Messenger appears, and in strange Armour. Heaven, if it be thy Will!

Hil. It is no Boot

To strive; our Horses tir'd, let's walk on Foot, And that the Castle which is very near us, To give us Entertainment, may soon hear us, Blow lustily, my Lad, and drawing nigh, Ask for a Lady which is clep'd Sophia.

Coris. He names you, Madam.

# 11 A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Poft.

I have here followed the old Copies, not chuing to make any abfolute Alteration, though the Passage is evidently corrupt: I take it should be as follows:

### A Sow gelder's Horn blown.

Soph. Ha! What's that i'
Corif. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn.
A Post, as I take it Madam.
Soph. It makes this Way still,
Nearer and nearer.
Corif. From the Camp, I hope.

If Corisca had told her Mistress, that the Fool had got a Sowgelder's Horn, she would not so readily have believed that he came from the Camp; nor does there seem to be any Necessity for a Post we be mentioned at all, when the Horn is blown. I imagine in the written Copy there was not Room for the Transcriber to write it is the same Line, and therefore he placed it over the Word Horn, which occasioned this Mistake in the Printing.

Hil.

E

K

F

I

Y

I

B

L

Y

A

A

A

B

H

L

O

T

Hil. For to her I bring, Thus clad in Arms, News of a pretty Thing, By Name Mathias.

Sopb. From my Lord? O Sir! I am Sopbia, that Mathias' Wife. So may Mars favour you in all your Battles, As you with Speed unload me of the Burthen I labour under, till I am confirm'd Both where and how you left him.

Hil. If thou art,

As I believe, the Pigsney of his Heart, Know he's in Health, and what's more, full of Glee; And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no Letters from him?

Hil. No, meer Words.

In the Camp we use no Pens, but write with Swords: Yet as I am enjoin'd, by Word of Mouth I will proclaim his Deeds from North to South. But tremble not while I relate the Wonder, Though my Eyes like Lightning shine, and my Voice thunder.

Sopb. This is some counterfeit Bragart.

Corif. Hear him, Madam.

Hil. The Rear march'd first, which follow'd by the Van, And wing'd with the Battalia, no Man Durst stay to shift a Shirt, or louse himself; Yet ere the Armies join'd, that hopeful Elf, Thy Dear, thy dainty Duckling, bold Mathias, Advanc'd, and star'd like Hercules or Golias. A hundred thousand Turks (it is no Vaunt) Affail'd him; every one a Termagant: But what did he then? with his keen edge Spear

He cut, and carbonaded 'em: Here and there Lay Legs and Arms; and, as 'tis faid truly Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

Sopb. This is ridiculous.

he

ich

Hil. I must take Breath: Then, like a Nightingale, I'll fing his Death. Soph. His Death!

Hil.

For to her I bring,

A

1

F

I

N

Hil. I am out.

Corif. Recover, Dunder-head. A AMINA OF DATA SOUNT

Hil. How he escap'd, I should have sung, not dy'd; For, though a Knight, when I said so, I ly'd! Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright, And looking round for some courageous Knight To rescue him, as one perplex'd in Woe, He call'd to me, Help! help, Hilario! My valiant Servant, help.

Corif. He has spoil'd all,

Soph. Are you the Man of Arms? Then I'll make bold

To take of your martial Beard; you had Fool's Hair Enough without it. Slave! how durft thou make Thy Sport of what concerns me more than Life, In such an antick Fashion? Am I grown Contemptible to those I feed? You, Minion, Had a Hand in it too, as it appears, Your Petticoat serves for Bases to this Warrior,

Coris. We did it for your Mirth, Hil. For myself, I hope,

I have spoke like a Soldier. Soph. Hence, you Rascal.

I, never but with Reverence name my Lord,
And can I hear it by thy Tongue prophan'd,
And not correct thy Folly? But you are
Transform'd, and turn'd Knight-errant; take your Course,
And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my Lord's Life (an Oath I will not break)
'Till his Return, or Certainty of his Sasety,
My Doors are shut against thee.

[Exit Sophia.

Corif. You have made

A fine Piece of Work on't: How do you like the Qua-You had a foolish Itch to be an Actor, [lity?

And may now stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my Share?

Corif. No, certainly, I fear I have already

Too much of mine own: I'll only as a Damfel

(As

(As the Book fays) thus far help to difarm you;
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my Leave,
I leave you to your Fortune.

[Exit Corisca.

My Brains out for this quaint and rare Invention,
And I am thus rewarded? I could turn
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
Twould get me too great a Stomach, having no Meat
To pacify Colon, 12 what will become of me?
I cannot beg in Armour, and steal I dare not:
My End must be to stand in a Corn Field,
And fright away the Crows, for Bread and Cheese,
Or find some hollow Tree in the Highway,

Or find some hollow Tree in the Highway,
And there, until my Lord return, sell Switches.
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now:
I'll weep my Eyes out, and be blind of Purpose

#### SCENE II.

To move Compassion; and so I vanish. [Exit Hilario.

Enter Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, and others.

Eub. Are the Gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd By the King's Direction, to entertain The General?

Ric. Long fince; they by this have met him, And given him the Beinvenue.

Eub. I hope I need not Instruct you in your Parts.

Ubal. How! us, my Lord?

Fear not; we know our Distances and Degrees, To the very Inch, where we are to salute him.

Ric. The State were miserable, if the Court had none Of her own Breed, familiar with all Garbs.

#### 12 To pacify Colon, &c.

In the Unnatural Combat, I find this Word, spelt Calon, used in the same Sense by Belgard, in the First Scene, where he says to Beaufort, junior,

" But how shall I do to fatisfy Calon, Monsieur?"

H 4 . Gracious

Gracious in England, Italy, Spain or France,
With Form and Punctuality to receive
Stranger Embassadors. For the General,
He's a mere Native, and it matters not
Which Way we do accost him.

Ubal. 'Tis great Pity

That such as sit at the Helm provide no better
For the training up of the Gentry. In my Judgment
An Academy erected, with large Pensions
To such as in a Table could set down
The Congees, Cringes, Postures, Methods, Phrase,
Proper to every Nation——

Ric. O, it were

An admirable Piece of Work.

Ubal. And yet rich Fools
Throw away their Charity on Hospitals,
For Beggars and lame Soldiers, and ne'er study
The due Regard to Compliment and Courtship,
Matters of more Import, and are indeed
The Glories of a Monarchy.

Eub. These, no doubt,

Are State Points, Gallants, I confess; but sure, Our Court needs no Aids this Way, since it is A School of nothing else. There are some of you, Whom I forbear to name, whose coining Heads Are the Mint of all new Fashions, that have done More Hurt to the Kingdom by superstuous Bravery, Which the foolish Gentry imitate, than a War, Or a long Famine; all the Treasure, by This soul Excess, is got into the Merchants, Embroiderers, Silkmans, Jewellers, Taylors Hands, And the third Part of the Land too, the Nobility Engrossing Titles only.

Ric. My Lord, you are bitter.

Enter a Servant.

[A Trumpet.

Eub.

In

T

TY

Serv. The General is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten Generals, I am prepar'd,

And know what I will do.

Eub. Pray you what, Ricardo?

Ric. I'll fight, at Compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too.

Eub. And that's a desperate Service, if you come Increase the Number of the Worthestllsw Ho

Hear algert or sent I sales flave I

# Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two Captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the Officers to keep The Soldier as he march'd in Rank and File. Till they hear farther from me.

Eub. Here's one speaks

In another Key: This is no canting Language Taught in your Academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will prefent you

To the King myself,

Math. A Grace beyond my Merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot fet

Too high a Price on.

Eub. With a Friend's true Heart

I gratulate your Return.

Ferd. Next to the Favour

Of the great King, I am happy in your Friendship. Ubal. By Courtship, coarse on both Sides.

Ferd. Pray you receive

This Stranger to your Knowledge, on my Credit, At all Parts he deserves it.

Eub. Your Report Is a strong Affurance to me.—Sir, most welcome.

Math. This faid by you, the Reverence of your Age Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty.

But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low To do your Excellence that due Observance Your Fortune claims.

Eub. He ne'er thinks on his Virtue.

Ric. For being, as you are, the Soul of Soldiers, And Bulwark of Bellong, to asses bloom a land

Ubal. The Protection

Promise

Both of the Court and King.

Ric. And the fole Minion

Of mighty Mars.

Ubal. One that with Justice may Increase the Number of the Worthies.

Eub. Hoy day.

Ric. It being impossible in my Arms to circle Such Giant Worth,

Ubal. At Distance we presume To kiss your honour'd Gauntlet.

Eub. What Reply now
Can he make to this Foppery?

Ferd. You have faid,

Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little, That, 'till I learn to speak, and you to do, I must take Time to thank you.

Eub. As I live,

Answer'd as I could wish. How the Fops gape now!

Ric. This was harsh, and scurvy.

Ubal. We will be reveng'd

When he comes to court the Ladies, and laugh at him. Eub. Nay, do your Offices, Gentlemen, and conduct The General to the Presence.

Ric. Keep your Order.

Ubal. Make Way for the General.

[Execut all but Eubulus,

Eub. What wise Man,
That with judicious Eyes looks on a Soldier,
But must confess that Fortune's Swing is more
O'er that Profession, than all Kinds else
Of Life pursu'd by Man? They, in a State,
Are but as Chirurgeons to wounded Men; 13
E'en desp'rate in their Hopes, while Pain and Anguish
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for Death:
Their Wives and Children kiss the Chirurgeon's Knees;

33 Are but as Chirurgeons to wounded Men.

This, I think, would read better thus:

Are but as Chirurgeons are to wounded Men:

Promise

Promise him Mountains, if his saving Hand
Restore the tortur'd Wretch to former Strength.
But when grim Death, by Esculapius' Art,
Is frighted from the House, and Health appears
In sanguine Colours on the sick Man's Face,
All is forgot; and asking his Reward,
He's paid with Curses, often receives Wounds
From him whose Wounds he cur'd; so Soldiers,
Though of more Worth and Use, meet the same Fate,
As it is too apparent. I have observed
In one Hue,
When borrid Mars, the Touch of whose rough Hand

When horrid Mars, the Touch of whose rough Hand With Palfies shakes a Kingdom, hath put on His dreadful Helmet, and with Terror fills The Place where he, like an unwelcome Gueft, Refolves to revel; how the Lords of her, like The Tradefman, Merchant, and litigious Pleader, (And fuch like Scarabs bred i' th' Dung of Peace) In Hope of their Protection, humbly offer Their Daughters to their Beds, Heirs to their Service, And wash with Tears their Sweat, their Dust, their Scars: But when those Clouds of War that menac'd A bloody Deluge to th' affrighted State, Are by their Breath dispers'd, and overblown, And Famine, Blood, and Death, Bellona's Pages, Whip'd from the quiet Continent to Thrace 14 Soldiers, that like the foolish Hedge Sparrow To their own Ruin hatch this Cuckow Peace, Are straight Thought burdensome, fince want of Means, Growing from want of Action, breeds Contempt, And that the worst of Ills fall to their Lot, Their Service with the Danger's foon forgot.

5,

sh

S;

ise

#### Enter a Sérvant.

Serv. The Queen, my Lord, hath made Choice of this Room,

14 Whip'd from the quiet Continent to Thrace.

Mossinger is here mistaken, for Grace is upon the Continent.

To

To fee the Masque.

Eub. I'll be Looker on,

My dancing Days are past.

Loud Musick as they pass, a Song in the Praise of War; Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, and Honoria, Mathias, Sylva, Acanthe, Baptista, and others.

Ladis. This Courtefy
To a Stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair Rank
With all your Rarities. After your Travel
Look on our Court Delights; but first from your
Relation, with erected Ears I'll hear
The Musick of your War, which must be sweet,
Ending in Victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble

Your Majesties with Description of a Battle, Too full of Horror for the Place, and to Avoid Particulars which I should deliver, I must trench longer on your Patience then My Manner will give Way to; in a Word Sir, It was well fought on both Sides, and almost With equal Fortune, it continuing doubtful Upon whose Tents plum'd Victory would take Her glorious Stand: Impatient of Delay, With the Flower of our prime Gentlemen, I charg'd Their main Battalia, and with their Affistance Broke in; but when I was almost affur'd That they were routed, by a Stratagem Of the fubtil Turk, who opening his gross Body, And rallying up his Troops on either Side, I found myfelf fo far engag'd (for I Must not conceal my Errors) that I knew not Which Way with Honour to come off. Eub. I like

A General that tells his Faults, and is not Ambitious to ingrofs unto himself All Honour, as some have, in which with Justice They could not claim a Share.

Ferd.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in, wono'll to angie ba A Their Scymitars rag'd among us, and my Horse Kill'd under me, I every Minute look'd for An honourable End, and that was all My Hope could fashion to me; circl'd thus divided With Death and Horror, as one fent from Heaven of This Man of Men, with some choice Horse that follow'd His brave Example, did pursue the Tract His Sword cut for 'em, and but that I fee him, Already blush to hear what he being present, I know would wish unspoken, I should say, Sir, By what he did, we boldly may believe a deposit but A All that is writ of Hetter. Solved w suri V dissis of This I lace is yours.

Math. General,

Pray spare these strange Hyperboles.

Eub. Do not blush

To hear a Truth; here are a Pair of Monsieurs, Had they been in your Place, would have run away. 

Ubal. We have your good Word still, wor and will Eub. And shall while you deserve it. ood was a bath

Ladif. Silence, on no pulposta stu I sir die voloch

rd.

Ferd. He, as I faid, like dreadful Lightning thrown From Jupiter's Shield, dispersed the armed Gire With which I was environed, Horse and Man, Shrunk under his strong Arm: More with his Looks Frighted the valiant fled, with which encouraged, My Soldiers (like young Eglets preying under 15 The Wings of their fierce Dame) as if from him They took both Spirit and Fire, bravely came on. By him I was remounted, and inspir'd With treble Courage; and fuch as fled before, Boldly made head again; and to confirm 'em, It fuddenly was apparent, that the Fortune Of the Day was ours; each Soldier and Commander Perform'd his Part; but this was the great Wheel By which the leffer mov'd, and all Rewards

<sup>15</sup> In the Unnatural Combet Massinger has this same Simile again. Act 1. Scene 1.

And Signs of Honour, as the Civic Garland,
The mural Wreath, the Enemies prime Horse,
With the Generals Sword, and Armour, (the old Honours

With which the Romans crown their feveral Leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladif. And they shall and any make a Mario

Deservedly fall on him. Sit, 'tis our Pleasure,
Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

Hon. You are a Stranger, My and an and what when the

But in your Service for the King, a Native.

And though a free Queen, I am bound in Duty

To cherish Virtue wheresoe'er I find it:

This Place is yours.

Math. It were Presumption in me

To sit so near you.

Hon. Not having our Warrant. I thank a and o

Ladis. Let the Masquers enter: By the Preparation Tis a French Brawl, an apish Imitation Of what you really perform in Battle; And Pallas bound up in a little Volume, Apollo with his Lute attending on her [Song and Dance. Serve for the Induction.

Enter the two Boys, one with his Lute, the other like Pallas.

A Song in the Praise of Soldiers, especially being vittorious: The Song ended the King goes on.

## Song by Pallas.

Though we contemplate to extress
The Glory of your Happiness,
That by your powerful Arm have been
So true a Victor, that no Sin
Could ever taint you with a Blame
To lessen your deserved Fame.

Or though we contend to set

Your Worth in the full Height, or get

Cælestial

Cælestial Singers (crown'd with Bays
With flourishes to dress your Praise:)
You know your Conquest, but your Story
Lives in your triumphant Glory.

Ladif. Our Thanks to all.

To the Banquet that's prepar'd to entertain 'em. [37]

What would my best Honoria?

Hon. May it please

My King, that I who by his Suffrage ever

Have had Power to command, may now intreat

An Honour from him.

Ladif. Why should you defire
What is your own? What e'er it be, you are
The Mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your Grant: My Suit, Sir, is, that your Commanders,
Especially this Stranger, may as I
In my Discretion shall think good, receive
What's due to their Deserts.

Ladif. What you determine noment of the A Shall know no Alteration. ... wo and drive viscosit study

as.

70-

ial

Eub. The Soldier
Is like to have good Usage when he depends
Upon her Pleasure: Are all the Men so bad,
That to give Satisfaction we must have
A Woman Treasurer. Heaven help all.

Hon. With you, Sir,
I will begin, and as in my Esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take;
The Favour in the quick Dispatch being double.
Go fetch my Casket, and with Speed.

Eub. The Kingdom [Exit Acanthe. Is very bare of Money, when Rewards Issuer of Money, give him Gold And Store, no Question the Gentleman wants it. Good Madam, what shall he do with a Hoop Ring, And a Spark of Diamond in it? Though you took it, Enter

Singers (eroward with Bay:

# Enter Acanthe.

(For the greater Honour) from your Majesty's Finger, 'Twill not increase the Value. He must purchase Rich Suits, the gay Caparison of Courtship, Revel, and Feast, which, the War ended, is A Soldier's Glory; and 'tis sit that Way Your Bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude, was all you only ! And by your narrow Thoughts proportion mine. What I will do now, shall be worth the Envy Of Cleopatra, open it, see here [Honoria descends. The Lapidaries Idol.—Gold is Traffi wo suover and And a poor Salary fit for Grooms; wear these As fludded Stars in your Armour, and make the Sun Look dim with Jealoufy of a greater Light Than his Beams gild the Day with: when it is Expos'd to View, call it Honoria's Gift, The Queen Honoria's Gift, that loves a Soldier; And to give Ornament and Lustre to him, Parts freely with her own. Yet not to take From the Magnificence of the King, I will Dispense his Bounty too, but as a Page To wait on mine; for other Losses cake 16 A hundred thousand Crowns, your Hand, dear Sir, And this shall be thy Warrant.

[Takes off the King's Signet.

Eub. I perceive
I was cheated in this Woman: Now she is
I' th' giving Vein to Soldiers, let her be proud,
And the King doat, so she go on, I care not. [Aside Hon. This done, our Pleasure is, that all Arrears
Be paid unto the Captains, and their Troops,

This I am apt to think should be read thus:

A hundred thousand Crowns, &c.

This I am apt to think should be read thus:

A hundred thousand Growns, &c.

With a large Donative to increase their Zeal For the Service of the Kingdom.

Eub. Better still;

Let Men of Arms be us'd thus: If they do not Charge desperately upon the Cannons Mouth, Though the Devil roar'd, and fight like Dragons, hang me.

(Now they may drink Sack, but small Beer, with a Passport

To beg with as they Travel, and no Money, Turns their red Blood to Butter-milk.)

Hon. Are you pleas'd, Sir, With what I have done?

Ladif. Yes, and thus confirm it
With this Addition of mine own: You have, Sir,
From our lov'd Queen received fome Recompence
For your Life hazarded in the late Action;
And that we may follow her great Example '?
In cherishing Valour, without Limit ask
What you from us can wish.

Math. If it be true,
Dread Sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every Soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant Man
His natural Country; Reason may affure me
I should fix here, where Blessings beyond Hope,
From you, the Spring, like Rivers slow unto me.
If Wealth were my Ambition, by the Queen
I am made rich already, to the Amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereaster read
The Story of her Bounty; if to spend
The Remnant of my Life in Deeds of Arms,
No Region is more fertile of good Knights,
From whom my Knowledge that Way may be better'd,

17 And that we may follow her great Example
In cherishing Valour, &c.

This Passage Mr. Dodsley reads thus:

And that you may follow, &c.

Which I think must be wrong, and that the old Reading is the right.

Vol. II.

I

Then

net.

side.

Vith

Then this your warlike Hungary; if Favour, Or Grace in Court could take me, by your Grant, Far, far beyond my Merit, I may make In your's a free Election; but alas! Sir, I am not mine own, but by my Destiny (Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer My Country's Smoak before the glorious Fire With which your Bounties warm me. All I ask, Sir, Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish Of foul Ingratitude, is your gracious Licence For my Departure.

Ladis. Whither?

Math. To my own home, Sir, 18
My own poor home; which will at my Return
Grow rich by your Magnificence: I am here
But a Body without a Soul, and till I find it
In the Embraces of my constant Wife, and to set off

that Constancy

In her Beauty and matchless Excellencies without a Rival I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then So chaste and fair as you infer?

Math. O, Madam,

Tho' it must argue Weakness in a rich Man. To show his Gold before an armed Thies, And I in praising of my Wise, but seed The Fire of Lust in others to attempt her; Such is my full fail'd Considence in her Virtue,

> 18 To my own home, Sir, My own poor home, &c.

I have printed this Passage after the old Copies, which I always follow; but in my Opinion it would read much better thus:

Math. To my own home, Sir
My own poor home: That will at my Return
Grow rich by your Magnificence. I'm here
A Body without Soul, which till I find
In the Embraces of my constant Wife
(And to set off that Constancy; in Beauty
And matchless Excellence without a Rival)
I am but half myself.

Though

Though in my Absence she were now besleg'd

By a strong Army of lascivious Wooers,

(And every one more expert in his Art,

Then those that tempted chaste Penelope;)

Though they rais'd Batteries by prodigal Gifts,

By amorous Letters, Vows made for her Service,

With all the Engines wanton Appetite

Could mount to shake the Fortress of her Honour,

Here, here is my Assurance she holds out,

[Kiffes the Pisture]

And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that?

Math. Her fair Figure.

Ladif. As I live an excellent Face!

Hon. You have feen a better.

Ladif. I, ne'er except yours; nay frown not sweetest; (The Cyprian Queen compared to you, in my Opinion, is a Negro;) as you order'd, I'll see the Soldiers paid, and in my Absence Pray you use your powerful Arguments to stay. This Gentleman in our Service.

Hon. I will do

My Part.

Ladif. On to the Camp.

[Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Bap-

Hon, I am full of Thoughts.

And fomething there is here I must give Form to, Tho' yet an Embrion, you, Signiors, Have no Business with the Soldier, as I take it, You are for other Warfare; quit the Place, But be within call.

Ric. Employment on my Life, Boy.

Ubal. If it lie in our Road, we are made forever.

[Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.]

Hon. You may perceive the King is no Way tainted With the Disease of Jealousy, since he leaves me

Thus private with you.

Math. It were in him, Madam,

I 2

A

ys fol-

off

ough

A Sin unpardonable to diffrust such Pureness, Though I were an Adonis.

Hon. I presume

He neither does, nor dares: And yet the Story Delivered of you by the General, With your Heroick Courage (which finks deeply Into a knowing Woman's Heart) besides Your promising Presence, might beget some Scruple, In a meaner Man: But more of this hereaster; I'll take another Theme now, and conjure you By the Honours you have won, and by the Love Sacred to your dear Wise, to answer truly To what I shall demand.

Math. You need not use Charms to this Purpose, Madam.

Hon. Tell me then,
Being yourself assur'd 'tis not in Man
To sully with one Spot th' immaculate Whiteness
Of your Wise's Honour, if you have not since
The Gordion of your Love was tied by Marriage,
Play'd false with her?

Math. By the Hopes of Mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the Converse Of handsome Ladies, you were never tempted, And so your Faith's untried yet.

Math. Surely, Madam,

I am no Woman Hater, I have been Received to the Society of the best And fairest of our Climate, and have met with No common Entertainment, yet ne'er felt The least Heat that Way.

Hon. Strange! and do you think still, The Earth can show no Beauty that can drench In Letbe all Remembrance of the Favour Your now bear to your own?

Math. Nature must find out.
Some other Mould to fashion a new Creature Fairer then her Pandora, e'er I prove Guilty or in my Wishes, or my Thoughts, To my Sophia.

Hon. Sir, confider better; and allow as bloom of Not one in our whole Sex? and I am this of awong?

Math. I am constant to warm with a duol A

My Refolution. no Id and all and armed but woulded by the I was o'll

Hon. But dare you stand

The Opposition, and bind yourself

By Oath for the Performance?

Math. My Faith else

Had but a weak Foundation. I be agreed to the state of

Hon. I take hold

thad in corregant may Upon your Promise, and enjoin your Stay

For one Month here \_\_\_\_ III and Manager Haling A.

Math. I am caught.

Hon. And if I do not

Produce a Lady in that Time that shall

Make you confess your Error, I submit Myself to any Penalty you shall please

T' impose upon me: In the mean Space write

To your chaste Wife, acquaint her with your Fortune;

The Jewels that were mine you may fend to her,

For better Confirmation, I'll provide you

Of trufty Messengers: But how far distant is she?

Math. A Day's hard riding.

Hon. There's no retiring,

I'll bind you to your Word.

Math. Well, fince there is

No Way to shun it, I will stand the Hazard,

And inftantly make ready my Dispatch:

-'Till then, I'll leave your Majesty. [Exit Mathias.

Hon. How I burst

Yon.

With Envy, that there Lives, besides myself,

One fair and loyal Woman, 'twas the End

Of my Ambition, to be recorded

The only Wonder of the Age; and shall I

Give way to a Competitor? Nay more,

To add to my Affliction, the Affurances

That I plac'd in my Beauty have deceiv'd me:

I thought one amorous Glance of mine could bring

All Hearts to my Subjection; but this Stranger,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd as Rocks, contemns me. But I cannot Sit down fo with my Honour: I will gain A double Victory, by working him To my Desire, and taint her in her Honour Or lose myself. I have read, that some Time Poison Is useful; to supplant her I'll employ With any Cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo, Two noted Courtiers, of approved Cunning In all the Windings of Lusts Labyrinth; (And in corrupting him I will outgo Nero's Poppæa: If he shut his Ears, Against my Syren Notes, I'll boldly swear Ulysses lives again; or that I have found A frozen Cynic, cold in Spite of all Allurements; one, whom Beauty cannot move. Nor foftest Blandishments entice to Love.

[Exit Honoria,

The End of the Second Ast,

# ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario.

THIN, thin, Provision! I am dieted
Like one set to watch Hawks; and to keep me
waking,

My croaking Guts make a perpetual 'Larum.

Here I stand Centinel; and though I fright

Beggars from my Lady's Gate, in Hope to have
A greater Share, I find my Commons mend not.
(I look'd this Morning in my Glass, the River;
And there appear'd a Fish, call'd a poor John,
Cut with a lenten Face in my own Likeness;
And it seem'd to speak, and say, Goodmorrow Couzen!
No Man comes this Way but has a Fling at me:

A Chirurgeon passing by ask'd, at what Rate I would sell myself? I answered, for what Use? To make, said he, a living Anatomy, And set thee up in our Hall, for thou art transparent Without Dissection) and indeed he had Reason; For I am scour'd with this poor Porridge to nothing. They say that Hunger dwells in the Camp; but till My Lord returns, or certain Tidings of him, He will not part with me.—But Sorrow's dry, And I must drink howsover.

Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.

Guide. That is her Castle
Upon my certain Knowledge.
Ubal. Our Horses held out

a.

ne

n!

A

To my Desire. I am a Fire to be at it.

Ric. Take the Jades for thy Reward; before I part hence,

I hope to be better carried. Give me the Cabinet: So, leave us now.

Guide. Food Fortune to you Gallants. [Exit Guide. Ubal. Being joint Agents in a Design, of Trust too, For the Service of the Queen and our own Pleasure, Let us proceed with Judgment.

Ric. If I take not

This Fort at the first Assault, make me an Eunuch, So I may have Precedence.

Ubal. On no Terms.

We are both to play one Prize; he that works best I' the searching this Mine, shall carry it Without Contention.

Ric. Make you your Approaches, As I directed.

Ubal. I need no Instruction; I work not on your Anvil. I'll give Fire With mine own Linstock; if the Powder be danck, The Devil rend the Touch-hole. Who have we here? What Skeleton's this?

I 4

Ric. A Ghost; or the Image of Famine.

Where doft thou dwell?

Hilario. Dwell Sir? My Dwelling is I' th' Highway. That goodly House was once My Habitation; but I am banished, And cannot be call'd home, 'till News arrive,' Of the good Knight Mathias.

Ric. If that will

Restore thee, thou art safe.

Ubal. We come from him,

With Presents to his Lady.

Hil. But are you fure He is in Health?

Ric. Never fo well: Conduct us

To the Lady.

Hil. Though a poor Snake, I will leap Out of my Skin for Joy. Break, Pitcher, break; And Wallet, late my Cupboard, I bequeath thee To the next Beggar; thou red Herring, swim To the red Sea again. Methinks I am already Knuckle Deep in the Flesh-pots; and, though waking,

dream Of Wine and Plenty.

Ric. What's the Mystery

Of this strange Passion?

Hil. My Belly, Gentlemen

Will not give me Leave to tell you. When I have brought you

To my Ladies Presence, I am disenchanted.

There you shall know all. Follow: If I outstrip you,

Know I run for my Belly. Ubal. A mad Fellow.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Corisca.

Soph. Do not again delude me.

Corf. If I do, send me a grazing with my Fellow Hilario.

I stood, as you commanded, in the Turret Observing all that pass'd by: And even now I did discern a Pair of Cavaliers, For such their Outside spoke them, with their Guide Dismounting from their Horses; they said something To our hungry Centinel, that made him caper And frisk i' th' Air for Joy; And to confirm this, See, Madam, they're in View.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hil. News from my Lord!
Tidings of Joy! these are no Counterseits,
But Knights indeed. Dear Madam sign my Pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my Crumbs:
I have had a long Fast of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable Words! Eat, I forgive thee!

And if in this I do not foon obey you,

And ram in to the Purpose, billet me again

I' th' Highway. Butler and Cook be ready,

For I enter like a Tyrant.

[Exit Hilario.]

Ubal. Since mine Eyes
Were never happy in so sweet an Object,
Without Enquiry I presume you are
The Lady of the House, and so salute you.

Ric. This Letter, with these Jewels from your Lord, Warrant my Boldness, Madam.

Ubal. In being a Servant
To fuch rare Beauty, you must needs deserve
This Courtesy from a Stranger.

[To Corisca,
salutes ber.

Ric. You are still
Before-hand with me. Pretty one, I descend
To take the Height of your Lip; and if I miss
In the Altitude, hereaster, if you please,
I will make use of my Jacob's Staff.

ıt.

[Sophia having in the Interim read the Letter, and open'd the Casket. Coris.

Corif. Thefe Gentlemen

Have certainly had good Breeding, as it appears By their neat Kissing, they hit me so pat on the Lips At the first Sight.

Soph. Heaven, in thy Mercy, make me Thy thankful Handmaid, for this boundless Blessing, In thy Goodness shower'd upon me.

Ubal. I do not like

This simple Devotion in her; it is seldom Practis'd among my Mistresses,

Ric. Or mine.

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the Possession Of such inestimable Wealth, before They thank'd the Bringers of it? The poor Lady Does want Instruction; but I'll be her Tutor, And read her another Lesson.

Soph. If I have

Shown Want of Manners, Gentlemen, in my Slowness To pay the Thanks I owe you for your Travel, To do my Lord and me (howe'er unworthy Of such a Benefit) this noble Favour: Impute it, in your Clemency, to the Excess Of Joy that overwhelm'd me.

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Sopb. And howe'er it may

Increase th' Offence, to trouble you with more Demands touching my Lord, before I have Invited you to taste such as the Coarseness Of my poor House can offer; pray you convine On my weak Tenderness, though I intreat To learn from you something he hath, it may be, In his Letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you Affurance that he is in Health,
Grac'd by the King and Queen.
Ubal. And in the Court
With Admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore

Put off these Widow's Garments, and appear Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all Pleasures Your Fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other

Particular Privacies, which on Occasion

I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me

To your Service ever.

Ric. Good! your Service; mark that.

Soph. In the mean Time, by your Acceptance make My ruftick Entertainment relish of The Curiousness of the Court.

Ubal. Your Looks, sweet Madam, Cannot but make each Dish a Feast.

Soph. It shall be

Such, in the Freedom of my Will to please you. I'll shew the Way: This is too great an Honour From such brave Guests, to me so mean an Hostes.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.

Enter Acanthe to four or five with Vizards.

Acan. You know your Charge; give it Action, and expect

Rewards beyond your Hopes.

I Viz. If we but eye 'em,

They are ours, I warrant you.

2 Viz. May we not ask why

We are put upon this?

Put

Acan. Let that stop your Mouth,

And learn more Manners, Groom. 'Tis upon the Hour In which they use to walk here: When you have 'em In your Power, with Violence carry them to the Place Where I appointed: There I will expect you. Be bold, and careful. [Exit Acanthe.

Enter

And entertain in A

# Enter Mathias and Baptista.

1 Viz. These are they.
2 Viz. Are you sure?

1 Viz. Am I fure I am myself?

2 Viz. Seize on him strongly; if he have but Means To draw his Sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't. Take all Advantages.

Math. I cannot guess

What her Intents are; but her Carriage was As I but now related.

Bapt. Your Affurance

In the Constancy of your Lady, is the Armour That must defend you. Where's the Picture?

Math. Here,

And no Way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,

There is no Truth in Art.

Math. By this, I hope, She hath receiv'd my Letters.

Bapt. Without Question.

These Courtiers are rank Riders, when they are To visit a handsome Lady.

Math. Lend me your Ear.

One Piece of her Entertainment will require Your dearest Privacy.

1 Viz. Now they stand fair,

Upon 'em.

.o. brister Line

Math. Villains!

I Viz. Stop their Mouths. We come not To try your Valours. Kill him, if he offer To open his Mouth.—We have you.—'Tis in vain To make Resistance.—Mount 'em, and away.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.

Enter Servants with Lights, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Ladif. 'Tis late. Go to your Rest: But do not envy The Happiness I draw near to.

Eub. If you enjoy it
The moderate Way, the Sport yields, I confess,
A pretty Titilation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your Knees. In my younger Days
I was myself a Gamester; and I found
By sad Experience, there is no such Soker
As a young spongy Wise; she keeps a thousand
Horse Leeches in her Box, and the Thieves will suck
out

Both Blood and Marrow! I feel a Kind of Cramp In my Joints when I think on't. But it may be Queen, And fuch a Queen as yours is, has the Art—

Ferd. You take Leave To talk, my Lord.

Ladif. He may, fince he can do nothing.

Eub. If you fpend this way too much of your royal E'er long we may be Puefellows. [Stock,

Ladif. The Door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her Woman. Take off my Gown.

# Enter Acanthe.

Acan. My Lord, the Queen by me This Night defires your Pardon.

Ladis. How, Acanthe!

I come by her Appointment; 'twas her Grant; The Motion was her own.

Acan. It may be, Sir;

But by her Doctors she is since advis'd, For her Health sake, to forbear.

Eub. I do not like

This physical Letchery; the old downright Way Is worth a thousand of 't.

Ladif. Prythee, Acanthe,

Mediate for me.

Eub. O the Fiends of Hell!

Would any Man bribe his Servant, to make way To his own Wife? If this be the Court State, Shame fall on such as use it.

Acan. By this Jewel,

This Night I dare not move her; but to-morrow I will watch all Occasion.

Ladis. Take this

To be mindful of me.

Exit Acanthe

Eub. 'Slight, I thought a King

Might have taken up any Woman at the King's Price: And must he buy his own, at a dearer Rate

Than a Stranger in a Brothel?

Ladif. What is that

You mutter, Sir?

Eub. No Treason to your Honour:

I'll speak it out, though it anger you: If y a pay for Your lawful Pleasure, in some Kind, great Sir, What do you make the Queen? Cannot you clicket Without a Fee? or when she has a Suit for you to grant?

Ferd. O hold, Sir! 19

Ladif. Off with his Head.

Eub. Do when you please; you but blow out a Taper That would light your Understanding, and in Care of't Is burnt down to the Socket. Be as you are, Sir,

19 Ferd. O hold, Sir, &c.

This, I think, should be read thus:

Ferd. O hold, Sir!

Ladif. Off with 's Head.

Eub. Do when you please;

You but blow out a Taper that would light
Your Understanding, and is in Care of't
Burnt down to th' Socket. Be as you are, Sir,
An absolute, &c.

An absolute Monarch: It did shew more King-like In those libidinous Casars, that compell'd Matrons and Virgins of all Ranks to bow Unto their rav'nous Lusts; and did admit Of more Excuse than I can urge for you, That slave yourself to th' imperious Humour Of a proud Beauty.

Ladif. Out of my Sight.

Eub. I will, Sir,

Give Way to your furious Passion: But when Reason Hath got the better of it, I much hope The Counsel that offends now, will deserve Your royal Thanks. Tranquillity of Mind Stay with you, Sir.—I do begin to doubt There's something more in the Queen's Strangeness than Is yet disclos'd; and I'll find it out, Or lose myself in the Search.

[Exit Eubulus. Ferd. Sure he is honest,

And from your Infancy hath truly ferv'd you:

Let that plead for him, and impute this Harshness

To the Frowardness of his Age.

Ladis. I am much troubled,

And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good Night! To-morrow visit us. Back to our own Lodgings.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

Enter Acanthe, the Vizarded Servants, Machias, Baptista.

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that Room, [They carry off Baptista. There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him: The other must stay here. As soon as I Have quit the Place, give him the Liberty And Use of his Eyes; that done, disperse yourselves As privately as you can: But, on your Lives, No Word of what hath pass'd. [Exit Acanthe. I Viz. If I do, sell

My Tongue to a Tripe-Wife.—Come, unbind his Arms; You You are now at your own Disposure, and however We us'd you roughly, I hope you will find here Such Entertainment as will give you Cause To thank us for the Service: and so we leave you.

[Exeunt Servants.

Math. If I am in a Prison, 'tis a neat one. What Œdipus can resolve this Riddle? Ha! I never gave just Cause to any Man Basely to plot against my Life.—But what is Become of my true Friend? for him I suffer More than myself.

Acan. Remove that idle Fear;

[From behind.

He's fafe as you are.

Math. Whosoe'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I should be: Though I have read the Table
Of Errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the Relations
Of magical Enchantments; yet I am not
So sottishly credulous to believe the Devil
Hath that Way Power. Ha! Musick!

Musick above, a Song of Pleasure.

The blushing Rose and purple Flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted.
Dainty Fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in Ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these;
The more you taste, the more she'll please.

Beauty, the inclos'd with Ice,
Is a Shadow chaste as rare:
Then how much those Sweets intice,
That have Issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her Powers,
One equal for Dame Venus' Bowers.

A Song too! Certainly, be it he or she That owns this Voice, it hath not been acquainted

With

(

I

With much Affliction. Whofoe'er you are That do inhabit here, if you have Bodies, And are not mere aërial Forms, appear,

# Enter Honoria mask'd.

And make me know your End with me. Most strange! What have I conjur'd up? Sure, if this be A Spirit, 'tis no damn'd one. What a Shape's here! Then with what Majesty it moves. If Juno Were now to keep her State among the Gods, And Hercules to be made again her Guest, She could not put on a more glorious Habit, Though her Handmaid, Iris, lent her various Colours; Or could Oceanus ravish'd from the deep, All Jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have Thus far made known yourfelf, if that your Face Have not too much Divinity about it For mortal Eyes to gaze on, perfect what You have begun, with Wonder and Amazement To my aftonish'd Senses. How! the Queen! [Kneels. [She pulls off her Mask.

Hon. Rife, Sir, and hear my Reasons in Defence Of the Rape (for so you may conceive) which I By my Instruments made upon you. You, perhaps, May think what you have fuffer'd for my Luft Is a common Practice with me; but I call Those ever shining Lamps, and their great Maker, As Witnesses of my Innocence: I ne'er look'd on A Man but your best self, on whom I ever (Except the King) vouchfaf'd an Eye of Favour.

Math. The King, indeed, and only fuch a King, Deserves your Rarities, Madam; and, but he, Twere giant-like Ambition in any In his Withes only to presume to taste The Nectar of your Kisses; or to feed His Appetite with that Ambrofia, due And proper to a Prince; and what binds more, A lawful Husband. For myself, great Queen,

VOL. II.

I am a Thing obscure, disfurnish'd of All Merit that can raise me higher than In my most humble Thankfulness for your Bounty, To hazard my Life for you, and that Way I am most ambitious.

Hon. I defire no more Than what you promise. If you dare expose Your Life, as you profess, to do me Service, How can it better be employ'd, than in Preserving mine? which only you can do. And must do with the Danger of your own. A desperate Danger too! If private Men Can brook no Rivals in what they affect, But to the Death pursue such as invade What Law makes their Inheritance; the King, To whom you know I am dearer than his Crown. His Health, his Eyes, his After-hopes, with all His present Bleffings, must fall on that Man Like dreadful Lightning, that is won by Prayers, Threats, or Rewards, to stain his Bed, or make His hop'd for Iffue doubtful.

Math. If you aim

At what I more than fear you do, the Reasons Which you deliver should in Judgment rather Deter me, than invite a Grant, with my Assured Ruin.

Hon. True, if that you were
Of a cold Temper, one whom Doubt, or Fear,
In the most horrid Forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your Denial
To me that have deserv'd so much, is more,
If it can have Addition.

Math. I know not

What your Commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
Among arm'd Men, yet cannot guess what Lists
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing Lady? One, that to enjoy
Your Company, this Night deny'd the King

Accels

Access to what's his own. If you will press me To speak in plainer Language—

Math. Pray you forbear;
I would I did not understand too much
Already. By your Words I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred Suspicion in me of Untruth,
Though an Angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with Happiness (which is ever built
On virtuous Chastity) in the Wantonness
Of Appetite you desire to make Trial
Of the salse Delights propos'd by vicious Lust;
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your Subjects, why should you

Make Choice of me, a Stranger?

Hon. Though yet Reason Was ne'er admitted in the Court of Love, I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urg'd In our last private Conference, you have A pretty promising Presence; but there are Many in Limbs and Feature who may take That Way the Right-hand File of you: Besides, Your May of Youth is past, and the Blood spent By Wounds (though bravely taken) render you Disabled for Love's Service; and that Valour Set off with better Fortune, which it may be Swells you above your Bounds, is not the Hook That hath caught me, good Sir: I need no Champion With his Sword to guard my Honour or my Beauty; In both I can defend myself, and live My own Protection.

Math. If these Advocates,

The best that can plead for me, have no Power; What else can you find in me, that may tempt you With irrecoverable Loss unto yourself

To be a Gainer from me?

Hon. You have, Sir,

ess

A Jewel of fuch matchless Worth and Lustre,

K 2

As does disdain Comparison, and darkens All that is rare in other Men; and that I must, or win, or lessen.

Math. You heap more

Amazement on me! What am I posses'd of That you can covet? Make me understand it, If it have a Name?

Hon. Yes, an imagin'd one;

But is in Substance nothing, being a Garment Worn out of Fashion, and long since given o'er By the Court and Country; 'tis your Loyalty, And Constancy to your Wise; 'tis that I dote on, And does deserve my Envy; and that Jewel, Or by fair Play, or foul, I must win from you.

Math. These are mere Contraries. If you love me,

For my Constancy, why seek you to destroy it? In my keeping, it preserves me worth your Favour! Or if it be a Jewel of that Value,

As you with labour'd Rhetorick would persuade me, What can you stake against it?

Hon. A Queen's Fame,

And equal Honour.

Math. So, whoever wins,

Both shall be Losers.

Hon. That is what I aim at.

Yet on the Dye I lay my Youth, my Beauty, This moist Palm, this soft Lip, and those Delights Darkness should only judge of! Do you find 'em Infectious in the Trial, that you start

As frighted with their Touch?

Math. Is it in Man

To refift fuch strong Temptations?

Hon. He begins

To waver:

Math. Madam, as you are gracious, Grant this short Night's Deliberation to me, And with the rising Sun from me you shall Receive full Satisfaction. [Aside.

Hon. Though Extreams

Hate all Delay, I will deny you nothing,

This Key will bring you to your Friend; you are both fafe:

And all Things useful that could be prepar'd

For one I love and honour, wait upon you.

Take Counsel of your Pillow, such a Fortune
As with Affection's swiftest Wings slies to you,

Will not be often tendred.

[Exit Honoria.

Math How my Blood

Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's fomething stays me: If the King had tender'd
Such Favours to my Wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refus'd: But, being a Man,
I should not yield first, or prove an Example
For her Defence of Frailty. By this, sans Question,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine

[Look on the Pisture.

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same Pure Chrystal Rock of Chastity! Perish all Allurements that may alter me! The Snow Of her sweet Coldness, hath extinguished quite The Fire that but even now began to slame: And I by her confirm'd, Rewards, nor Titles, Nor certain Death from the resused Queen, Shall shake my Faith; since I resolve to be Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit Mathias,

#### SCENE VI.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubal. What we spake on the Volley begins to work, We have laid a good Foundation

Ric. Build it up,

Or else 'tis nothing: You have by Lot the Honour Of the first Assault; but, as it is condition'd, Observe the Time proportion'd; I'll not part with

My

My Share in the Atchievement; when I whiftle, Or hem, fall off.

# Enter Sophia.

Ubal. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch My Opportunity.

Sopb. I find myfelf

Strangely diffracted with the various Stories, Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my Guefts Deliver'd of my Lord: And like poor Beggars That in their Dreams find Treasure, by Reflection Of a wounded Fancy make it questionable Whither they sleep, or not; yet tickl'd with Such a phantaftick Hope of Happiness, Wish they may never wake: In some such Measure, Incredulous of what I fee, and touch, As 'twere a fading Apparition, I Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious Jealoufy To be affur'd, by what Means, and from whom, Such a Mass of Wealth was first deserv'd, then gotten, Cunningly steals into me. I have practis'd, For my certain Resolution, with these Courtiers; Promising private Conference to either. And at this Hour, if in Search of the Truth, I hear, or fay, more than becomes my Virtue, Forgive me my Mathias.

Ubal. Now I make in.

Madam, as you commanded, I attend Your Pleasure.

Sopb. I must thank you for the Favour.

Ubal. I am no ghostly Father; yet if you have Some Scruples, touching your Lord, you would be refolv'd of,

I am prepar'd.

Soph. But will you take your Oath,

To answer truly?

Ubal. (On the Hem of your Smock if you please,

A Vow I dare not break, it being a Book

I would gladly fwear on.)

Soph. To spare, Sir, that Trouble,
I'll take your Word, which in a Gentleman
Should be of equal Value. Is my Lord, then,
In such Grace with the Queen?

Ubal. You should best know

By what you have found from him, whether he can Deserve Grace or no.

Soph. What Grace do you mean?

Ubal. That special Grace (if you'll have it)
He laboured so hard for between a Pair of Sheets
On your wedding Night, when your Ladyship
Lost you know what.

Soph. Fie, be more modest,

Or I must leave you.

Ubal. I would tell a Truth

As cleanly as I could, and yet the Subject Makes me run out a little.

Sopb. You would put now

A foolish Jealousy in my Head, my Lord

Hath gotten a new Mistress. .

Ubal. One! a hundred:

But under Seal I speak it; I presume
Upon your Silence, it being for your Profit,
(They talk of Hercules' Back for fifty in a Night; Twas well; but yet to yours he was a Pidler:
Such a Soldier, and Courtier never came
To Alba regalis, the Ladies run mad for him,
And there is such Contention among 'em

This Freedom of Language, I am afraid, will be apt to displesse many of Massinger's Readers; who, perhaps, will think that such Scenes had better have been quite omitted: But as that would not be consistent with my Plan, I shall urge in Defence, that it was the Vice of the Age he lived in; and that Massinger was perhaps, obliged more from Necessity than Inclination to comply with the Take of his Audience, in order to secure his Pieces a favourable Reception.

<sup>2°</sup> Thy Talk of Hercules' Back for fifty in a Night, 'Twas well, &c.

Who shall ingross him wholly, that the like Was never heard of.)

Sopb. Are they handsome Women?

Ubal. Fie, no, course Mammets, and what's worse they are old too

Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't, Believing, that he carries a Powder in his Breeches Will make 'em young again, and these suck shrewdly,

Ric. Sir I must fetch you off. [Wbiftles.

Ubal. I could tell you Wonders

Of the Cures he has done, but a Business of Import Calls me away; but that dispatch'd I will

Be with you presently. [He steps aside.

Sopb. There is fomething more In this then bare Suspicion.

Ric. Save you, Lady:

Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on A Lady more compleat, yet have seen a Madam Wear a Garment of this Fashion, of the same Stuff too, One just of your Dimensions; sat the Wind there Boy?

Soph. What Lady, Sir?
Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks

I should know this Ruby: Very good; 'tis the same. This Chain of orient Pearl, and this Diamond too, Have been worn before; but much Good may they do

(Strength to the Gentleman's Back, he toil'd hard for 'em,)

Before he got 'em.

Soph. Why? How were they gotten? [Ubaldo hems. Ric. Not in the Field with his Sword, upon my Life. He may thank his close Stillet too. Plague upon it; Run the Minutes so fast? Pray excuse my Manners I left a Letter in my Chamber Window, Which I would not have seen on any Terms; Fie on it, Forgetful as I am; but I'll strait attend you.

Soph. This is strange; his Letters said these Jewels were

Presented

Pref

For

Tha

By ]

U

S

Of

Wit

Kno

Ho

And

You

Of

Th

I ca

An

Bel

Th

An

Of

Yo

He

Bu

Bu

W

Pri

1

S

Presented him by the Queen, as a Reward
For his good Service, and the Trunks of Clothes
That followed them this last Night, with Haste made up
By his Direction.

# Enter Ubaldo.

Ubal. I was telling you
Of Wonders, Madam.
Soph. If you are so skilful,
Without Premeditation answer me,
Know you this Gown, and these rich Jewels?

low you this Gown, and there rich jewers

Ubal. Heaven!

How Things will come out! but that I should offend you,

And wrong my more then noble Friend

Your Husband (for we are sworn Brothers) in the Dif-

That you have from me, out with it.

Ubal. 'Tis a potent Spell,

I cannot resist; why I will tell you, Madam, And to how many several Women you are Beholding for your Bravery,—this was The wedding Gown of Paulina, a rich Strumpet, Worn but a Day, when she married old Gonzage, And left off trading.

Soph. O my Heart! Ubal. This Chain

Of Pearl was a great Widow's that invited Your Lord to a Maique, and the Weather proving foul, He lodg'd in her House all Night, and merry they were; But how he came by it I know not.

Soph. Perjur'd Man!

Ubal. This Ring was Julietta's; a fine Piece, But very good at the Sport. This Diamond Was Madam Acanthe's, given him for a Song Prick'd in a private Arbour, as she faid,

(When

(When the Queen ask'd for it,) and she heard him sing too,

And danc'd to his Hornpipe, or there are Liars abroad. There are other Toys about you The same Way purchas'd, but parallel'd With these not worth the Relation.

You are happy in a Husband; never Man Made better Use of his Strength, would you have him waste,

His Body away for nothing? If he holds out, There's not an embroider'd Petticoat in the Court But shall be at your Service.

Sopb. I commend him:

It is a thriving Trade; but pray you leave me A little to myself.

Ubal. You may command

Your Servant, Madam, she's stung unto the quick, Lad, Ric. I did my Part; if this work not, hang me; Let her sleep as well as she can to Night, To-morrow We'll mount new Batteries.

Ubal. And till then leave her.

[Exit Ubaldo, Ricardo, Soph. You Powers, that take into your Care the Guard Of Innocence, aid me; for I am Creature, So forfeited to Despair, Hope cannot fancy A Ranfom to redeem me, I begin To waver in my Faith, and make it doubtful, Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for Their Holiness of Life, sinn'd not in Secret, Since my Mathias is fall'n from his Virtue In such an open Fashion. Could it be else. That fuch a Husband, so devoted to me, So vow'd to Temperance; for lascivious Hire, Should profitute himself to common Harlots, Old and deform'd too, wast for this he left me? And on a feign'd Pretence for want of Means To give me Ornament? Or to bring home Diseases to me? Suppose these are false, And luftful Goats, if he were true and right

Why

T

Why flays he so long from me, being made rich And that the only Reason why he left me? No, he is loft; and I shall wear the Spoils, And Salaries of Luft? They cleave unto me Like Neffus' poison'd Shirt. No, in my Rage I'll tear 'em off, and from my Body wash The Venom with my Tears. Have I no Spleen Nor Anger of a Woman? Shall he build Upon my Ruins, and I, unreveng'd, Deplore his Falshood? No, with the same Trash For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase A just Revenge. I am not yet so much In Debt to Years, nor so mishap'd, that all Should fly from my Embraces. Chastity, Thou only art a Name, and I renounce thee, I am now a Servant to Voluptuousness; Wantons of all Degrees and Fashions, welcome; You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray Let him condemn himself, that led the Way. Exit.

The End of the Third Att.

· 아이아 : 1년 1년 : 1년 1년

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. WE are in a desperate Straight; there's no Evasion

Nor Hope left to come of, but by your yielding

To the Necessity; you must feign a Grant

To her violent Passion, or

Math. What, my Baptista?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Lofs of Faith and Virtue

hy

To

To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar. Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear To die, which is inevitable? You may urge The many Years that by the Course of Nature We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage, And hold it as a Bleffing, as it is, When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, Baptifla, Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years. By the great Judge. To die untainted in Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest; And to lose that, can we defire to live? Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure, Which foon comes to a Period, to all Times Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembred In a still living Epitaph? No, Baptifia, Since my Sopbia will go to her Grave Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her With equal Loyalty; but look on this, Your own great Work, your Master-piece, and then She being still the same, teach me to alter. Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,

The Pisture altered,

This is a terrible Vision! I will clear My Eyesight, perhaps melancholly makes me See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent,
I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,
That does assure she's tempted, there are Lines
Of a dark Colour, that disperse themselves
O'er every Miniature of her Face, and those
Confirm.—

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me Interpret it, in her Consent, and Wishes She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact! Baptista?

Make not yourself a Pandar to her Looseness,
In labouring to palliate what a Vizard

0

Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman In her Will decline from Chastity, but sound Means To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more Impossible in Nature for gross Bodies Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air, Or with my single Arm to underprop A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course To stop the Light'ning, then to stay a Woman Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood, In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you temper The Violence of your Passion.

Math. In Extreams
Of this Condition, can it be in Man
To use a Moderation? I am thrown
From a steep Rock headlong into a Gulph
Of Misery, and find myself past Hope,
In the same Moment that I apprehend
That I am falling, and this, the Figure of
My Idol, sew Hours since, while she continued
In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
In which I saw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Husband
Could wish in a chaste Wise, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical Glass, and does present
Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet (And 'tis the best Foundation) build up Comfort On your own Goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me,
For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worse then Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen
(Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempted
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets,) to preserve my Faith
Inviolate to thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, since she could instict
No less for my Contempt, and have I met
Such a Return from thee? I will not curse thee,

Nor

Nor for thy Falshood rail against the Sex: 'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wife Men Whisper unto myself, howe'er they feem; Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall Produce one constant Woman.

Bapt. This is more Then the Satyrists wrote against 'em.

Math. There's no Language That can express the Poison of these Aspicks. These weeping Crocodiles, and all too little That hath been faid against 'em. But I'll mould My Thoughts into another Form, and if She can outlive the Report of what I have done, This Hand, when next she comes within my Reach, Shall be her Executioner.

# Enter Honoria.

Bapt. The Queen, Sir.

Hon. Wait our Command at Distance; Sir, you to

Free Liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know no Manners,

And thank you for the Favour.

[Exit Baptista

Hon. Have you taken

Good Rest in your new Lodgings? I expect now Your resolute Answer; but advise maturely Before I hear it.

Math. Let my Actions, Madam, For no Words can dilate my Joy, in all You can command with Chearfulness to serve you, Affure your Highness; and in Sign of my Submission, and Contrition for my Error, My Lips, that but the last Night shun'd the Touch Of your's as Poison, taught Humility now, Thus on your Foot, and that too great an Honour For fuch an Undeserver, seals my Duty. A cloudy Mist of Ignorance, equal to

Cim-

Cimmerian Darkness, would not let me see then, What now with Adoration and Wonder, With Reverence I look up to: But those Fogs Dispers'd and scatter'd by the powerful Beams With which yourself the Sun of all Persection, Vouchsafe to cure my Blindness, like a Suppliant As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg What you once pleased to tender.

Hon. This is more

Then I could hope; what find you so attractive Upon my Face in so short Time to make This sudden Metamorphosis? Pray you rise; I for your late Neglect thus sign your Pardon. Aye now you kis like a Lover, and not as Brothers Coldly salute their Sisters.

Math. I am turn'd All Spirit and Fire.

t00

tifta.

Hon. Yet to give some Allay

To this hot Fervour, 'twere good to remember The King, whose Eyes and Ears are every where, With the Danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Math. Danger? A Bugbear Madam, let me ride once Like Phaeton in the Chariot of your Favour, And I contemn Jove's Thunder: Though the King In our Embraces stood a Looker on, His Hangmen too, with studied Cruelty ready To drag me from your Arms, it should not fright me From the enjoying that, a single Life is Too poor a Price for: (O, that now all Vigour Of my Youth were recollected for an Hour, That my Desire might meet with your's, and draw The Envy of all Men in the Encounter Upon my Head,) I should—but we lose Time, Be gracious, mighty Queen.

Hon. Pause yet a little:

The Bounties of the King, and what weighs more, Your boafted Constancy to your matchless Wife, Should not soon be shaken.

Math.

Math. The whole Fabrick, When I but look on you, is in a Moment. O'erturn'd and ruin'd, and as Rivers loofe Their Names, when they are swallow'd by the Ocean, In you alone all Faculties of my Soul Are wholly taken up, my Wife, and King At the best as Things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?

I have gain'd my End now.

Afiat. Math. Wherefore stay you, Madam? Hon. In my Confideration what a Nothing

F

V

7

T

N

H

İt

H

F

V

F

T

C

T

I

M

A

T

W

T

D

T

W

Is

In

To

Of W He

Man's Constancy is.

Math. Your Beauties make it fo,

In me, fweet Lady.

Hon. And it is my Glory:

I could be coy now as you were, but I Am of a gentler Temper; howfoever, And in a just Return of what I have suffer'd In your Disdain, with the same Measure grant me Equal Deliberation: I e'er long Will visit you again, and when I next

Appear, as conquer'd by it, Slave-like wait

On my triumphant Beauty. Exit Honoria

Math. What a Change Is here beyond my Fear! but by thy Falshood, Sophia, not her Beauty, is it deny'd me To fin but in my Wishes. What a Frown In Scorn, at her Departure, she threw on me? I am both Ways loft; Storms of Contempt, and Scorn Are ready to break on me, and all Hope Of Shelter doubtful: I can neither be Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty

On either Part; at the worst Death will end all, And he must be my Judge to write my Wrong, Since I have lov'd too much and liv'd too long.

Exit Mathias.

SCENE

For a Pound of Ambergrite, and half a Pede

# SCENE IN STANDARD

Enter Sophia fola, with a Book and a Note.

Soph. Nor Custom nor Example, nor vast Numbers Of fuch as do offend, make less the Sin. For each particular Crime a strict Accompt Will be exacted; and that Comfort which The Damn'd pretend (Fellows in Mifery) Takes nothing from their Torments; every one Must suffer in himself the Measure of His Wickedness. If so, as I must grant, It being unrefutable in Reason, Howe'er my Lord offend, it is no Warrant For me to walk in his forbidden Paths: What Penance then can expiate my Guilt For my Consent (transported then with Passion) To Wantonness? The Wounds I give my Fame Cannot recover his; and though I have fed These Courtiers with Promises and Hopes, I am yet in Fact untainted; and I trust My Sorrow for it, with my Purity And Love to Goodness for itself, made powerful, Though all they have alledg'd prove true or falfe, Will be fuch Exorcisms as shall command This Fury Jealoufy from me. What I have Determin'd touching them, I am refolv'd To put in Execution. Within there! Where are my noble Guefts?

Enter Hilario, Corisco, with other Servants.

Hil. The elder, Madam,
Is drinking by himself to your Ladyship's Health
In Muskadine and Eggs; and for a Rasher
To draw his Liquor down, he hath got a Pye
Of Marrow-bones, Potatoes and Eringo's,
With many such Ingredients, and 'tis said
He hath sent his Man in Post to the next Town,
Vol. II.

n

ias.

For a Pound of Ambergrise, and half a Peck Of Fishes call'd Cantharides.

Corif. The younger

Prunes up himself, as if this Night he were To act a Bridegroom's Part; but to what Purpose

I am Ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue fo. [Gives a Paper.

Let those Lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,

And fail not in a Circumstance, as you Respect my Favour.

I Serv. We have our Instructions.

2 Serv. And punctually will follow 'em.

[Exeunt Servants.

#### Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Madam, here comes
The Lord Ubaldo.

Ubal. Pretty one, there's Gold
To buy thee a new Gown; and there's for thee:
Grow fat, and fit for Service. I am now
As I should be, at the Height, and able to
Beget a Giant. O my better Angel,
In this you shew your Wisdom, when you pay
The Letcher in his own Coin; shall you sit puling,
Like a patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? No,
This is a fair Revenge, shall we to it?

Sopb. To what, Sir?

Ubal. The Sport you promis'd.

Soph. Could it be done with Safety?

Ubal. I warrant you! I am found as a Bell, a tough Old Blade, and Steel to the Back, as you shall find me In the Trial on your Anvil.

Soph, So; but how, Sir,

Shall I fatisfy your Friend, to whom, by Promise,

I am equally engag'd?

Ubal. I must confess

The more the merrier; but of all Men living. Take heed of him; you may fafer run upon

The

The Mouth of a Cannon when it is unlading, And come off colder.

Soph. How! is he not wholesome?

Ubal. Wholesome! I'll tell you for your Good; he is A Spital of Diseases, and indeed

More loathsome and infectious; the Tub is

His weekly Bath: He hath not drank this feven Years, Before he came to your House, but Compositions

Of Saffafras and Guaicum, and dry Mutton's His daily Portion; name what Scratch foever

Can be got by Women, and the Surgeons will resolve At this Time or at that, Ricardo had it. I you.

Sopb. Bless me from him.

Ubal. 'Tis a good Prayer, Lady,

It being a Degree unto the Pox

Only to mention him; if my Tongue burn not, hang When I but name Ricardo.

Soph. Sir, this Caution

Must be rewarded.

Ubal. I hope I have marr'd his Market.

But when?

Soph. Why presently; follow my Woman, She knows where to conduct you, and will serve To Night for a Page. Let the Waistcoat I appointed, With the Cambrick Shirt perfum'd, and the rich Cap, Be brought into his Chamber.

Ubal. Excellent Lady!

And a Caudle too in the Morning.

Coris. I will fit you. [Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.]

## Enter Ricardo.

Soph. So hot on the Scent! Here comes the other Beagle.

Ric. Take Purfe and all.

Hil. If this Company would come often,

I should make a pretty Term on't.

Soph. For your Sake

I have put him off; he only begg'd a Kiss;

I gave

in of a Camon which

I gave it, and so parted.

Ric. I hope better,

He did not touch your Lip? Sopb. Yes, I affure you.

There was no Danger in it?

Ric. No! eat presently

These Lozenges, of forty Crowns an Ounce,

Or you are undone.

Sopb. What is the Virtue of 'em?

Ric. They are Preservatives against stinking Breath,

Rifing from rotten Lungs. Soph. If fo, your Carriage

Of fuch dear Antidotes, in my Opinion,

May render your's suspected.

Ric. Fie, no, I use 'em When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.

But I'll be free with you. He was once a Creature It may be of God's making, but long fince

He is turn'd to a Druggist's Shop; the Spring and Fall Hold all the Year with him; that he lives, he owes

To Art, not Nature; she has giv'n him o'er.

He moves, like the Fairy King, on Screws and Wheels

Made by his Doctor's Recipes, and yet still

They are out of joint, and every Day repairing:

He has a Regiment of Whores he keeps

At his own Charge in a Lazar-house: But the best is, There's not a Nose among 'em. He's acquainted

With the Green Water, and the Spitting Pill's

Familiar to him. In a frofty Morning

You may thrust him in a Pottle-pot, his Bones

Rattle in his Skin, like Beans toss'd in a Bladder.

If he but hear a Coach, the Fomentation,

The Friction with Fumigation cannot fave him

From the Chin-Evil. In a Word, he is

Not one Disease, but all: Yet, being my Friend,

I will forbear his Character; for I would not Wrong him in your Opinion.

Soph. The best is,

The Virtues you bestow on him, to me,

Are Mysteries I know not: But, however,
I am at your Service. Sirrah, let it be your Care
T'uncloath the Gentleman, and with Speed: Delay
Takes from Delight.

Ric. Good, there's my Hat, Sword, Cloak——
A Vengeance on these Buttons; off with my Doublet,
I dare show my Skin, in the Touch you will like it
better:

Prythee cut my Codpiece-point, and for this Service, When I leave them off they are thine.

Hil. I take your Word, Sir. Ric. Dear Lady, stay not long. Sorb. I may come too soon, Sir. Ric. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the Way, Sir.

[Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their Reports Touching my Lord, that so traduce each other, And with such virulent Malice, though I presume They are bad enough; but I have studied for 'em A' Way for their Recovery.

[The Noise of clapping a Door, Ubaldo above in his Shirt.

Why dost thou shut the Door upon me? Ha?

My Cloaths are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?

Is this my Lodging? I am sure the Lady talk'd of A rich Cap, a perfum'd Shirt, and a Waistcoat;

But here is nothing but a little fresh Straw,

A Petticoat for a Coverlet, and that torn too;

And an old Woman's Biggen for a Night-cap.

# Enter Corifca to Sophia.

'Slight, 'tis a Prison, or a Pig-sty. Ha!
The Windows grated with Iron, I cannot force 'em,
And if I leap down, here, I break my Neck;
I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out;
I am a Lord, and that's no common Title,

L 3

And

And shall I be us'd thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast;

I'll parley with him at Leisure.

Ricardo entering with a great Noise below, as fallen.

Ric. Zoons, have you Trap-doors?
Soph. The other Bird's i' th' Cage too, let him flutter.
Ric. Whither am I fall'n, into Hell?
Ubal. Who makes that Noise there?

Help me, if thou art a Friend. Ric. A Friend? I am where

I cannot help myself; let me see thy Face.

Ubal. How, Ricardo! prythee throw me
Thy Cloak, if thou canst, to cover me, I am almost
Frozen to Death.

Ric. My Cloak! I have no Breeches;
I am in my Shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a Clown's cast-off Suit.

Ubal. We are both undone.

Pr'ythee roar a little.—Madam!

# Enter Hilario in Ricardo's Suit.

Ric. Lady of the House!

Ubal. Grooms of the Chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

Ubal. Shall we be murther'd?

Sopb. No, but soundly punish'd,

To your Deserts.

Ric. You are not in Earnest, Madam?
Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being receiv'd as Guests into my House,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable Duties,
And with the Defamation of my Lord,
Wrought on my Woman Weakness, in Revenge
Of his Injuries, as you fashion'd 'em to me,

To

Tı

(V Cł

To

In

H

Su

L

By

O

W

N

A

Y

S

1

To yield my Honour to your lawless Luft.

Hil. Mark that, poor Fellows.

Soph. And so far you have

Transgress'd against the Dignity of Men,
(Who should, bound to it by Virtue, still desend
Chaste Ladies Honours) that it was your Trade
To make 'em infamous: But you are caught
In your own Toils, like lustful Beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the Usage of Men from me;
Such Mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish Women.

Ubal. How will you use us?

Soph. Ease and Excess in Feeding made you wanton; A Plurify of ill Blood you must let out. By Labour, and spare Diet, that Way got too, Or perish with Hunger.—Reach him up that Distast With the Flax upon it, though no Omphale, Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it; As you spin well at my Command, and please me, Your Wages, in the coarsest Bread and Water, Shall be proportionable.

Ubal. I will starve first.

Soph. That's as you pleafe.

Ric. What will become of me now?

Soph. You shall have gentler Work; I have oft obferv'd

You were proud to shew the Fineness of your Hands, And Softness of your Fingers; you should reel well What he spins, if you give your Mind to it, as I'll force you.

Deliver him his Materials. Now you know Your Penance, fall to work, Hunger will teach you; And fo, as Slaves to your Luft, not me, I leave you.

[Exit Sophia and Servants.

Ubal. I shall spin a fine Thread out now.

Ric. I cannot look

On these Devices, but they put me in Mind Of Rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy Task,

L 4

Forget

Forget fuch Vanities, my Livery there Will ferve thee to work in.

Ric. Let me have my Cloaths, yet

I was bountiful to thee the state of finings a state of the I

Hil. They are past your Wearing,
And mine by Promise, as all these can witness;
You have no Holydays coming, nor will I work
While these and this lasts; and so when you please
You may shut up your Shop-windows.

[Exit Hilario,

Wi

Iw

His

But

Un

Wh

An

An

Det

Th

Th

An

Juc

Ar

W

Yo

Th

In

Fa

W

Ob

1

Ubal. I am faint, And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold .--

O curfed Women.——

Ubal. This comes of our Whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,
But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.

[They draw the Curtains,

#### SCENE III.

Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, Attendants.

Hon. Now you know all, Sir, with the Motives why I forc'd him to my Lodging.

Ladis. I desire

No more fuch Trials, Lady,

Hon. I presume, Sir,

You do not doubt my Chastity.

Ladis. I would not;

But these are strange Inducements.

Eub. By no Means, Sir.

Why, though he were with Violence seiz'd upon,
And still detain'd, the Man, Sir, being no Soldier,
Nor us'd to charge his Pike, when the Breach is open,
There was no Danger in't: You must conceive, Sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a Chaplain
To read old Homilies to her in the Dark;
She's bound to it by her Canons.

Ladis.

Ladif. Still tormented
With thy Impertinence?

Hon. By yourself, dear Sir,
I was ambitious only to overthrow
His boasted Constancy in his Consent,
But for Fact I contemn him; I was never
Unchaste in Thought, I laboured to give Proof
What Power dwells in this Beauty you admire so,
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladif. I will look on
This Pageant; but——

Hon. When you have feen and heard, Sir,
The Passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.

Ladif. Well, I'll observe the Issue.

Eub. How had you took this, General, in your Wife?

Ferd. As a strange Curiosity; but Queens
Are priviledg'd above Subjects, and 'tis fit, Sir.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

# Enter Mathias, Baptista.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, Sir, fince the last Night When the Queen left you, and look chearfully, Your Dulness quite-blown over.

Math. I have feen a Vision,
This Morning makes it good, and never was
In such Security as at this Instant:
Fall what can fall, and when the Queen appears,
Whose shortest Absence now is tedious to me,
Observe th' Encounter.

entraction diag

Who

For

I lik

Wo

Som

Env Infe

Had

(W

Gre

Fro

(OI

All

An Wa

W

Yo

Ar

So

Im

Bu

Va

Of

W

Pi

Is

Bi

I

E

Enter Honoria to Mathias. (Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, with others enter above.)

Enter'd the Lifts.

Math. And I prepar'd to meet her.

Bapt. I know my Duty.

How. Not fo, you may stay now

As a Witness of our Contract.

Bapt. I obey

In all Things, Madam.

Hon. Where's that Reverence,
Or rather superstitious Adoration,
Which, Captive-like, to my triumphant Beauty
You paid last Night? No humble Knee? nor Sign
Of vassal Duty? Sure this is the Foot

To whose proud Cover, and then happy in it,

Your Lips were glew'd; and that the Neck then offer'd

To witness your Subjection to be trod on:

Your certain Loss of Life in the King's Anger, Was then too mean a Price to buy my Favour; And that false Glow-Worm Fire, of Constancy To your Wife, extinguish'd by a greater Light Shot from our Eyes; and that, it may be (being Too glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you

Of Speech, and Motion: But I will take off A little from the Splendor, and descend

From my own Height, and in your Lowness hear you

Plead as a Suppliant.

Math. I do remember

I once faw fuch a Woman.

Hon. How!

Math. And then

She did appear a most magnissient Queen; And what's more, virtuous, tho' somewhat darken'd With Pride and Self-Opinion.

Eub. Call you this Courtship?

Math. And she was happy in a Royal Husband,

Whom

Whom Envy could not tax, unless it were For his too much Indulgence to her Humours.

Eub. Pray you, Sir, observe that Touch, 'tis to the Purpose;

I like the Play the better for't.

Math. And she liv'd

Modelegory Title ad I. Worthy her Birth and Fortune; you retain yet Some Part of her angelical Form; but when Envy to the Beauty of another Woman Inferior to her's, (one she never Had feen, but in her Picture) had dispers'd Infection through her Veins, and Loyalty (Which a great Queen as she was, should have nourish'd) Grew odious to her-

Hon. I am Thunderstruck.

Math. And Luft, in all the Bravery it could borrow From Majesty, howe'er disguis'd, had took Sure Footing in the Kingdom of her Heart, (Once the Throne of Chastity,) how in a Moment All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her, And won upon all Hearts; like feeming Shadows. Wanting true Substance, vanish'd.

Hon. How his Reasons

Work on my Soul!

Math. Retire into yourfelf.

Your own Strength's, Madam, strongly man'd with Virtue.

And be but as you were, and there's no Office. So base, beneath the Slavery that Men Impose on Beasts, but I will gladly bow to But as you play and juggle with a Stranger, Varying your Shapes like Thetis, though the Beauties Of all that are by Poets Raptures painted, Were now in you united, you should pass Pitied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

Eub. If this take not, I am cheated.

Math. To flip once Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty; But to fall ever, damnable. We were both

Guilty,

Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection, But, as I hope you will do, I repented. When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is Like to this Picture. While we run A constant Race in Goodness, it retains The just Proportion. But the Journey being Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way, That may in some Degree divert us from The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow, Or be with Blackness clouded. But when we Find we have gone aftray, and labour to Return unto our never-failing Guide Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears, The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it To the first Pureness.

Hon. I am disenchanted:

172

Mercy, O Mercy, Heavens? Ladis. I am ravish'd with

What I have feen and heard.

Ferd. Let us descend, and hear

The rest below. Eub. This hath fall'n out beyond

My Expectation.

William)

They descend. Hon. How have I wander'd Out of the Tract of Piety! and misled By overweening Pride, and Flattery Of fawning Sycophants, (the Bane of Greatness) Could never meet till now a Passenger, That in his Charity would fet me right, Or stay me in my Precipice to Ruin! How ill have I return'd your Goodness to me?

Enter the King and others.

The Horror in my Thought of't turns me Marble. But if it may be yet prevented, O Sir, What can I do to shew my Sorrow, or

U M Sh Sta

W

A Ti

U W T

In U

> T F T T

> D

In W T

I'l

With what Brow ask your Pardon?

Ladif. Pray you rife.

Ladif. Pray you rife.

Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive Unto your Love and Favour, a chang'd Woman. My State and Pride turn'd to Humility, henceforth Shall wait on your Commands, and my Obedience Steer'd only by your Will.

Ladif. And that will prove

A second and a better Marriage to me; all is forgot-

Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,

Till with a free Confession of a Crime,

Unknown to you yet, and a following Suit,

Which thus I beg, be granted.

Ladif. I melt with you.

'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Hon. Know then, Sir. bas flo I a mi go'ss apard a list

In Malice to this good Knight's Wife, I practis'd Ubaldo, and Ricardo, to corrupt her.

Bapt. Thence grew the Change of the Picture.

Hon. And how far all of the your sall W med flaire A

They have prevail'd, I am ignorant. Now, if you, Sir, For the Honour of this good Man, may be intreated 1 To travel thither, it being but a Day's Journey, To fetch 'em off- an neutral has lost to ingic on i A

Ladif. We will put on to Night.

Bapt. I, if you please, your Harbinger.

Ladif. I thank you. and willing to little and the

Let me embrace you in my Arms, your Service Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs nothing.

Math. I am still your humble Creature.

Ladif. My true Friend.

Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eub. Such a Plant

Imported to your Kingdom, and here grafted, Would yield more Fruit, than all the idle Weeds That fuck up your Reign of Favour.

diprofit at the control beautiful ferromen and stands and of

ele Seule is the fame, it is of light or no Configuration

Ladif. In my Will

th

I'll not be wanting, prepare for our Journey.

And takes a Box on the E

In Act be my Honoria now, not Name, And to all after Times preserve thy Fame.

[ Exeunt.

It

S

Y

I

I

T

N

T

A

ľ

T

In

L

W

Y

T

U

W

The End of the Fourth Act.

# ACT V. SCENE I.

Sophia, Corifca, Hilario.

Sopb. A RE they then so humble?

Hil. A Hunger and hard Labour

Have tam'd 'em, Madam; at first they bellow'd

Like Stags ta'en in a Toil, and would not work

For Sullenness, but when they sound without it

There was no Eating, and that to starve to Death

Was much against their Stomachs, by Degrees

Against their Wills, they sell to it.

Corif. And now feed on

The little Pittance you allow, with Gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stop'd their Noses
At the Sight of Beef and Mutton as course Feeding
For their fine Palates; but now their Work being ended,
They leap at a Barley Crust, and hold Cheese-parings,
With a Spoonful of pall'd Wine pour'd in their Water,
For sestival Exceedings. 21

Corif. When I examine

My Spinster's Work, he trembles like a 'Prentice, And takes a Box on the Ear when I spy Faults And Botches in his Labour, as a Favour From a curst Mistress.

Hil. The other too reels well For his Time; and if your Ladyship would please To see 'em for your Sport, since they want airing,

#### 21 For Festival Exceedings.

Thus we read in all the old Copies, and it is thus in the City Madam; but I think that exceeding Festivals is better, though indeed as the Sense is the same, it is of little or no Consequence.

Her island Car refuses.

Supperiors to Bed fort.

It would do well in my Judgment, you shall hear Such a hungry Dialogue from 'em.

Soph. But suppose

When they are out of Prison they should grow Rebellious? Your arriver this it not a

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake

To lead 'em out by the Nose with a coarse Thread. Its Of the one's Spinning, and make the other reel after. And without grumbling; and when you are weary of Their Company, as easily return 'em. of salls 100 nl

Corif. Dear Madam, it will help to drive away and A

Your Melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this Affurance I am content, bring 'em hither. of brow reduced doug

Hil. I will do it

In stately Equipage. [Exit Hilario.

Sopb. They have confessed then Maldandings and

They were fet on by the Queen to taint me in

My Loyalty to my Lord?

Corif. 'Twas the main Cause,

That brought 'em hither.

hat brought 'em hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;

With the state I had to

And as I have begun, before I end, a statige and syad I

I'll at the Height revenge it; let us step aside;

They come, the Objects fo ridiculous,

In Spight of my fad Thoughts I cannot but

Lend a forc'd Smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hil. Come away,

d,

er,

Ma-

d as

It

Work as you go, and lose no Time, 'tis precious, You'll find it in your Commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!

The Word is proper; I have graz'd to long Upon your Commons, I am almost starv'd here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

Ubal. Better'd?

Worfer they cannot be: Would I might lie

Like

Like a Dog under her Table and serve for a Footstool, So I might have my Belly full of that Her Island Cur refuses.

Hil. How do you like it not it le sus ors Your airing? Is it not a Favour?

Ric. Yes;

Just such a one as you use to a Brace of Greyhounds When they are led out of their Kennels to scumber; But our Case is ten Times harder, we have nothing In our Bellies to be vented: If you will be and in An honest Yeoman Phenterer, feed us first, And walk us after?

Hil. Yeoman Phenterer!

Such another Word to your Governor, and you go Supperless to Bed for't.

Ubal. Nay, even as you please.

(The comfortable Names of Breakfast, Dinner, Collations, Supper, Beverage, are Words, Worn out of our Remembrance.)

(Ric. O for the Steam 1.50 minus and and 1 Of Meat in a Cook's Shop?)

Ubal. I am fo dry,

I have not Spittle enough to wet my Fingers When I draw my Flax from my Diftaff.

Ric. Nor I Strength

To raise my Hand to the Top of my Reeler. Oh! I have the Cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think

Were best to apply to it? A Cramp-stone, as I take it, Were very useful.

ought 'em hither.

Ric. Oh! no more of Stones,

We have been us'd too long like Hawks already.

Ubal. We are not so high in our Flesh now to need casting,

We will come to an empty Fift. Hil. Nay, that you shall not.

So ho, Birds, how the Eye-affes scratch, and scramble! Take Heed of a Surfeit: Do not cast your Gorges, This is more then I have Commission for; be thankful.

Sopb.

I

I

(

1

(

ŀ

1

Soph. Were all that study the Abuse of Women Us'd thus, the City would not swarm with Cuckolds, Nor fo many Tradefmen break.

And mark the Alteration.

Hil. To your Work,

My Lady is in Presence; shew your Duties

Exceeding well.

Soph. How do your Scholars profit?

Hil. Hold up your Heads demurely. Prettily For young Beginners. And at a moral about her above nI

Coris. And will do well in Time

If they be kept in Awe.

Ric. In Awe! I am fure I quake like an Afpen Leaf.

Ubal. No Mercy, Lady? Ric. Nor Intermission?

Soph. Let me fee your Work. Work at your at

Fie upon't, what a Thread's here! a poor Cobler's Wife Would make a finer to fow a Clown's Rent start up; And here you reel as you were drunk.

Rie. I am fure it is not with Wine

Soph. O, take heed of Wine; well and oned it

Cold Water is far better for your Healths, Of which I am very tender; you had foul Bodies, And must continue in this physical Diet, of 10 .... Till the Cause of your Disease be ta'en away For fear of a Relapse, and that is dangerous; Yet I hope already that you are in some to stom own

Degree recovered, and that Way to refolve me Answer me truly; nay, what I propound Concerns both, nearer; what would you now give, If your Means were in your Hands, to lie all Night With a fresh and handsome Lady?

Ubal. How! a Lady ! in lot said

b.

O! I am pass'd it, (Hunger with her Razor Hath made me an Eunuch.)

Ric. For a Mess of Porridge, Well fopp'd with a Bunch of Raddish and a Carrot, VOL. II.

I would fell my Barony; but for Women, oh!

No more of Women, (not a Dite for a Doxy)

After this hungry Voyage.

Sopb. These are truly

Good Symptoms; let them not venture too much in the

Till they are weaker.

Ric. This is Tyranny.

Ubal. Scorn upon Scorn.

Soph. You were fo In your malicious Intents to me,

#### Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but Justice—What's the Business?

Serv. My Lord's great Friend, Signior Baptista,

Madam.

Is newly lighted from his Horse, with certain Assurance of my Lord's Arrival.

Sopb. How!

And stand I trisling here? Hence with the Mungrels
To there several Kennels, there let them howl in private,
I'll be no farther troubled. [Exeunt Sophia and Servant.
Ubal. O that ever

I faw this Fury!

Ric. Or look'd on a Woman

But as a Prodigy in Nature!

Hil. Silence,

No more of this.

Corif. Methinks you have no Cause

To repent your being here.

Hil. Have you not learnt,

When your 'States are spent, your several Trades to live

And never charge the Hospital?

Coris. Work but tightly,

And we will not use a Dish-clout in the House But of your Spinning.

Ubal.

i

ti

I

Grave Countels.

Ubal. O! I would this Hemp

Were turn'd to a Halter.

Hil. Will you march?

Ric. A foft one,

Good General, I befeech you,

Ubal. I can hardly

Draw my Legs after me.

Hil. For a Crutch you may use

Your Distass, a good Wit makes Use of all Things. 43

#### SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Baptista.

Sopb. Was he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect Love

Without some Touch of't, Madam.

Sopb. And my Picture

Made by your divelish Art, a Spy upon

My Actions? I never fat to be drawn,

Nor had you, Sir, Commission for't.

Bapt. Excuse me;

At his earnest Suit I did it.

Sopb. Very good:

Was I grown fo cheap in his Opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous Events that crown'd his For-

May qualify the Offence.

ıl.

Sopb. Rood the Events 23

### 22 \_\_\_\_ A good Wit makes U/e of all Things.

I would not interrupt the Reader in the foregoing Scene, but I shall now observe that the Device practised on the two wants. Gentlemen, in Revenge for their Falshood and their Attempts on Sophia, is very mean, conduces but little to the Plot, and on the whole, is far inferior to the other Parts of this excellent Play, but great Beaties are always in the Confines of great Faults.

#### 23 Sophia. Rood the Events.

This is the Reading of all the old Editions, and is followed by Mr. Dodfley; but I think we ought to read

Sopb. Good the Events, &c.

M 2

The

The Sanctuary Fools and Madmen fly to, When their rash and desperate Undertakings thrive well;

But good and wise Men are directed by
Grave Counsels, and with such Deliberation
Proceed in their Affairs, that Chance has nothing
To do with 'em. Howsoe'er, take the Pains, Sir,
To meet the Honour in the King and Queen's
Approaches to my House, that breaks upon me,
I will expect them with my best of Care.

Bapt. To entertain such royal Guests.

Leave that to me, Sir, what should move the Queen, So given to Ease and Pleasure, as Fame speaks her, To such a Journey? Or work on my Lord To doubt my Loyalty? Nay, more, to take For the Resolution of his Fears, a Course That is by holy Writ deny'd a Christian? 'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the Welcome He hopes in my Embraces may deceive His Expectation. The Trumpers speak The King's Arrival. Help a Woman's Wit now, To make him know his Fault and my just Anger.

[Exit Sophia.

## SCENE the last.

Loud Musick. Enter Ladislaus, Mathias, Eubulus, Honoria, Ferdinand, Baptista, Acanthe, with Attendants.

Eub. Your Majesty must be weary.

A willing Mind makes a hard Journey easy.

Math. Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was

More welcome to the Cottage of Philemon,

And his poor Baucis, then your gracious self,

Your matchless Queen, and all your royal Train

Are to your Servant and his Wife.

Ladif. Where is she?

1

C

1

N

T

G

T

II R

Helitov jon prior W

Ser off with Goodnets.

Hon. I long to fee her as my now loud Rival. Eub. And I to have a Smack at her; ('tis a Cordial To an old Man, better then Sack and a Toak Before he goes to Supper.)

Math. Ha! is my House turn'd To a Wilderness? Nor Wife nor Servants ready With all Rites due to Majesty, to receive Such unexpected Bleffings, you affur'd me Of better Preparation, hath not Th' Excess of Joy transported her beyond Her Understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her, And gave her your Directions.

Math. How shall I beg Your Majesty's Patience? Sure my Family's drunk, Or by some Witch, in Envy of my Glory, A dead Sleep thrown upon 'em.

# Enter Hilario, and Servants.

1 Serv. Sir.

01%

Math. But that griffs fixed awo you has I The facred Presence of the King forbids it, My Sword should make a Massacre among you. Where is your Miftress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, Sir, Then know, she says she's sick, Sir, there's no Notice Taken of my Bravery.

Math. Sick at fuch a Time! It cannot be though fhe were on her Death-bed, And her Spirit even now departed, here stand they Could call it back again, and in this Honour Give her a fecond Being, bring me to her; I know not what to urge, or how to redeem This Mortgage of her Manners.

Exit Mathias and Hilario. Eub. There's no Climate In the World, I think, where one Jade's Trick or other Reigns not in Women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter

Against the Sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean Women

Have their Faults as well as Queens.

Ladis. O she appears now.

### Enter Mathias, Sophia.

Math. The Injury that you conceive I have done you Dispute hereafter, and in your Perverseness Wrong not yourself, and me.

Soph. I am pass'd my Childhood,

And need no Tutor.

Math. This is the great King,

To whom I am engag'd till Death, for all

I stand posses'd of.

Soph. My humble Roof is proud, Sir, To be the Canopy of so much Greatness, Set off with Goodness.

Ladif. My own Praises flying In such pure Air, as your sweet Breath, fair Lady, Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the Queen of Queens,

In her Magnificence to me.

Sopb. In my Duty

I kiss her Highness Robe. Hon. You stoop to low

To her whose Lips would meet with yours.

Soph. Howe'er,

It may appear prepost'rous in Women So to encounter, 'tis your Pleasure, Madam, And not my proud Ambition—do you hear, Sir? Without a magical Picture, in the Touch I find your Print of close and wanton Kisses On the Queen's Lips.

Math, Upon your Life be filent. And now falute these Lords.

Sopb. Since you'll have me,

You

H

V

I

T

A

T

T

So

I I'l

T

H By

Pı

T

Sh

A

To

W

Pr

Sh

T

T

You shall see I am experienc'd at the Game, And can play it tightly.—You are a brave Man, Sir, And do deserve a free and hearty Welcome. Be this the Prologue to it.

Eub. An old Man's Turn Is ever last in Kissing. I have Lips too, Howe'er, cold ones, Madam.

Sopb. I will warm 'em With the Fire of mine.

Eub. And so she has, I thank you; I shall sleep the better all Night for't.

Math. You express

The Boldness of a wanton Courtezan, And not a Matron's Modesty; take up, Or you are disgrac'd for ever.

Sopb. How? with kiffing Feelingly, as you taught me

Feelingly, as you taught me? Would you have me Turn my Cheek to 'em, as proud Ladies use To their Inferiors, as if they intended Some Business should be whisper'd in their Ear, And not a Salutation? What I do, I will do freely; now I am in the Humour I'll fly at all, are there any more?

Math. Forbear,

Or you will raise my Anger to a Height That will descend in Fury.

Sopb. Why? you know

How to resolve yourself what my Intents are,
By the Help of Mephostophilos, and your Picture.
Pray you look upon't again. I humbly thank
The Queen's great Care of me, while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young Wife,
And being for that Time a Kind of Widow,
To pass away her melancholy Hours
Without good Company, and in Charity therefore
Provided for me; out of her own Store
She cull'd the Lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two principal Courtiers for Ladies Service,

To do me all good Offices; and as such
M 4

Employ'd

Employ'd by her, I hope I have receiv'd, And entertain'd 'em; nor shall they depart Without the Effect arising from the Cause That brought 'em hither.

Math. Thou dost belye thyself:

I know that in my Absence thou wer't honest, However now turn'd Monster.

Sopb. The Truth is,

We did not deal like you, in Speculations On cheating Pictures; we knew Shadows were No Substances, and actual Performance The best Assurance. I will bring 'em hither To make good in this Presence so much for me. Some Minutes Space I beg your Majesty's Pardon -You are mov'd; now champ upon this Bit a little, Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.

Ladif. How now? turn'd Statue, Sir? Math. Fly, and fly quickly

From this curfed Habitation, or this Gorgon Will make you all as I am. In her Tongue Millions of Adders hiss, and every Hair Upon her wicked Head, a Snake more dreadful Than that Tifiphon threw on Athamas, Which in his Madness forc'd him to dismember His proper Issue. O that ever I Repos'd my Trust in Magick, or believ'd Impossibilities! or that Charms had Power To fink and fearch into the bottomless Hell, For a false Woman's Heart.

Eub. These are the Fruits Of Marriage; and old Batchelor, as I am, And what's more, will continue so, is not troubled With these fine Fagaries.

Ferd. 'Till you are refolv'd, Sir,

Forfake not Hope.

Bapt. Upon my Life, this is Diffimulation.

Ladif. And it fuits not with

Your

Yo Tr

De

Ye

W

TI

A

Y

En

F

0

R

T

A

V

T

Ι

1

Set up for them!

Your Fortitude and Wisdom, to be thus Transported with your Passion.

Hon. You were once

Deceiv'd in me, Sir, as I was in you; Yet the Deceit pleas'd both

Yet the Deceit pleas'd both.

Math. She hath confess'd all,

What further Proof should I ask?

Hon. Yet remember

The Distance that is interpos'd between

A Woman's Tongue and her Heart, and you must grant You build upon no Certainties.

Enter Sophia, Corifca, Hilario, Ubaldo, and Ricardo, as before.

Eub. What have we here?

Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves.

Ubal. The King!

Ric. And Queen too! Would I were as far under the As I am above it.

Ubal. Some Poet will

From this Relation, or in Verse, or Prose, Or both together blended, render us Ridiculous to all Ages.

Ladif. I remember

This Face when it was in a better Plight:

Are not you Ricardo?

Hon. And this Thing, I take it,

Was once Ubaldo.

Ubal. I am now I know not what.

Ric. We thank your Majesty for employing us To this subtle Circe.

Eub. How, my Lord, turn'd Spinster! Do you work by the Day, or by the Great?

Ferd. Is your Theorbo

Turn'd to a Distaff, Signior? and your Voice, With which you chanted Room for a lufty Gallant,

Turn'd to the Note of Lacrymæ?

Eub. Pr'ythee tell me,

For I know thou art free, how often, and to the Purpose, Have you been merry with this Lady?

Ric. Never, never.

Ladif. Howfoever you should say so, for your Credit, Being the only Court Bull.

Ubal. O that ever

I faw this kicking Heifer! Soph. You fee, Madam,

How I have cur'd your Servants, and what Favours They with their rampant Valour have won from me. You may, as they are phyfick'd, I prefume, Trust a fair Virgin with 'em; they have learn'd Their several Trades to live by, and paid nothing But Cold and Hunger for 'em, and may now Set up for themselves, for here I give 'em over. And now to you, Sir, why do you not again Peruse your Picture, and take the Advice Of your learned Consort? These are the Men, or none, That made you, as the Italian says, a Beco.

Math. I know not which Way to entreat your Pardon;
Nor am I worthy of it, my Sophia,
My best Sophia, here before the King,
The Queen, these Lords, and all the Lookers on,
I do renounce my Error, and embrace you,
As the great Example to all After-times
For such as would die chaste and noble Wives,

With Reverence to imitate.

Sopb. Not so, Sir.

I yet hold off. However I have purg'd
My doubted Innocence, the foul Aspersions,
In your unmanly Doubts cast on my Honour,
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eub. Shall we have More Jiggobobs yet?

Soph. When you went to the Wars,
I fet no Spy upon you, to observe
Which Way you wander'd, though our Sex by Nature
Is subject to Suspicions and Fears;
My Considence in your Loyalty freed me from 'em.

But

Bu

W

W

A

De

Fo

In

U

M

Il

0

T

W

0

Y

If.

YH

B

H

T

V

T

A

1

V

But to deal as you did 'gainst your Religion,
With this Enchanter to survey my Actions,
Was more than Woman's Weakness; therefore know,
And 'tis my Boon unto the King, I do
Desire a Separation from your Bed;
For I will spend the Remnant of my Life
In Prayer and Meditation.

Math. O take Pity
Upon my Weak Condition, or I am
More wretched in your Innocence, than if
I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a Jewel
Out of the Cabinet of your rich Mind
To lock it up again? — She turns away.
Will none speak for me? Shame and Sin hath robb'd

Of the Use of my Tongue. [n
Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, Madam,

You wrong the Glory of your Victory, If you use it not with Mercy.

Ferd. Any Penance You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant He will gladly suffer.

Eub. Have I liv'd to see

But one good Woman, and shall we for a Trifle Have her turn Nun? I will first pull down the Cloyster. To the old Sport again, with a good Luck to you: 'Tis not alone enough that you are good,

We must have some of the Breed of you: Will you destroy

The Kind, and Race of Goodness? I am converted, and ask your Pardon, Madam, for my ill Opinion Against the Sex, and shew me but two such more, I'll marry yet, and love 'em.

Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the King,
Thus begs Remission for him.

Wrong not your Greatness so.

Omnes. We all are Suitors.

Ubal. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Ric. And we have fuffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive

There's no Reliftance: But suppose I pardon What's past, who can secure me he'll be free From Jealoufy hereafter? movement nousea

Math. I will be

My own Security: Go ride where you please; Feaft, revel, banquet, and make Choice with whom, I'll fet no Watch upon you; and for Proof of't This curfed Picture I furrender up To the confuming Fire.

Bapt. As I abjure

The Practice of my Art. Saph. Upon these Terms

I am reconcil'd; and for these that have paid The Price of their Folly, I defire your Mercy.

Ladis. At your Request they have it.

Ubal. Hang all Trades now. Ric. I will find a new one, and that is to live honest.

of the Cabinet of your

I mises out and

Hil. These are my Fees.

Ubal. Pray you take em with a Mischief.

Ladif. So, all ends in Peace now.

And to all married Men be this a Caution, Which they should duly tender as their Life, Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a Wife.

to Dank of

[Exeunt omnes,

#### I S.

ed band or eswiftenly

that, I do deterve to be heard among

begs Remilion for him. ves. O dear, Madam. 28 e not your Greatness lo. Owner. We all are Suitors.

traveled and I falcobood to sould bee that I is your Pardens, Madam, for the ill Opinson med the Sext and they are but two forh there,

### 

Dramanis Periona.

THE

# FATAL DOWRY.

A devocans.

# TRAGEDY.

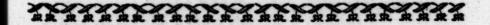
As it hath been often acted at the Private House in Black-Fryers, by his Majesty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

AND

NATHANIEL FIELD.



# Dramatis Personæ.

CHARALOIS.

FLORIMEL. 7

ROMONT.

BELLAPERT.

CHARMI.

AYMER.

NOVALL, Sen.

Novall, Jun.

LILADAM.

Advocates.

Du CROY.

Three Creditors.

ROCHFORT.

Officers.

mi ale Beaumont. It to befor Prieft, med died it A.

PONTALIER.

Taylor.

MALOTIN.

Barber.

BEAUMELLE.

A M. Perfumer.

The Scene, Dijon in Burgundy.

THE

F

W

T Fo

H

A Bu

T

M B



#### THE

# FATAL DOWRY.\*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charalois, with a Paper, Romont, Charmi.

#### Charmi.

WX IR, I may move the Court to ferve your Will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

\*\* Rom. Why think you so, Sir?

Charmi, 'Caufe I am familiar

With what will be their Answer: They will say, 'Tis against Law, and argue me of Ignorance, For off'ring them the Motion.

Rom. You know not, Sir,

How, in this Cause, they may dispense with Law, And therefore frame not you their Answer for them, But do your Parts.

Charmi. I love the Caufe so well,

That I could run the Hazard of a Check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Charmi. Some of the Bench, that watch to give it, More than to do the Office that they fit for:
But give me, Sir, my Fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

Charmi.

Massinger was assisted in writing this Tragedy by Mr. Nathaniel Field, the Author of two Comedies beside; and, as a Poet, very much esteemed by the Cotemporaries of the Age in which he lived.

# ME FATAL DOWRY.

Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving My Lord some Counsel (if he please to hear it) Than I shall do with Pleading.

Rom. What may it be, Sir?

Charmi. That it would please his Lordship, as the

And Counfellors of Court come by, to stand Here, and but shew yourself, and to some one Or two, make his Request: There is a Minute,' When a Man's Presence speaks in his own Cause, More than the Tongues of twenty Advocates. Rom. I have urg'd that.

# Enter Rochfort, Du Croy.

Charmi. Their Lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a Place.—You'll find me in Court,
And at your Service.

[Exit Charm.]

Rom. Now, put on your Spirits!

DuCroy. The Ease that you prepare yourself, my Lord, In giving up the Place you hold in Court, Will prove, I fear, a Trouble in the State; And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you, Sir, no more.

Rom. Now, Sir, lose not this offer'd Means: Their Looks,

Fix'd on you with a pitying Earnestness,
Invite you to demand their Furtherance
To your good Purpose,—This such a Dulness,
So foolish, and untimely, as—
Du Croy. You know him?

When a Man's Presence Speaks, &c.

So Shakespear, in Julius Cafar, fays,

Charani.

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Milery.

A& IV. Scene V.

0

S

F

F

0

I

V

A

Y

N

T

T

FB

T

T

T

T

M

With

Rock. I do; and much lament the fudden Fall Of his brave House. It is young Charalois, Son to the Marshal, from whom he inherits His Fame and Vertues only. To good of the O on bull

Rom. Ha! they name you wood and or anish more

Du Croy. His Father died in Prison two Days since! Rock. Yes, to the Shame of this ungrateful State; That fuch a Master in the Art of War, svins So noble, and fo highly meriting : sale quelled From this forgetful Country, should, for Want Of Means to fatisfy his Creditors The Sum he took up for the general Good, Meet with an End so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever hope for like Opportunity? Du Croy. My good Lord!

Roch. My Wish bring Comfort to you.

Du Croy. The Time calls us.

Roch. Good morrow, Colonel da Manager 1001 10

Town sew 100 1 1 [Exeunt Rochfort, Du Croy.

You think becomes your Sorrow, and forts well With your black Suits: But, grant me Wit, or Judgo drown the Tempeth of a Header's Tonenam

And, by the Freedom of an honest Man, And a true Friend to boot, I fwear, 'tis shameful: And therefore, flatter not yourfelf with Hope, Your fable Habit, with the Hat and Cloak, No, though the Ribbons help, have Power to work 'em To what you would: For those, that had no Eyes To fee the great Acts of your Father, will not, From any Fashion Sorrow can put on, Be taught to know their Duties.

Char. If they will not, They are too old to learn, and I too young To give them Counsel; fince, if they partake The Understanding, and the Hearts of Men, They will prevent my Words and Tears: If not, What can Perfuafion, though made eloquent VOL. II.

With Grief, work upon such as have chang'd Natures With the most savage Beast? Blest, blest be ever The Memory of that happy Age, when Justice Had no Guards to keep off wrong'd Innocence From slying to her Succours, and, in that, Assurance of Redress: Whereas now, Romont, The Damn'd, with more Ease may ascend from Hell, Then we arrive at her. One Cerberus, there, Forbids the Passage; in our Courts, a thousand, As loud and fertile-headed; and the Client, That wants the Sops, to fill their rav'nous Throats, Must hope for no Access. Why should I, then, Attempt Impossibilities, you, Friend, being Too well acquainted with my Dearth of Means To make my Entrance that Way?

Rom. Would I were not.

But, Sir! you have a Cause, a Cause so just, Of such Necessity, not to be deferred, As would compel a Maid, whose Foot was never Set o'er her Father's Threshold, nor within The House where she was born, ever spake Word Which was not usher'd with pure Virgin Blushes, To drown the Tempest of a Pleader's Tongue, And sorce Corruption to give back the Hire It took against her:—Let Examples move you. You see Men great in Birth, Esteem and Fortune, Rather than lose a Scruple of their Right, Fawn basely upon such, whose Gowns put off, They would disdain for Servants.

Char. And to these can I become a Suitor?

Rom. Without Loss;

Would you consider, that, to gain their Favours, Our chastest Dames put off their Modesties, Soldiers forget their Honours, Usurers Make Sacrifice of Gold, Poets of Wit, And Men religious part with Fame, and Goodness. Be therefore won to use the Means that may Advance your pious Ends.

Char:

## THE FATAL DOWRY.

Char. You shall o'ercome.

Rom. And you receive the Glory. Pray you, now, practife all tell aqui anna zin lo san Provided that Carcate rug above Grounds that T'

Twill care his bookin brenzy

Enter Old Noval, Liladam, and three Creditors.

Char. Not: look on me! A despined Admondied A

Rom. You must have Patience-Offer't again.

Char. And be again contemn'd!

Nov. I know what's to be done.

I Cred. And, that your Lordship

Will please to do your Knowledge, we offer, first Our thankful Hearts here, as a bounteous Earnest To what we will add year remain od as and make

Nov. One Word more of this, I am your Enemy and I a Man, but at the land Your Bribes can work on? Ha?

The Way to win my Lord; -he must not hear this, But I, as one in Favour, in his Sight, and I and antical I May hearken to you for my Profit. Sir! -I pray hear 'em. ; ratted on noqu dool hald .

Nov. 'Tis well. I s street of to angular of slotte or A

Lilad. Observe him, now.

Nove Your Cause being good, and your Proceedings foring from the fordid Maphili

Without Corruption : I am your Friend, Speak your Defires? You and and more your to

2 Cred. Oh, they are charitable; The Marshal stood engag'd, unto us three Two hundred thousand Crowns, which by his Death We are defeated of. For which great Loss We aim at nothing but his rotten Flesh; Nor is that Cruelty.

r Cred. I have a Son

That talks of nothing but of Guns and Armour, And swears he'll be a Soldier; 'tis an Humour

#### THE FATAL DOWRY. 196

I would divert him from; and I am told, That if I minister to him, in his Drink, Powder, made of this Bankrupt Marshal's Bones, Provided that the Carcase rot above Ground, 'Twill cure his foolish Frenzy.

Nov. You shew in it

A Father's Care. I have a Son myself, A fashionable Gentleman, and a peaceful: And, but I am affur'd he's not so given, He should take of it too. - Sir! what are you? Char. A Gentleman. ob ad of a tenta words I work

Nov. So are many that rake Dunghills. If you have any Suit, move it in Court: I take no Papers in Corners. Standard and

Rom. Yes, as the Matter may be carried, and hereby To manage the Conveyance—Follow him.

Lilad. You're rude: I fay, he shall not pass.

[Excunt Novall, Charalois, and Advocates.

Rom. You fay fo? On what Affurance? For the well-cutting of his Lordship's Corns, vall Picking his Toes, or any Office elfe Nearer to Balenes? They's ver rol nov or making with

Are these the Enfigns of so coarse a Fellow? Be well advis'd. lad. Objecte him, now

Rom. Out, Rogue! do not I know Kicks bim. These glorious Weeds spring from the fordid Dunghill Of thy officious Baseness? Wert thou worthy Of any Thing from me, but my Contempt,

I would do more then this, -more, you Court-Spider! Lilad. But that this Man is lawless; he should find That I am valiant.

1 Cred. If your Ears are fast,

'Tis nothing. What's a Blow or two? As much-2 Cred. These Chastisements, as useful are as fre-

To fuch as would grow rich.

Rom, Are they so, Rascals? I will be friend you then-

1 Cred. Bear Witness, Sirs!

Lilad. Truth, I have born my Part already, Friends! In the Court you shall hear more. [Exit.

Rom. I know you for

The worst of Spirits, that strive to rob the Tombs Of what is their Inheritance, the Dead: For Usurers, bred by a riotous Peace; That hold the Charter of your Wealth and Freedom, By being Knaves and Cuckolds, that ne'er pray'd, But when you fear the rich Heirs will grow wise, To keep their Lands out of your Parchment Toils; And then, the Devil your Father's call'd upon, T' invent some Ways of Luxury ne'er thought on. Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no Room Upon your Foreheads for your Horns to sprout on, Without a Murmur, or I will undo you; For I will beat you honest.

1 Cred. Thrift forbid!

We will bear this, rather then hazard that.

[Exit Creditor.

#### Enter Charalois.

Rom. I am fomewhat eas'd in this yet.—Char. Only Friend!

To what vain Purpose do I make my Sorrow
Wait on the Triumph of their Cruelty?
Or teach their Pride from my Humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determin'd
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the Glory they expect
From my submiss Intreaties.

Rom. Think not fo, Sir!
The Difficulties that you encounter with,
Will crown the Undertaking—Heaven! you weep
And I could do fo too; but that I know,
There's more expected, from the Son and Friend

N 3

## 198 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Of him whose satal Loss now shakes our Natures, Than Sighs, or Tears, in which a Village-Nurse, Or cunning Strumpet, when her Knave is hang'd, May overcome us. We are Men, young Lord, Let us not do like Women.—To the Court, And there speak like your Birth: Wake sleeping Justice, Or dare the Axe. This is a Way will fort With what you are: I call you not to that I will shrink from myself, I will deserve Your Thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely That sudden Fire of Anger shews in you! Give Fuel to it, since you're on a Shelf, Of extreme Danger, suffer like yourself, [Exeunt,

#### SCENE II,

Enter Rochfort, Novall, sen. Charmi, Du Croy, Advocates, Beaumont, and Officers, and three Presidents.

Du Croy. Your Lordship's seated. May this Meeting prove

Prosperous to us, and to the general Good of Burgundy.
Nov. sen. Speak to the Point!

Du Croy. Which is

With Honour to dispose the Place and Power Of Primier President, which this reverend Man, Grave Rochfort, (whom for Honour's Sake I name) Is purpos'd to resign a Place, my Lords, In which he hath, with such Integrity, Perform'd the first and best Parts of a Judge; That, as his Life transcends all fair Examples Of such as were before him in Dijon, So it remains to those that shall succeed him, A Precedent that they may imitate, but not equal.

Rock. I may not sit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the Love, And Thankfulness we're bound to pay to Goodness, In this o'ercome your Modesty.

Roch. My Thanks

F

1

I

V

1

F

Ir

Y

W

A

For this great Favour shall prevent your Trouble. The honourable Trust, that was impos'd Upon my Weakness, since you witness for me, It was not ill discharg'd, I will not mention; Nor now, if Age had not depriv'd me of The little Strength I had to govern well The Province that I undertook, forfake it.

Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our Years.

Du Croy. Or Strength!

Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue The noble Exercise of your knowing Judgment!

Roch. That may not be; nor can your Lordship's Goodness,

Since your Employments have conferr'd upon me Sufficient Wealth, deny the Use of it; And, though old Age, when one Foot's in the Grave, In many, when all Humours else are spent Feeds no Affection in them, but Defire To add Height to the Mountain of their Riches: In me it is not so: I rest content With th' Honours, and Estate I now posses, And, that I may have Liberty to use, What Heav'n, still bleffing my poor Industry, Hath made me Master of, I pray the Court

Enter Romont, and Charalois.

To ease me of my Burthen; that I may Employ the small Remainder of my Life, In living well, and learning how to die fo.

Rom. See Sir, our Advocate. Du Croy. The Court intreats Your Lordship will be pleas'd to name the Man, Which you would have your Successor, and in me All premise to confirm it.

Roch. I embrace it

As an Affurance of their Favour to me, And name my Lord Novall. Du Croy. The Court allows it.

N 4

200

Roch. But there are Suiters wait here, and their Caufes May be of more Necessity to be heard, And therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd, And theirs have Hearing.

Du Croy. If your Lordship please To take the Place, we will proceed.

Charmi. The Caufe

We come to offer to your Lordship's Censure, Is in itself so noble, that it needs not Or Rhetorick in me that plead, or Favour From your grave Lordships, to determine of it. Since, to the Praise of your impartial Justice (Which guilty, nay, condemn'd Men, dare not scandal) It will erect a Trophy of your Mercy Which marry'd to that Justice.-

Nov. fen. Speak to the Caufe.

Charmi. I will, my Lord! to fay, the late dead Marfhal.

The Father of this young Lord here, my Client, Hath done his Country great and faithful Service, Might talk me of Impertinence, to repeat What your grave Lordships cannot but remember, He, in his Life, become indebted to These thrifty Men, (I will not wrong their Credits, By giving them the Attributes they now merit) And failing, by the Fortune of the Wars, Of Means to free himself from his Engagements, He was arrested, and for Want of Bail, Imprison'd at their Suit: And not long after With Lofs of Liberty ended his Life. And, though it be a Maxim in our Laws, All Suits die with the Person, these Men's Malice In Death find Matter for their Hate to work on, Denying him the decent Rites of Burial, Which the fworn Enemies of the Christian Faith Grant freely to their Slaves: May it, therefore, please Your Lordships, so to fashion your Decree, That, what their Cruelty doth forbid, your Pity May give Allowance to. Nov. Nov. sen. How long have you, Sir, practis'd in Court? Charmi. Some twenty Years, my Lord.

Nov. Sen. By your gross Ignorance, it should appear, Not twenty Days.

Charmi. I hope I have giv'n no Cause in this, my

Nov. sen. How dare you move the Court
To the dispensing with an Act confirm'd
By Parliament, to the Terror of all Bankrupts?
Go home! and with more Care peruse the Statutes:
Or the next Motion, favouring of this Boldness,
May force you to leap (against your Will)
Over the Place you plead at.

Charmi. I forefaw this.

Rom. Why, does your Lordship think, the moving of A Cause, more honest than this Court had ever The Honour to determine, can deserve

A Check like this?

Nov. sen. Strange Boldness! Rom. 'Tis fit Freedom:

Or, do you conclude, an Advocate cannot hold His Credit with the Judge, unless he study His Face more than the Cause for which he pleads? Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. Or, cannot you, that have the Power To qualify the Rigour of the Laws When you are pleased, take a little from The Strictness of your sour Decrees, enacted In Favour of the greedy Creditors Against the o'erthrown Debtor?

Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate

Thus faucily, what are you? Rom. Why, I'll tell you,

Thou Purple-colour'd Man! I'm one to whom Thou ow'ft the Means thou hast of sitting there A corrupt Elder.

Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. The Nose thou wear'st, is my Gift, and those Eyes,

That

That meet no Object so base as their Master,
Had been long since, torn from that guilty Head,
And thou thyself Slave to some needy Swiss,
Had I not worn a Sword, and us'd it better
Than in thy Prayers thou ever didst thy Tongue.

Nov. fen. Shall fuch an Insolence pass unpunish'd? Charmi. Hear me!

Rom. Yet I, that, in my Service done my Country, Disdain to be put in the Scale with thee, Confess myself unworthy to be valu'd With the least Part, nay, Hair of the dead Marshal, Of whose so many glorious Undertakings, Make Choice of any one, and that the meanest, Perform'd against the subtle Fox of France, The politick Lewis, or the more desperate Swiss, And 'twill outweigh all the good Purpose, Though put in Act, that ever Gownman practis'd,

Nov. Sen. Away with him to Prison!

Rom. If that Curses,
Urg'd justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell
On those that did deserve them; let not mine
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this Instant
May'st, in thy Fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be sensible of the Plagues they shall bring with them.
And for denying of a little Earth,

To cover what remains of our great Soldier:

May all your Wives prove Whores, your Factors Thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous Heirs undo you.

And thou, the Patron of their Cruelty,

Of all thy Lordships live not to be Owner
Of so much Dung as will conceal a Dog,
Or, what is worse, thyself in. And thy Years,
To th' End thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
And, as thou hast deny'd the Dead a Grave,
May Misery in thy Life make thee desire one,
Which Men and all the Elements keep from thee;

I have begun well, imitate, exceed.

Roch. Good Counfel, were it a Praise-worthy Deed.

[Exit Officers with Romont.]
Du Croye.

That

ot to nd ut the fall

Du

Cha

nfw

the

our

o q han the

hat hat Vinl Vrit y n

> vas nd r el

> t Ghe bea o b

of N
Ch
know

ou

le :

Du Croye. Remember what we are, Char. Thus low my Duty nswers your Lordship's Counsel. I will use the few Words, with which I am to trouble our Lordship's Ears the Temper that you wish me; ot that I fear to fpeak my Thoughts as loud, nd with a Liberty beyond Romont: ut that I know, for me, that am made up f all that's wretched, so to haste my End, Yould feem to most, rather a Willingness o quit the Burthen of a hopeless Life, han Scorn of Death, or Duty to the Dead. therefore, bring the Tribute of my Praise o your Severity, and commend the Justice hat will not, for the many Services hat any Man hath done the Common-wealth, Vink at his least of Ills: What, though my Father Vrit Man before he was fo, and confirm'd it. y numbring that Day, no Part of his Life, which he did not Service to his Country; Vas he to be free, therefore, from the Laws, nd ceremonious Form in your Decrees? r else, because he did as much as Man those three memorable Overthrows t Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his Master, he warlike Charalois (with whose Misfortunes bear his Name) lost Treasure, Men and Life, o be excus'd from Payment of those Sums Which (his own Patrimony spent) his Zeal, o ferve his Country, forc'd him to take up? Nov. sen. The Precedent were ill. Char. And yet, my Lord, thus much know you'll grant; after those great Defeatures, Which in their dreadful Ruins buried quick

### Enter Officers.

ourage and Hope, in all Men but himself, le forc'd the proud Foe, in his Height of Conquest, To

## 104 THE PATAL DOWRY.

To yield unto an honourable Peace, And in it fav'd an hundred thousand Lives, To end his own, that was fure Proof against The scalding Summer's Heat, and Winter's Frost, Ill Airs, the Cannon, and the Enemy's Sword, In a most loathsome Prison.

Du Croy. 'Twas his Fault brown

To be fo prodigal.

Nov. fen. He had from the State Sufficient Entertainment for the Army.

Char. Sufficient, my Lord? You sit at Home, And, though your Fees are boundless at the Bar, Are thrifty in the Charges of the War, But your Wills be obey'd. To these I turn, To these soft-hearted Men, that wisely know They're only good Men, that pay what they owe.

2 Cred. And so they are.

I Cred. 'Tis the City-Doctrine; We stand bound to maintain it.

Char. Be constant in it;

And, fince you are as merciles in your Natures, As base and mercenary in your Means By which you get your Wealth, I will not urge The Court to take away one Scruple from The Right of their Laws, or one good Thought In you to mend your Disposition with. I know there is no Musick to your Ears So pleasing as the Groans of Men in Prison, And that the Tears of Widows, and the Cries Of famish'd Orphans, are the Feasts that take you. That to be in your Danger, with more Care Should be avoided, than infectious Air, The loath'd Embraces of diseased Women, A Flatterer's Poison, or the Loss of Honour. Yet, rather than my Father's reverend Dust Shall want a Place in that fair Monument, In which our noble Ancestors lie intomb'd, Before the Court I offer up myfelf A Prisoner for it: Load me with those Irons

ľ

1

1

C

That have worn out his Life; in my best Strength I'll run to the Encounter of cold Hunger, And choose my Dwelling where no Sun dares enter, So he may be releas'd.

1 Cred. What mean you, Sir?

2 Advo. Only your Fee again: There's fo much faid Already in this Cause, and said so well, That, should I only offer to speak in it, I should not be heard, or laugh'd at for it.

I Cred. 'Tis the first Money Advocate e'er gave back,

Though he faid nothing.

Roch. Be advis'd, young Lord,
And well confiderate; you throw away
Your Liberty, and Joys of Life together:
Your Bounty is employ'd upon a Subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise Man
Never abus'd his Goodness; the great Virtues
Of your dead Father vindicate themselves
From these Mens Malice, and break ope the Prison,
Though it contain his Body.

Nov. fen. Let him alone:

If he love Cords, a God's Name, let him wear 'em, Provided these consent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any Way of Profit,
As to neglect a Possibility
To get their own, by feeking it from that
Which can return them nothing, but ill Fame,
And Curses for their barbarous Cruelties.

3 Cred. What think you of the Offer?

2 Cred. Very well.

Chat

I Cred. Accept it by all Means: Let's shut him up, He is well-shap'd, and has a villainous Tongue, And should he study that Way of Revenge, As I dare almost swear he loves a Wench, We have no Wives, nor ever shall get Daughters That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your Answer? 2 Cred. Speak you for all.

1 Cred. Why, let our Executions That lie upon the Father, be return'd Upon the Son, and we release the Body.

Nov. fen. The Court must grant you that.

Char. I thank your Lordships,

They have in it confirm'd on me fuch Glory, As no Time can take from me: I am ready, Come lead me where you please: Captivity, That comes with Honour, is true Liberty.

Exit Charalois, Creditors and Officers.

C

I

S

V

R

P

Nov. Sen. Strange Rashness.

Roch. A brave Resolution rather,
Worthy a better Fortune; but, however,
It is not now to be disputed, therefore
To my own Cause. Already I have found
Your Lordships bountiful in your Favours to me;
And that should teach my Modesty to end here,
And press your Loves no farther.

Du Croy. There is nothing

The Court can grant, but with Affurance you

May ask it, and obtain it.

Roch. You encourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not Your Favours should be lost. Besides, 'that been the A Custom many Years, at the surrend'ring The Place I now give up, to grant the President One Boon, that parted with it. And, to confirm Your Grace towards me, against all such as may Detract my Actions, and Life hereafter, I now preser it to you.

Du Croy. Speak it freely.

Roch. I then desire the Liberty of Romont,
And that my Lord Noval, whose private Wrong,
Was equal to the Injury that was done
To the Dignity of the Court, will pardon it,
And now sign his Enlargement.

Nov. fen. Pray you demand The Moiety of my Estate, or any Thing Within my Power, but this.

Roch. Am I deny'd then—my first and last Request?

Du Croy.

Du Croy. It must not be.

2 Pre. I have a Voice to give in it.

2 Pre. And I.

And, if Persuasion will not work him to it, We will make known our Power.

Nov. fen. You are too violent;

You shall have my Consent.—But would you had Made Trial of my Love in any thing

But this, you should have found then—But it skills not.
You have what you defire.

Roch. I thank your Lordships.

Du Croy. The Court is up - Make Way.

Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.

Roch. I follow you - Beaumont!

Beaum. My Lord.

Roch. You are a Scholar, Beaumont!

And can search deeper into th' Intents of Men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd
The Piety and brave Behaviour of

Young Charalois to you?

Beaum. It is my Wonder,

Since I want Language to express it fully;

And fure the Colonel -

Roch. Fie! he was faulty. — What present Money have I?

Beaum. There is no Want

Of any Sum a private Man has Use for.

Roch. 'Tis well:

not [fit

eft?

I am strangely taken with this Charalois;
Methinks, from his Example, the whole Age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his Goodness
Rising above his Fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask a Courtesy.

[Exeunt.

The End of the First AEt.

ACT

# 

### ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pontalier, Malotin, Beaumont.

Malot. IS strange.

Beaum. Methinks fo.

Pont. In a Man, but young,
Yet old in Judgment, theorick and practick,
In all Humanity, and (to increase the Wonder)
Religious, yet a Soldier, that he should
Yield his free-living Youth a Captive, for
The Freedom of his aged Father's Corps,
And rather choose to want Life's Necessaries,
Liberty, Hope of Fortune, than it should
In Death be kept from Christian Ceremony.

Malot. Come, 'tis a golden Precedent in a Son To let strong Nature have the better Hand, (In such a Case) of all affected Reason. What Years sit on this Charalois?

Beaum. Twenty-eight;

For fince the Clock did ftrike him seventeen old, Under his Father's Wing, this Son hath fought, Serv'd and commanded, and so aptly both, That sometimes he appear'd his Father's Father, And never less than's Son; the old Man's Virtues So recent in him, as the World may swear, Nought but a fair Tree could such fair Fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barb'rous Law, And Men more barbarous to execute it, Prevail on his soft Disposition,
That he had rather die alive for Debt
Of the old Man in Prison, than they should
Rob him of Sepulture, considering
These Monies borrow'd bought the Lenders Peace,
And all their Means they enjoy, nor was diffus'd
In any impious or licentious Path?

Beaum

E

1

th

Beaum. True! for my Part, were it my Father's Trunk, The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their Horns should gore it,

Or cast it to their Curs, than they less currish, E'er prey on me so, with their Lion-Law, Being in my Free Will (as in his) to shun it,

Pont. Alas! he knows himself in Poverty lost:

For in this partial avaricious Age

What Price bears Honour '? Virtue? Long ago It was but prais'd, and freez'd, but now-a-days 'Tis colder far, and has, nor Love, nor Praise: Very Praise now freezeth too: For Nature Did make the Heathen far more Christian then, Than Knowledge us (lefs heathenish) Christian.

Malo. This Morning is the Funeral.

Pont. Certainly!

And from this Prison 'twas the Son's Request That his dear Father might Interment have.

Recorders Mufick.

See the young Son interr'd a lively Grave. Beaum. They come - Observe their Order.

Enter Funeral. The Body borne by four. Captains and Soldiers, Mourners, 'Scutcheons, &c. in very good Order. Charalois and Romont meet it. Charalois speaks. Romont weeping. Solemn Musick. Three Creditors.

Char. How like a filent Stream shaded with Night, And gliding foftly with our windy Sighs, Moves the whole Frame of this Solemnity! Tears, Sighs and Blacks filling the Simile! Whilst I, the only Murmur in this Grove Of Death, thus hollowly break forth !- Vouchfafe

> - In this partial avaricious Age What Price bears Honour, &c.

This beautiful and just Reslection holds no less true in these Days; than it did in those of Old.

VOL. II.

To stay awhile,-Rest, rest in Peace, dear Earth! Thou, that brought'st Rest to their unthankful Lives, Whose Cruelty deny'd thee Rest in Death! Here stands thy poor Executor, thy Son, That makes his Life Prisoner, to bail thy Death: Who gladlier puts on this Captivity, Than Virgins, long in Love, their Wedding Weeds: Of all that ever thou hast done Good to, These only have good Memories; for they Remember best, forget not Gratitude. I thank you for this last and friendly Love. And, though this Country, like a vip'rous Mother, Not only hath eat up ungratefully All Means of thee her Son, but last thyself, Leaving thy Heir fo bare and indigent, He cannot raise thee a poor Monument, Such as a Flatterer, or an Usurer hath. Thy Worth, in every honest Breast, builds one, Making their friendly Hearts thy Funeral Stone. Pont. Sir!

Char. Peace! O Peace! This Scene is wholly mine. What! Weep ye, Soldiers? — Blanch not. — Romont

weeps.

Ha! let me see! my Miracle is eas'd:
The Jailors and the Creditors do weep:
E'en they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy Body's Balm: These and thy Virtue
Keep thy Fame ever odoriserous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving Man,
Alive stinks in his Vices, and being vanish'd,
The golden Calf that was an Idol, deck'd
With Marble Pillars, Jet, and Porphyry,
Shall quickly both in Bone and Name consume,
Though wrapt in Lead, Spice, Searcloth, and Persume.

1 Cred. Sir!

Char. What! — Away, for Shame! you prophane Rogues

Must not be mingled with these holy Reliques: This is a Sacrifice — Our Show'r shall crown

His

F

T

Y

W

7

T

C

A

E

T

A

Fo

Bu

Al

Ar

TH

Li

T

Fo

Yo

Di

Ar

W

His Sepulchre with Olive, Myrrh, and Bays, The Plants of Peace, of Sorrow, Victory; Your Tears would spring but Weeds.

i Cred. Would they fo?

We'll keep them to ftop Bottles then.

Rom. No, keep 'em for your own Sins, you Rogues, 'Till you repent; you'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 Cred. Damn'd, ha! ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh ye?

3 Cred. Yes faith, Sir; we'ld be very glad

To please you either Way.

1 Cred. Ye're ne'er content,

Crying nor laughing.

Rom. Both with a Birth she rogues. 2 Cred. Our Wives, Sir, taught us.

Rom. Look, look, you Slaves! your thankless Cru-And favage Manners of unkind Dijon, Exhaust these Floods, and not his Father's Death.

I Cred. 'Slid, Sir! what would you, you're fo cholerick?

1 Cred. Most Soldiers are so i' faith.—Let him alone. They've little else to live on; we've not had A Penny of him, have we?

3 Cred. 'Slight, would you have our Hearts?'

1 Cred. We've nothing but his Body here in Durance For all our Money.

Priest. On.

C.

ne

Iis

Char. One Moment more, But to bestow a few poor Legacies, All I have left in my dead Father's Rights, And I have done. Captain, wear thou these Spurs, That yet ne'er made his Horse run from a Foe. Lieutenant, thou this Scarf; and may it tie Thy Valour and thy Honesty together: For so it did in him. Ensign, this Cuirass, Your General's Necklace, once. You gentle Bearers, Divide this Purse of Gold: This other, strew Among the Poor .- 'Tis all I have. Romont,

Wear thou this Medal of himself, that, like

# 212 THE FATAL DOWRY.

A hearty Oak, grew'st close to this tall Pine,
E'en in the wildest Wilderness of War,
Whereon Foes broke their Swords, and tir'd themselves;
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my Portion provide in Heaven:
My Root is earth'd, and I, a desolate Branch,
Lest scatter'd in the Highway of the World;
Trod under Foot, that might have been a Column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd House,
This would I wear as my Inheritance.
And what Hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here Prisoners?
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep, or redeem me from all Insamy.

# 8 0 N G.

Fie! cease to wonder!
Though you bear Orpheus, with his Ivory Lute,
Move Trees and Rocks,

Charm Bulls, Bears, and Men more savage, to be muti, Weak foolish Singer, here is one Would have transform'd thyself, to Stone.

2 Cred. No farther! look to 'em at your own Peril.
2 Cred. No, as they please:—Their Master's a good
I would they were at the Bermudas.

[Man.

Jailor. You must no farther.—
The Prison limits you, and the Creditors
Exact the Strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolfish Mongrels!
Whose Brains should be knock'd out, like Dogs in July,
Lest your Infection poison a whole Town.

Char. They grudge our Sorrow. - Your ill Wills, perforce,

Turn now to Charity: They would not have us Walk too far mourning, Usurer's Relief Grieves, if the Debtors have to much of Grief.

SCENE

# SCENE IL

Enter Beaumelle, Florimel, Bellapert.

Beaumel. I pr'ythee tell me, Flarimel, why do Women marry?

Flor. Why truly, Madam, I think, to lie with their

Husbands.

Bellap. You are a Fool. She lies, Madam; Women marry Husbands,

To lie with other Men.

Flor. 'Faith, e'en such a Woman wilt thou make. By this Light, Madam, this Wagtail will spoil you, if you

take Delight in her Licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, Florimel, and thou wilt make me too good for a young Lady. What an Electuary found my Father out for his Daughter, when he compounded you two my Women? for thou, Florimel, art e'en a Grain too heavy—simply for a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a Grain too light.

Bellap. Well, go thy Ways, goodly Wisdom, whom no-body regards. I wonder, whether be elder, thou or thy Hood: You think, because you serve my Lady's Mother, are thirty-two Years old, which is a Peep-out, you know.

Flor. Well faid, Whirligig.

Bellap. You are deceived: I want a Peg i' the Middle, Out of these Prerogatives! you think to be Mother of the Maids here, and mortify em with Proverbs: Go, go, govern the Sweet-meats, and weigh the Sugar, that the Wenches steal none: Say your Prayers twice a Day, and, as I take it, you have performed your Function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bellap. Hark! the Court's broke up. Go, help my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his Head till Dinner-time.

Flor. Well.

Bellap. Fie, Madam! how you walk! By my Maidenhead,

head, you look feven Years older than you did this Morning: Why, there can be nothing under the Sun valuable, to make you thus a Minute.

der

or

Sta

Pe

W

Se

T

Sh

E

Is

ſh

H

th

b

T

to

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert! thou Cabinet To all my Counsels, thou dost know the Cause That makes thy Lady wither thus in Youth.

Bellap. Uds-light, enjoy your Wishes: Whilft I live, One Way or other you shall crown your Will. Would you have him your Husband that you love, And can't not be? He is your Servant, though,

And may perform the Office of a Husband. Beaumel. But there is Honour, Wench.

Bellap. Such a Difease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die -Beaumel. Pr'ythee, distinguish me a Maid and Wife. Bellap. 'Faith, Madam, one may bear any Man's Children,

T'other must bear no Man's.

Beaumel. What is a Husband?

Bellap. Physick, that, tumbling in your Belly, will make you fick i' th' Stomach. The only Diftinction betwixt a Husband and a Servant is, the first will lie with you, when he pleases; the last shall lie with you, when you please. Pray tell me, Lady, do you love, to marry after; or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet Love and Marriage both at

once.

Bellap. Why then you are out of the Fashion, and will be contemn'd: For, I'll affure you, there are few Women in the World, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would: Your Father's Will is the Goal you must fly to. If a Husband approach you, you would have farther off, is he your Love? the less near you. A Husband in these Days is but a Cloak to be oftener laid upon your Bed, than in your Bed.

Beaumel. Hum!

Bellap. Sometimes you may wear him on your Shoulder;

# THE FATAL DOWRY. der; and now and then under your Arm; but feldom

or never let him cover you; for 'tis not the Fashion.

Enter Novall, jun. Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.

Nov. jun. Best Day to Nature's Curiosity, Star of Dijon, the Lustre of all France! Perpetual Spring dwell on thy rofy Cheeks, Whose Breath is Perfume to our Continent, See Flora turn'd in her Varieties. 3

Bellap. Oh divine Lord!

Nov. jun. No Autumn, nor no Age ever approach This heavenly Piece, which Nature having wrought, She loft her Needle, and did then despair Ever to work fo lively and fo fair.

Lilad. Uds-light, my Lord, one of the Purls of your Band

Is, without all Discipline, fall'n out of his Rank.

Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thousand Crowns

she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bellap. Oh Lord! Per se, Lord! Quintessence of Honour! she walks not under a Weed that could deny thee any Thing.

Beaumel. Pr'ythee Peace, Wench! thou dost but

blow the Fire, that flames too much already.

[Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, whilf

Bellapert ber Lady.

Aymer. By Gad, my Lord, you have the divinest Taylor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an Angel in your Cloth of Tiffue Doublet.

Pont. This is a three legg'd Lord: There's a fresh Affault. Oh! that Men should spend Time thus! -

3 See Flora turn'd in her Varieties.

Thus it stands in the old Copies; but certainly false: We ought to read

See Flora trim'd in ber Varieties.

See, fee how her Blood drives to her Heart, and strait vaults to her Cheeks again.

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of 'em there, the lower, is a good, foolith, knavish, sociable Gallimaufry of a Man, and has much taught my Lord with Singing; he is Master of a Musick House. The other is his Dressing-Block, upon whom my Lord lays all his Cloaths, and Fashions, ere he vouchfafes 'em his own Person; you shall see him i'th' Morning in the Galley-foist, at Noon in the Bullion, i' th' Evening in Quirpo, and all Night in -.

Malat. A Baudy-house.

Pont. If my Lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They skip into my Lord's cast Skins some twice a Year; and thus they live to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my Lord.

Malot. Good Sir, tell me one Thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these Men ever fight, on any Cause? Pont. Oh, no, 'twould spoil their Cloaths, and put their Bands out of Order.

Nov. jun. Must you hear the News: Your Father has refign'd his Presidentship to my Lord my Father.

Malot. And Lord Charalois undone for ever.

Pant. Troth, 'tis Pity, Sir!

A braver Hope of so affur'd a Father

Did never comfort France.

Lilad, A good dumb Mourner.

Aymer. A filent Black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his Cloaths! As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers, To see his Friends, and return'd after Twelf-tide.

Lilad. His Colonel looks finely like a Drover .-Nov. jun. That had a Winter lain perdieu i' th' Rain. Aymer. What, he that wears a Clout about his Neck?

His Cuffs in's Pocket, and his Heart in's Mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him! Beaumel. Servant, tie my Hand.

How

P

How your Lips blush, in Scorn that they should pay Tribute to Hands, when Lips are in the Way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your Hand looks white,

Because your Lips rob'd it of such a Right.

Monsieur Aymer, I prythee sing the Song
Devoted to my Mistres,

[Mufick,

# SONG.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man, Set Phœbus! set; a fairer Sun doth rise
From the bright Radiance of my Mistress' Eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each Hair a golden Line, each Word a Hook
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

Wom. Fair Servant! come; the Day these Eyes do lend To warm thy Blood, thou dost so vainly spend, Come strangled Breath.

Man. What Note so sweet as this That calls the Spirits to a further Blis?

Wom. Yet this out-savours Wine, and this Perfume.

Man. Let's die, I languish, I consume.

After the Song, enter Rochfort and Beaumont.

Beaum. Romont will come, Sir, straight.

Roch. 'Tis well.

Beaumel. My Father.

Nov. jun. My honourable Lord.

Roch. My Lord Novall! this is a Virtue in you, So early up and ready before Noon;

That are the Map of Dreffing through all France.

Nov. jun. I rise to say my Prayers, Sir, here's my Saint, Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you must give me Leave.

I have some private Conference with my Daughter, Pray use my Garden, you shall dine with me.

Lilad. We'll wait on you.

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your Lordship,
Remember what you have vow'd— [To Beaumelle.

[Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.

Beau. Perform I must.

Roch. Why how now, Beaumelle, thou look'st not well. Th'art sad of late,—come cheer thee; I have sound A wholesome Remedy for these maiden Fits, A goodly Oak whereon to twist my Vine, Till her fair Branches grow up to the Stars. Be near at Hand, Success crown my Intent, My Business fills my little Time so full, I cannot stand to talk: I know, thy Duty Is Handmaid to my Will, especially When it presents nothing but good and sit.

Beaum. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my Tears prove true,

Fate hath wrong'd Love, and will destroy me too.

[Exit Beaumelle.

### Enter Romont, Keeper.

Rom. Sent you for me, Sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your Lordship's Pleasure?

Roch. Keeper, this Prisoner I will see forth coming. Upon my Word—Sit down, good Colonel.

Exit Keeper.

7

7

Is

T

T

A

Si

W

W

A

(F

Bu

Sv

A

In Ev

As

Th

Ho

To

In

An

For

Th

Wh

To

She

But.

The

ra

AS

R

Why I did wish you hither, noble Sir,
Is, to advise you from this Iron Carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear,
To pity, and to Counsel you submit
With Expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern Contempt, and slight Neglect
Of the whole Court, and him, and Opportunity;
Or you will undergo a heavy Censure
In public very shortly.
Rom. Reverend Sir,

I have observ'd you, and do know you well; And am now more afraid you know not me, By wishing my Submission to Novall,

Then

Then I can be of all the bellowing Mouths That wait upon him to pronounce the Cenfure, Could it determine me to Torments, and Shame. Submit, and crave Forgiveness of a Beaft? 'Tis true, this Boil of State wears purple Tiffue, Is high fed, proud :- So is his Lordship's Horse, And bears as rich Caparifons. I know, This Elephant carries on his Back not only Tow'rs, Castles, but the ponderous Republick, And never stoops for't, with his strong Breath Trunk Snuffs other Titles, Lordships, Offices, Wealth, Bribes, and Lives, under his ravenous Jaws: What's this unto my Freedom? I dare die; And therefore ask this Camel, if these Bleffings (For fo they would be understood by a Man) But mollify one Rudeness in his Nature, Sweeten the eager Relish of the Law, At whose great Helm he sits. Helps he the poor In a just Business? Nay, does he not cross Every deferved Soldier and Scholar, As if, when Nature made him, she had made The general Antipathy of all Virtue? How favagely, and blasphemously he spake Touching the General, the grave General dead! I must weep, when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

en

Rom. My Lord, I am not stubborn: I can melt, you fee,

And prize a Virtue better then my Life:
For though I be not learn'd, I ever lov'd
That holy Mother of all Issues, good,
Whose white Hand for a Scepter holds a File,
To polish roughest Customs, and in you
She has her Right: See! I am calm as Sleep,
But, when I think of the gross Injuries,
The godless Wrong done to my General dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall
A Soul-less Dromedary.

Roch. Oh! be temperate,

Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain: Each Man's Opinion freely is his own, Concerning any Thing, or any Body, Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the Judges Peril,

#### Enter Beaumont.

Beaum. These Men, Sir! wait without; my Lord is come too.

Roch. Pay 'em those Sums upon the Table; take Their full Releases:—Stay—I want a Witness:

Let me intreat you, Colonel, to walk in,

And stand but by, to see this Money paid,

It does concern you and your Friends; it was

The better Cause you were sent for, though said other, wise.

The Deed shall make this my Request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your Pleasure, Sir, though ignorant
To what it tends?

[Exit Romont, Servant,

#### Enter Charalois.

Roch. Worthiest Sir, You are most welcome: Fie, no more of this: You have out-wept a Woman, noble Charalois! No Man but has, or must bury a Father.

Char. Grave Sir! I buried Sorrow, for his Death, In the Grave with him. I did never think He was immortal—though I vow I grieve, And fee no Reason why the vicious, Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy Men, Should die alike.

Roch. They do not. Char. In the Manner,

Of dying Sir, they do not, but all die,
And therein differ not:—But I have done.
I spy'd the lively Picture of my Father,
Passing your Gallery, and that cast this Water
Into mine Eyes: See,—foolish that I am,
To let it do so.

Roch.

Roch. Sweet and gentle Nature! How filken is this well comparatively To other Men! I have a Suit to you Sir.

Char. Take it; 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

er.

ant

nt.

ocb.

Char. Nothing, my Lord.

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Char. Faith, my Lord!

That nothing granted, is even all I have, For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

Roch. Sir, have you any Suit to me? I'll grant

You fome Thing, any Thing.

Char. Nay, furely, I, that can

Give nothing, will but fue for that again. No Man will grant me any Thing I fue for.

But begging nothing, every Man will give'r.

Roch. Sir! the Love I bore your Father, and the Worth

I fee in you, so much resembling his,

Made me thus fend for you. And tender here

Draws a Curtain.

Whatever you will take, Gold, Jewels, both, All, to supply your Wants, and free yourself. Where heavenly Virtue in high-blooded Veins Is lodg'd, and can agree, Men should kneel down, Adore, and facrifice all that they have; And well they may, it is so seldom seen. Put off your Wonder, and here freely take Or fend your Servants: Nor, Sir, shall you use In aught of this, a poor Man's Fee, or Bribe, Unjustly taken of the Rich, but what's Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.

Char. How ill, Sir, it becomes those Hairs to mock!

Roch. Mock? Thunder strike me then.

Char. You do amaze me.

But you shall wonder too; I will not take One fingle Piece of this great Heap. Why should I Borrow, that have not Means to pay; nay, am A very Bankrupt, even in flatt'ring Hope

Of

Of ever raising any. All my begging, Is Romont's Liberty.

Enter Romont, Creditors loaden with Money. Beaumont,

Roch. Here is your Friend, Enfranchise e'er you spake. I give him you: And, Charalois, I give you to your Friend, As free a Man as he: Your Father's Debts Are taken off.

Char. How?

Rom. Sir, it is most true.

I am the Witness.

1 Cred. Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 Cred. Heaven bless his Lordship—I did think him wifer.

3 Cred. He a Statesman? He an Ass—Pay other Men's Debts?

1 Cred. That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more fuch

Would fave the rest of Pleaders.

Char. Honour'd Rochfort.

Lie still my Tongue, and Blushes, scal'd my Cheeks, That offer Thanks in Words, for such great Deeds.

Roch. Call in my Daughter:—Still I have a Suit to you. [Exit Beaumont.

Would you requite me.

Rom. With his Life, I affure you.

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your Debtor, Sir!

#### Enter Beaumelle.

This is my only Child: What she appears, Your Lordship well may see her Education, Beaumelle Follows not any: For her Mind, I know it To be far fairer than her Shape, and hope It will continue so: If now her Birth Be not too mean for Charalois, take her

This

K

I

1

H

This Virgin by the Hand, and call her Wife, Indow'd with all my Fortunes: Bless me so, Requite me thus, and make me happier, In joining my poor empty Name to yours, Then if my 'State were multiplied tenfold.

Char. Is this the Payment, Sir, that you expect? Why, you precipitate me more in Debt, That nothing but my Life can ever pay. This Beauty being your Daughter (in which yours) I must conceive Necessity of her Virtue Without all Dowry is a Prince's Aim. Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me How much too worthy!—Waken me, Romont, That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

Rom. Sure, I sleep not.

Roch. Your Sentence—Life or Death. Charmi. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me? Beaum. Yes, my Lord.

Enter Noval, jun. Ponta, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.
All falute.

Char. You need not question me, if I can you. You are the fairest Virgin in Dijon,

And Rochfort is your Father.

Nov. jun. What's this Change?

Roch. You met my Wishes, Gentlemen.

Rom. What make

is

These Dogs in Doublets here?

Beaum. A Visitation, Sir.

Char. Then thus, fair Beaumelle! I write my Faith, Thus feal it in the Sight of Heaven and Men. Your Fingers tie my Heart-strings with this Touch, In true-love Knots, which nought but Death shall loose. And yet these Tears (an Emblem of our Loves) Like Crystal Rivers individually Flow into one another, make one Source, Which never Man distinguish, less divide: Breath, marry, Breath, and Kisses, mingle Souls.

Two

Two Hearts, and Bodies, here incorporate:
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future Life shall be a wooing Time.
And every Day new as the Bridal one.
Oh, Sir! I groan under your Courtesies,
More then my Father's Bones under his Wrongs,
You, Curtius-like, have thrown into the Gulf,
Of this his Country's foul Ingratitude,
Your Life and Fortunes, to redeem their Shames.

Roch. No more, my Glory! come, let's in, and haften

This Celebration.

Romont, Malotin, Pontalier, Beaumont.

All fair Blis upon it.

[Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beau-

Nov. jun. Mistress!

Beaum. Oh Servant, Virtue strengthen me! Thy Presence blows round my Affection's Vane: You will undo me, if you speak again.

[Exit Beaumelle. Lilad. Aym. Here will be Sport for you. This works. [Exeunt Liladam, Aymer.

Nov. jun. Peace! Peace!

Pont. One Word, my Lord Noval!!

Nov. jun. What, thou would'ft Money there.

Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a Slave, A Pander, or a Parasite, for all Your Father's Worth; though you have sav'd my Life, Rescu'd me often from my Wants, I must not Wink at your Follies; that will ruin you. You know my blunt Way, and my Love to Truth: Forsake the Pursuit of this Lady's Honour, Now do you see her made another Man's, And such a Man's so good, so popular, Or you will pluck a thousand Mischiess on you. The Benefits you've done me, are not lost, Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my Heart,

But

But let me pay you, Sir, a fairer Way Than to defend your Vices, or to footh 'em.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha, ha! what are my Courses unto

Good Coufin Pontalier, meddle with that

That shall concern thyself. [Exit Novall.

Pont. No more but Scorn?

Move on then, Stars! work your pernicious Will!
Only the wife Rule, and prevent your Ill.

[Exit.

#### HAUTBOYS.

Here a Passage over the Stage, while the AEI is playing for the Marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.

\*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194 : \*6194

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Novall jun. Bellapert.

Nov. jun. FLY not to these Excuses: Thou hast been False in thy Promise—and, when I have said

Ungrateful, all is spoke.

Bellap. Good my Lord! but hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what Purpose, Trifler?

Can any Thing that thou canst say, make void The Marriage? Or those Pleasures but a Dream,

Which Charalois (oh Venus!) hath enjoy'd?

Bellap. I yet could say, that you receive Advantage In what you think a Loss, would you vouchsafe me; That you were never in the Way till now

With Safety to arrive at your Defires;

That Pleasure makes Love to you, unattended

By Danger or Repentance?
Nov. jun. That I could

But apprehend one Reason how this might be,

Hope would not then forfake me.

Bellap. The enjoying

Of what you most desire; I say th' enjoying Vol. II.

Shall

Shall, in the full Possession of your Wishes, Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some Relish How this may appear possible.

Bellap. I will.

Relish, and taste, and make the Banquet easy. You fay my Lady's married—I confess it: That Charalois hath enjoyed her—'tis most true: That with her, he's already Master of The best Part of my old Lord's 'State. Still better: But, that the first, or last, should be your Hindrance, I utterly deny: For, but observe me, While she went for, and was, I swear, a Virgin, What Courtefy could she with her Honour give. Or you receive with Safety—take me with you; When I fay Courtefy, do not think I mean A Kiss; the tying of her Shoe or Garter; An Hour of private Conference: Those are Trifles. In this Word Courtefy, we, that are Gamesters, point at The Sport direct, where not alone the Lover Brings his Artillery, but uses it: Which Word expounded to you, fuch a Courtefy Do you expect, and fudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted the first Sweets, Bellapert!

Bellap. He wrong'd you shrewdly;

He toil'd to climb up to the Phanix' Nest, And in his Prints leaves your Ascent more easy. I do not know, you, that are perfect Criticks

In Women's Books, may talk of Maidenheads. Nov. jun. But for her Marriage .-

Bellap. 'Tis a fair Protection

'Gainst all Arrests of Fear, or Shame for ever. Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study To have one at thirteen; but they are mad That stay till twenty. Then, Sir! for the Pleafure; To fay Adultery's sweeter, that is stale. This only—Is not the Contentment more, To fay, this is my Cuckold, than my Rival. More I could fay—but, briefly, she doats on you,

If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me With the next Gold you give me. He to en equipped all

# Enter Beaumelle. The Day on smooth

Beaumel. How's this, Servant? Courting my Woman? Bellap. As an Entrance to

The Favour of the Mistress: You are together

And I am perfect in my Cue. Going. Beaumel. Stay Bellapert.

Bellap. In this, I must not, with your Leave, obey you. Your Taylor and your Tire-woman wait without And flay my Counfel, and Direction for Your next Day's Dreffing. I have much to do, Nor will your Ladyship, now, Time is precious, Continue idle; this Choice Lord will find So fit Employment for you. [Exit Bellapert. Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Nov. jun. Not so; you have a Jewel in her, Madam!

# Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship The Closet is private and your Couch ready; And, if you please that I shall lose the Key, wor of But fay fo, and 'tis done. [Exit Bellapert. Beaumel. You come to chide me, Servant! and brings

with you Sufficient Warrant. You will fay, and truly, My Father found too much Obedience in me, By being won too foon: Yet, if you pleafe But to remember, all my Hopes and Fortunes Had Reverence to this Likening you will grant, That, though I did not well towards you, I yet Did wisely for mylelf.

Nov. jun. With too much Fervor I have so long lov'd and still love you, Mistres; To esteem that an Injury to me which was to you convenient;—that is past

My Help, is past my Cure. You yet may, Lady, In Recompence of all my duteous Service, (Provided that your Will answer your Power) Become my Creditres.

Beaumel. I understand you; And for Assurance, the Request you make Shall not be long unanswered, pray you sit, And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find, My Passions are much fitter to desire, Than to be sued to.

#### Enter Romont and Florimel.

Flor. Sir, 'tis not Envy
At the Start my Fellow has got of me in
My Ladies good Opinion, that's the Motive
Of this Discovery; but due Payment
Of what I owe her Honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my Silence Prevent the Remedy—yonder they are, I dare not be seen with you. You may do What you think sit, which will be, I presume, The Office of a faithful and try'd Friend To my young Lord.

[Exit Florime].

Rom. This is no Vision: Ha!

Nov. jun. With the next Opportunity.

Beaumel. By this Kifs, and this, and this.

Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus.

Rom. If I feem rude, your Pardon, Lady! yours

I do not afk: Come, do not dare to shew me A Face of Anger, for the least Dislike, Put on, and stiddenly, a milder Look; I shall grow rough, else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, Sir!

To draw this harsh unsavory Language from you?

Rom. Done! Popinjay? Why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me Wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?

Beau-

Beaumel. This is fomething more

Than my Lord's Friendship gives Commission for.

Nov. jun. Your Prefence and the Place, makes him Prefume . do of a los about of to be. emula prefume Eucro appear, worthy fuch Low

Upon my Patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wer't angry

But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor Shred Can bring more to the making up of a Man, Than can be hop'd from thee: Thou art his Creature, And, did he not each Morning new create thee Thou'dst stink and be forgotten. I'll not change

One Syllable more with thee, until thou bring Some Testimony, under good Mens Hands,

Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly, And will be satisfied: 'Till which Time, keep from me.

The Entertainment of your Visitation Has made what I intended on a Business.

Nov. jun. So we shall meet-Madam!

Rom. Use that Leg again, and I'll cut off the other.

Nov. jun. Very good. [Exit Novall.

Rom. What a Perfume the Musk-cat leaves behind him!

Do you admit him for a Property,

To fave you Charges Lady?

Beaumel. 'Tis not uselets,

Now you are to fucceed him.

Rom. So I respect you,

Not for yourfelf, but in Remembrance of

Who is your Father, and whose Wife you now are,

That I choose rather not to understand

Your nafty Scoff than,—

Beaumel. What, you will not beat me, If I expound it to you. Here's a Tyrant

Spares neither Man nor Woman.

Rom. My Intents,

Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay

To be the Whetstone of your Wit: Preserve it

To fpend on fuch, as know how to admire

Such colour'd Stuff. In me there is, now fpeaks to you

P 3

As true a Friend and Servant to your Honour, And one that will with as much Hazard guard it, As ever Man did Goodness. But then Lady! You must endeavour, not alone to be, But to appear, worthy such Love and Service.

Beaumel. To what tends this?

Rom. Why, to this Purpose, Lady! I do defire you should prove such a Wife To Charalois (and fuch a one he Merits) As Cafar, did he live, could not except at, Not only innocent from Crime, but free From all Taint and Suspicion.

Beaumel. They are base that judge me otherwise.

Rom. But yet, be careful!

Detraction's a bold Monster, and fears not To wound the Fame of Princes, if it find But any Blemish in their Lives to work on: But I'll be plainer with you: Had the People Been learn'd to speak, but what even now I faw, Their Malice out of that would raise an Engine To overthrow your Honour. In my Sight, With yonder painted Fool I frighted from you, You us'd Familiarity beyond A modest Entertainment: You embrac'd him With too much Ardour for a Stranger, and Met him with Kiffes neither chafte nor comely: But learn you to forget him, as I will Your Bounties to him; you will find it fafer Rather to be uncourtly, then immodest.

Beaumel. This pretty Rag about your Neck flews well, And, being coarfe and little Worth, it speaks you

As terrible as thrifty.

Rom. Madam! Beaumel. Yes.

And this strong Belt in which you hang your Honour Will out-last twenty Scarfs.

Rom. What mean you, Lady? Beaumel. And all else about you Cap-a-pe, So uniform in Spite of Handsomeness,

Shews

Shews such a bold Contempt of Comeliness, That 'tis not strange your Laundress in the League, Grew mad with Love of you.

Rom. Is my free Counfel
Answer'd with this ridiculous Scorn?

Beaumel. These Objects
Stole very much of my Attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak Truth,
Deliver'd gravely but to little Purpose

Yet something I remember, to speak Truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little Purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some Curate
Had stol'n into the Person of Romont,
And, in the Praise of Good-wife Honesty,
Had read an Homily.

Rom. By this Hand.

Beaumel. And Sword;

I will make up your Oath, 'twill want Weight else. You're angry with me, and poor I laugh at it. Do you come from the Camp, which affords only The Conversation of cast Suburb Whores, To set down to a Lady of my Rank, Limits of Entertainment?

Rom. Sure a Legion has possest this Woman.

Beaumel. One Stamp more would do well: Yet I defire not

You should grow Horn-mad, till you have a Wife.
You are come to warm Meat, and perhaps clean Linen:
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That, though a thousand Watches were set on me,
And you the Master-spy, I yet would use
The Liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace. Perhaps, grant larger Favours.
Yet such as live upon my Means, shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my Lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his Jealousy that Way, tell him this,—
You've something to inform him.

[Exit Beaumelle.

Rom. And I will.

Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, Heaven!
But, hearing, pardon me: If these Fruits grow,
Upon the Tree of Marriage, let me shun it,

As

As a forbidden Sweet. An Heir and rich, Young, beautiful—yet add to this—a Wife, And I will rather choose a Spital Sinner Carted an Age before, though three Parts rotten, And take it for a Bleffing, rather than Be fetter'd to the hellish Slavery 4 Of such an Impudence.

### Enter Beaumont with Writings.

Beaum. Colonel! good Fortune
To meet you thus: You look fad, but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. Oh, how happy
Is my Lord Chalarois in his fair Bride!

Rom. A happy Man, indeed!—pray you in what? Beaum. I dare swear, you would think so good a Lady.

A Dower fufficient.

Rom. No doubt .- But on.

Beaum. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous:—Indeed All that is excellent.

Rom. Women have no Cunning to gull the World. Beaum. Yet, to all these, my Lord.

Her Father gives the full Addition of

All he does now possess in Burgundy:

These Writings to confirm it, are new seal'd, And I most fortunate to present him with them,

I must go seek him out, can you direct me?

Rom. You'll find him breaking a young Horse.

Beaum. I thank you, [Exit Beaumont.

In an Advertisement prefixed to the Bend-man, which was revived in 1710, we are told that Mr. Reque had revis'd the Works of Massinger, and did intend to publish them; I am apt to think this Assertion true, and that Mr. Reque was a great Admirer of our Author, his excellent Play of the Fair Penitent being founded on the Tragedy now before us. The beautiful Scene between Horatia and Calista is evidently copied from the foregoing, as is that between Altament and Horatia in the third Act where they quarrel, from the last Scene of this; The curious Reader may not be disagreeably amused in comparing many other similar Parts of these excellent Tragedies together.

Rom. I must do something worthy Charaleis Friend-

If the were well inclin'd, to keep her to
Deferv'd not Thanks: And yet, to stay a Woman's
Spur'd headlong by hot Lust to her own Ruin
Is harder than to prop a falling Tower
With a deceiving Reed.

#### Enter Rochfort.

Roch. Some one feek for me,
As foon as he returns.

Rom. Her Father? ha!——
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill Conftruction. His Wifdom,
Made powerful by th' Authority of a Father,
Will warrant and give Privilege to his Counfels.
It shall be so—My Lord!

Roch. Your Friend, Romont:

Would you aught with me?

Rom, I stand so engag'd

To your so many Favours, that I hold it

A Breach in Thankfulness, should I not discover,

Though with some Imputation to myself,

All Doubts that may concern you.

Roch. The Performance
Will make this Protestation worth my Thanks.

5 To flay a Woman
Spur'd Headlong, by bot Luft, &c.

Thus in the Piaure.

Impossible in Nature for gross Bodies
Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my single Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
To stop the Lightning, than to stay a Woman,
Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood,
In her full Career to Wickedness,

Act 4. Scene

Rom. Then, with your Patience, lend me your At-

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only, You will with too much Grief receive.

Enter Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Beaumel. See, Wench!
Upon my Life as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his Complaint: But be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.

Bellap. Fear not me, pox on him!

A Captain turn Informer against kissing?

Would he were hang'd up in his rusty Armour!

But, if our fresh Wits cannot turn the Plots

Of such a mouldy Murrion on itself;

Rich Cloaths, choice Fare, and a true Friend at a Call,

With all the Pleasures the Night yields, forsake us.

Roch. This in my Daughter? Do not wrong her.

Bellap. Now begin.

The Games a-foot, and we in Diftance.

Beaumel. 'Tis thy Fault, foolish Girl! pin on my Veil, I will not wear those Jewels. Am I not Already match'd beyond my Hopes? Yet still You prune and set me forth, as if I were Again to please a Suiter.

Bellap. 'Tis the Course
That our great Ladies take.

Rom. A weak Excuse!

Beaumel. Those that are better seen, in what concerns A Lady's Honour and fair Fame, condenn it. You wait well: in your Absence, my Lord's Friend, The understanding, grave, and wise Romont,——

[Afide.

(

Rom. Must I be still her Sport?

Beaumel. Reprove me for it.

And he has travell'd to bring home a Judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will fay
My Father, that owes more to Years than he,
Has brought me up to Musick, Language, Courtship,
And I must use them. True, but not t' offend,
Or render me suspected.

Roth

Roch. Does your fine Story begin from this?

Beaumel. I thought a parting Kiss

From young Novall would have displeas'd no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such Favours now; look therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest Course of Life that Jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my Behaviour
Shall call my Fame in Question,

Rom. Ten Diffemblers

Are in this subtle Devil. You believe this?

Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a Report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your Disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a Nature.

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.

Roch, And for you, Daughter, off with this; off with it:

I have that Confidence in your Goodness, I, That I will not consent to have you live Like to a Recluse in a Cloyster: Go, Call in the Gallants, let them make you merry, Use all sit Liberty.

Bellap. Bleffing on you.

1,

115

ip,

ch.

If this new Preacher with the Sword and Feather Could prove his Doctrine for Canonical, We should have a fine World.

[Exit Bellapert.

Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a Gentleman,
The House is at your Service; but, if not,
Though you seek Company elsewhere, your Absence
Will not be much lamented \_\_\_\_\_ [Exit Rochfort.
Rom. If this be

The Recompence of striving to preserve
A wanton Gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all Mankind Panders.—Do you smile,
Good Lady Looseness? Your whole Sex is like you,

And

And that Man's mad that feeks to better any:

What new Change have you next? Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, Sir! I'll shift into a Thousand, but I will

Convert your Herefy.

Rom. What Herefy? speak! Beaumel. Of keeping a Lady that is married. From entertaining Servants.—

Enter Novall, jun. Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, Pontalier.

Y

S

Y

S

O, you're welcome.

Use any Means to vex him.

And then with Welcome follow me. Exit Beaumel. Nov. jun. You are tir'd

With your grave Exhortations, Colonel!

Lilad. How is it? Faith, your Lordship may do well To help him to fome Church-Preferment: 'Tis Now the Fashion, for Men of all Conditions, However they have liv'd, to end that Way.

Aymer. That Face would do well in a Surplice.

Rom. Rogues, be filent - or -

Pont. S'Death! will you suffer this?

Rom. And you, the Master Rogue, the Coward Rascal, I shall be with you suddenly,

Nov. jun. Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I shall kill him: And therefore I would have thee beat him, for He's good for nothing else.

Lilad. His Back

Appears to me, as it would tire a Beadle. And then he has a knotted Brow, would bruise A court-like Hand to touch it.

Aymer. He looks like

A Currier when his Hide's grown dear. Pont. Take heed he curry not fome of you. Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.

Rom. I break no Jests, but I can break my Sword Enter About your Pates.

#### grew caract thus; yet had rather Enter Charalois and Beaumont.

Associating Behalf & Wherein has

Lilad. Here's more.

Aymer. Come let's be gone!

We are beleaguer'd.

Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their Troops.

Pont. Will you fit down with this Difgrace? You are abus'd most grossy.

Lilad. I grant you, Sir, we are; and you would have Stay, and be more abus'd.

Nov. jun. My Lord, I'm forry

Your House is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

[Exeunt. Manent Charalois, Romont.

Char. Pr'ythee, Romont, what caus'd this Uproar?

Rom. Nothing.

el.

ell

21,

nter

They laugh'd, and us'd their fcurvy Wits upon me.

Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous Nature: But I wonder That you, which are an honest Man, and worthy, Should foster this Suspicion. No Man laughs, No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'it His Conference and his Scorn reflects on thee. For my Part, they should scoff their thin Wits out, So I not heard them; beat me, not being there. Leave, leave these Fits to conscious Men, to such As are obnoxious to those foolish Things As they can gibe at.

Rom. Well, Sir!

Char. Thou art known

Valiant without Defect, rightly defin'd, Which is (as fearing to do Injury,

As tender to endure it) not a Brabbler,

A Swearer.

Rom. Pish, pish! What needs this, my Lord? If I be known none fuch, how vainly you Do cast away good Counsel? I have lov'd you, And yet must freely speak: So young a Tutor Fits not fo old a Soldier as I am. And I must tell you, 'twas in your Behalf

I grew enrag'd thus; yet had rather die Than open the great Cause a Syllable further.

Char. In my Behalf? Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give
The least Occasion to the loosest Tongue
To throw Aspersions on him? Or so weakly
Protected his own Honour, as it should
Need Defence from any but himself?
They're Fools that judge me by my outward Seeming;
Why should my Gentleness beget Abuse?
The Lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every Man a Coward that can weep.
For God's Sake speak the Cause.

Rom. Not for the World.

Oh! it will strike Disease into your Bones,
Beyond the Cure of Physick; drink your Blood,
Rob you of all your Rest, contract your Sight,
Leave you no Eyes but to see Misery,
And of your own; nor Speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perish'd in the Prison's Jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd! 'Twill wear you old,
Before you have Experience in that Art,
That causes your Affliction.

Char. Thou dost strike

A deathful Coldness to my Heart's high Heat, And shrink'st my Liver like the Calenture. Declare this Foe of mine, and Life's, that like A Man I may encounter and subdue it. It shall not have one such Effect in me, As thou denouncest: With a Soldier's Arm, If it be Strength, I'll meet it: If a Fault Belonging to my Mind, I'll cut it off With mine own Reason, as a Scholar should.—Speak, though it make me monstrous. Rom. I'll die first.

G

V

V

In

T

Rom.

Farewel! continue merry, and high Heaven Keep your Wife chafte.

Char. Hum!—Stay and take this Wolf Out of my Breast, that thou hast lodg'd there, or For ever lose me. Rom. Lofe not, Sir, yourfelf, And I will venture—fo the Door is fast.

[Locks the Door.

Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself;
Summon your Spirits; muster all your Strength
That can belong to Man; sift Passion
From ev'ry Vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the Cause of
Jealousy, Discontent, Slaughter and Ruin:
Make me not Parent to Sin:—You will know
This Secret that I burn with.

What should it be? Romont, I hear you wish My Wife's Continuance of Chastity.

Rom. There was no Hurt in that. Char. Why? do you know

A Likelihood or Possibility unto the contrary?

Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the Grounds.

The Servant of your Wise now, young Novall,

The Son unto your Father's Enemy

(Which aggravates my Presumption the more)

I have been warn'd of, touching her; nay, seen them Tie Heart to Heart, one in another's Arms, Multiplying Kisses, as if they meant To 'pose Arithmetic, or whose Eyes would Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.

I saw their Mouths engender, and their Palms Glew'd, as if Love had lock'd them; their Words flow And melt each others, like two circling Flames, Where Chastity, like a Phænix, methought, burn'd, But left the World nor Ashes, nor an Heir.

Why stand you silent thus? What cold dull Flegm, As if you had no Drop of Choler mix'd

In your whole Constitution, thus prevails, To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?

Char. You did not see em on my Couch within, Like George a Horse-back, on her, nor a-bed?

Rom. No.

Char. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you? E'en so did your Wise, And her indulgent Father.

Char. They were wife. Would'ft ha' me be a Fool?

Rom. No, but a Man.

Char. There is no Dram of Manhood to suspect, On fuch thin airy Circumstance as this Mere Compliment and Courtship. Was this Tale The hideous Monster which you fo conceal'd? Away, thou curious Impertinent, And idle Searcher of fuch lean nice Toys! Go, thou feditious Sower of Debate! Fly to fuch Matches, where the Bridegroom doubts: He holds not Worth Enough to countervail The Virtue and the Beauty of his Wife. Thou buzzing Drone, that 'bout my Ears doft hum, To strike thy rankling Sting into my Heart, Whose Venom, Time nor Medicine could asswage. Thus do I put thee off, and, confident In mine own Innocency and Defert, Dare not conceive her so unreasonable, To put Novall in Balance against me, An Upstart, cran'd up to the Height he has. Hence, Bufybody! thou'rt no Friend to me, That must be kept to a Wife's Injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—Farewel, fine, honest Man! Sweet temper'd Lord, adieu! What Apoplexy Hath knit Sense up? Is this Romant's Reward? Bear Witness, the great Spirit of thy Father, With what a healthful Hope I administer This Potion that hath wrought so virulently! I not accuse thy Wife of Act, but would Prevent her Precipice to thy Dishonour, Which now thy tardy Sluggishness will admit! Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great Sire, Ere live to have Mens marginal Fingers point At Charalois, as a lamented Story. An Emperor put away his Wife for touching Another Man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted

And

C

I

1

T

F

SI

F

T

T

Bo

T

H

H

N

So

A

And keep her, I think, Phoh! I am a Fire To warm a dead Man, that waste out myself. Blood-What a Plague, a Vengeance, is't to me, If you will be a Cuckold? Here I shew A Sword's Point to thee; this Side you may shun, Or that, the Peril; if you will run on, I cannot help it.

Char. Didft thou never fee me

Angry, Romont?
Rom. Yes, and pursue a Foe

Like Lightning. and the World, the a grinning made

Char. Pr'ythee fee me fo no more.

Ican be fo again.—Put up thy Sword,

And take thyself away, left I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your Foes with this, Sir! I am 

And dare stand by you thus.

Char. Thou'rt not my Friend;

Or being fo, thou'rt mad.—I must not buy Thy Friendship at this Rate; had I just Cause, Thou know'st I durst pursue such Injury

Through Fire, Air, Water, Earth, nay, were they all

Shuffled again to Chaos; but there's none.

Thy Skill, Roment, confifts in Camps, not Courts.

Farewel, uncivil Man! let's meet no more,

Here our long Web of Friendship I untwift.

Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my Wife

For nothing, from her Birth's free Liberty,

That open'd mine to me? Yes; if I do ----The Name of Cuckold, then, dog me with Scorn.

I am a Frenchman, no Italian born.

Rom. A dull Dutch rather: - Fall and cool my Blood! Boil not in Zeal of thy Friend's Hurt fo high, That is fo low, and cold himself in't! Woman, How strong art thou! how easily beguil'd! How thou dost rack us by the very Horns! Now Wealth, I fee, change Manners, and the Man.

Something I must do mine own Wrath to assuage,

Exit. And note my Friendship to an After-age. VOL. II. ACT

# BESTELLE BES

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Novall jun. as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Liladam, Aymer, Page.

Nov. jun. MEND this a little:—Pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh! se upon't!—O lard! he has made me smell, for all the World, like a Flax, or a redheaded Woman's Chamber: Powder, Powder, Powder. Perf. Oh, sweet Lord!

[Novall sits in a Chair, Barber orders bis Hair, Perfumer gives Powder, Taylor sets bis Cloaths.

Page. That's his Perfumer.

Tayl. Oh, dear Lord! Page. That's his Taylor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam! Aymer! how allow you the Model of these Cloaths?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh fweet Lord! af-

furedly it's Pity the Worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Perfumer, a Barber, and a Pair of Monsieurs: Three to three, as little Wit in the one, as Honesty in the other. S'foot I'll into the Country again, learn to speak Truth, drink Ale, and converse with my Father's Tenants; here I hear nothing all Day, but—upon my Soul! as I am a Gentleman, and an honest Man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your Taylor must needs be an expert Geometrician; he has the Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, Profundity, every Dimension of your Body, so exquisitely.—Here's a Lace laid as directly, as

if Truth were a Taylor.

Page. That were a Miracle.

Lilad. With a Hairs Breadth's Error, there's a Shoulder-Piece cut, and the Base of a Pickadille in punts.

6 A Pickadil (Dutch) the Hem about the Skirt of a Garment.
Aymer.

Aymer. You are right, Monfieur! his Vestments sit as if they grew upon him; or Art had wrought 'em on the same Loom, as Nature fram'd his Lordship; as if your Taylor were deeply read in Astrology, and had taken Measure of your honourable Body, with a Jacob's Staff, an Ephimerides.

Taylor. I am bound t'ye, Gentlemen!

Page. You are deceiv'd; they'll be bound to you: You must remember to trust'em none.

Nov. jun. Nay, faith, thou art a reasonable, neat Artificer, give the Devil his Due.

Page. I, if he would but cut the Coat according to

the Cloth still.

u

to

T.

h,

5;

I

be

ti-

וני

25

ul-

0.

er.

Nov. jun. I now want only my Mistress's Approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual Queen of Dreffing in all Burgundy. Pah, and makes all other young Ladies appear as if they came from board last Week out of the Country; is't not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my Lord! as if any Thing your Lord-

ship could say, could be otherwise then true.

Nov. jun. Nay, O my Soul, 'tis so, what souler Object in the World, than to see a young, sair, handsome Beauty, unhandsomely dighted and incongruently accounter'd; or a hopeful Chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external Ornaments of Nature? For, even as the Index tells us the Contents of Stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, even so does the outward Habit and superficial Order of Garments, (in Man or Woman) give us a Taste of the Spirit, and demonstratively Point (as it were a manual Note from the Margin) all the internal Quality, and Habiliment of the Soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross Manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly Blood, and Breeding, than a rude, unpolish'd, disorder'd and slovenly Outside.

Page. An admirable Lecture! oh, all you Gallants, that hope to be faved by your Cloaths, edify, edify!

Armer. By the Lard, sweet Lard! thou deferv'st a Pension o'the State.

Page.—Oth' Taylors, two fuch Lords were able to spread Taylors o'er the Face of a whole Kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox a this Glass! it flatters.- I could find

in my Heart to break it.

Page. O, fave the Glass, my Lord! and break their Heads: They are the greater Flatterers, I affure you.

Aymer. Flatters, detracts, impairs.—Yet, put it by, Lest thou, dear Lord, Narcissus-like, should doat Upon thyself, and die; and rob the World Of Nature's Copy, that she works Form by.

Lilad. Oh! that I were the Infanta Queen of Europe!

Who but thyfelf, sweet Lord, should marry me!

Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a Queen o'th' World, not I.

Wedlock? No Padlock, Horse-Lock, I wear Spurs

To keep it off my Heels; yet, my Aymer! Like a free, wanton Jennet i'th' Meadows, I look about, and neigh, take Hedge and Ditch, Feed in my Neighbour's Pastures; pick my Choice Of all their fair-mane'd Mares: But married once, A Man is stak'd, or poun'd, and cannot graze Beyond his own Hedge.

#### Enter Pontalier, and Malotin.

Pont. I have waited, Sir! Three Hours to speak with you, and take it not well, Such Magpies are admitted, whilft I dance Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies? What d'ye take me for? Pont. A long Thing with a most unpromising Face. Aymer. I'll ne'er ask him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, Sir!

For he'll go near to tell you. Pont. Art not thou a Barber-Surgeon?

Barb. Yes, Sirrah! why?

Pont. My Lord is forely troubled with two Scabs.

Lilad. Aymer. Humph-

Pont. I prythee, cure him of 'em.

Nov:

1

I

H

H

Nov. jun. Pish! no more;

Thy Gall fure's overthrown: These are my Council,

And we were now in ferious Discourse.

Pont. Of Perfume and Apparel. Can you rise, And spend five Hours in Dressing-Talk with these?

Nov. jun. Thould'st have me be a Dog: Up, stretch, and shake,

And ready for all Day. .

Pont. Sir! would you be

More curious in preserving of your Honour Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake Your Reputation from this Lethargy

You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune, Nay, to provoke you, Sir! to call to Account

This Colonel Romant, for the foul Wrong,

Which, like a Burthen, he hath laid on you, And, like a drunken Porter, you sleep under.

'Tis all the Town-Talk, and, believe, Sir, If your tough Sense persist thus, you're undone,

Utterly loft; you will be fcorn'd and baffled By every Lacquey; feafon now your Youth

With one brave Thing, and it shall keep the Odour

Even to your Death, beyond; and on your Tomb, Scent like sweet Oils and Frankincense: Sir! this Life

Which once you fav'd, I ne'er fince counted mine;

Iborrow'd it of you, and now will pay it;

I tender you the Service of my Sword

To bear your Challenge; if you'll write, your Fate.

I'll make mine own: What e'er betide you, I,

That have liv'd by you, by your Side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha! ha! would'ft ha' me challenge poor

Fight with close Breeches? Thou may'ft think I dare not.

Do not mistake me, Coze I'm very valiant; But Valour shall not make me such an Ass. What Use is there of Valour, now-a-days? 'Tis sure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd,

Fight thou as thy Mind moves thee; 'tis thy Trade:

Thou

 $Q_3$ 

v:

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romant?
No, I'll not fight under a Lord.

Pont. Farewell, Sir! I pity you.

Such loving Lords walk their dead Honour's Graves,
For no Companions fit, but Fools and Knaves.
Come Malotin.

[Exeunt Pontalier, Malotin.

#### Enter Romont.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low Giant.

Aymer. He has brought a Battle in his Face, let's go. Page. Colbrand, d'ye call him? He'll make some of you smoak, I believe.

Rom. By your Leave, Sirs!

Aymer. Are you a Confort?

Rom. D'ye take me for

A Fidler? y'are deceiv'd:-Look. I'll pay you.

[Kicks em.

Page. It feems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you fo.

Lilad. Was there ever fo base a Fellow?

Aymer: A Rascal!

Lilad. A most uncivil Groom!

Aymer. Offer to kick a Gentleman in a Nobleman's

Chamber? A Pox o' your Manners.

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lost thy Arm, Fellow! if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better on him, though they be kick'd, they talk fo.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad Ape.

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my Lord! we will not offer to dishonout you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

on.—Thus in Romed,

Tyb. Mercutio, thou confort's with Romeo-Mer. Confort! what dost thou make us Minstrels, if thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords, &c.

Act 3, Scene t.

Nov.

Ĩ

C

V

0

Nov. jun. Hark you.

Aymer. We doubt the Cause, and will not disparage you, so much as to take your Lordship's Quarrel in Hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our Bands.

Page. I'll e'en away with 'em, for this Soldier beats

Man, Woman, and Child.

Exeunt all but Novall and Romont.

Nov. jun. What mean you, Sir? My People.—

Rom. Your Boy's gone, [Locks the Door.

And Door's lock'd,—yet for no Hurt to you, But privacy: Call up your Blood again, Sir!

Be not afraid, I do beseech you, Sir!

And therefore, come, without more Circumstance,

Tell me how far the Passages have gone

Twixt you, and your fair Mistress Beaumelle.

Tell me the Truth, and, by my Hope of Heaven, It never shall go farther.

Nov. jun. Tell you? Why, Sir?

Are you my Confessor?

U

rfe

m,

Juc

y d

ake

et.

Rom. I will be your Confounder, if you do not.

[Draws a Pocket Dagger.

Stir not, nor spend your Voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing but line your Brain-pan, Sir! with Lead,

If you not fatisfy me fuddenly,

I'm desperate of my Life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to Heaven and you,

She's yet untouch'd, more than her Face and Hands.

I cannot call her innocent, for, I yield,

On my follicitous Wrongs the contented, Where Time and Place met Opportunity

To grant me all Requests.

Rom. But, may I build

On this Affurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your Faith.

Rom. Write this, Sir! nay, you must.

[Draws Inkhorn and Paper.

Nov. jun. Pox of this Gun.

Rom. Withall, Sir! you must swear, and put your Oath

Under your Hand, (shake not) ne'er to frequent This Lady's Company; nor ever send Token, or Message, or Letter, to incline This (too much prone already) yielding Lady.

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, Sir!

Rom. Let me see, this first is right; And here you wish a sudden Death may light Upon your Body, and Hell take your Soul, If ever more you see her, but by Chance, Much less allure her. Now, my Lord! your Hand.

Nov. jun. My Hand to this?

Rom. Your Heart else, I assure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So, keep this last Article

Of your Faith given, and 'stead of Threat'nings, Sir! The Service of my Sword and Life is yours:
But not a Word of it,—'tis Fairies Treasure;
Which, but reveal'd, brings on the Blabbers Ruin.
Use your Youth better, and this excellent Form
Heav'n hath bestow'd upon you. So, good Morrow to your Lordship.

[Exit.

Nov. jun. Good Devil to your Rogueship. No Man's

I'll have a Cannon planted in my Chamber, Against such roaring Rogues.

# Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. My Lord, away!——
The Coach stays: Now have your Wish, and judge,
If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Ha!

Bellap. D'ye fland

Humming and hawing now?

[Exit. Nov.

Nov. jun. Sweet Wench, I come.

Hence Fear,
I swore,—that's all one; my next Oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No Pain is due to Lover's Perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit Novall.

#### SCENE II.

Enter Charalois, Beaumont.

Beaum. I grieve for the Distaste
Though I have Manners,
Not to inquire the Cause fall'n out between
Your Lordship and Romont,
Char. I love a Friend,
So long as he continues in the Bounds
Prescrib'd by Friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far what is proper to myself,
And puts the Habit of a Governor on,
I must and will preserve my Liberty.
But speak of something else, this is a Theme
I take no Pleasure in: What's this Aymer.
Whose Voice for Song, and excellent Knowledge in
The chiefest Parts of Musick, you bestow
Such Praises on?

Beaum. He is a Gentleman,
(For so his Quality speaks him) well receiv'd
Among our greatest Gallants; but yet holds
His main Dependance from the young Lord Novall.
Some Tricks and Crotchets he has in his Head,
As all Musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
I may presume, your Lordship so will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a Friend to Musick.

it.

1's

00.

Char. I never was an Enemy to't, Beaumont; Nor yet do I subscribe to the Opinion Of those old Captains, that thought nothing musical, But Cries of yielding Enemies, Neighing of Horses,

Clashing

256 THE PATAL DOWRY.

Clashing of Armour, load Shouts, Drums, and Trum-

pets:

Nor, on the other Side, in Favour of it,
Affirm the World was made by mufical Discord,
Or that the Happiness of our Life consists
In a well vary'd Note upon the Lute:
I love it to the Worth of it, and no farther.
—But, let us see this Wonder.

Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

## Enter Aymer.

Aymer. Let the Coach be brought To the Back Gate, and serve the Banquet up; My good Lord Charalois! I think my House Much honour'd in your Presence.

Char. To have Means

To know you better, Sir, has brought me hither A willing Visitant; and you'll crown my Welcome In making me a Witness to your Skill, Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aymer. Had I been one Hour sooner made acquainted With your Intent, my Lord, you should have sound me Better provided: Now, such as it is,

Pray you grace with your Acceptance.

Beaum. You are modest,

Aymer. Begin the last new Air. Char. Shall we not see them?

Aymer. This little Distance from the Instruments Will to your Ears convey the Harmony With more Delight.

Char. I'll not contend.

Aymer. Y'are tedious,—

By this Means shall I with one Banquet please Two Companies, those within, and these Gulls here.

[Musick, and a Song above,

Beaumel. within. Ha! ha! ha! Char. How's this? It is my Lady's Laugh, most certain

When

When I first pleas'd her, in this merry Language, She gave me Thanks.

Beaum. How like you this?

Char. 'Tis rare, 4 10

Yet I may be deceiv'd, and should be forry, Upon uncertain Suppositions, rashly To write myself in the black List of those I have declaim'd against, and to Romont.

Aymer. I would he were well off. Perhaps your

Lordship

Likes not these sad Tunes: I have a new Song, Set to a lighter Note, may please you better; 'Tis call'd The Happy Husband.

Char. Pray fing it.

Song below. At the End of the Song, Beaumelle within. Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis fuch a Groom.

Char. Do I hear this,

And yet stand doubtful? [Exit Charalois. Aymer. Stay him!-I am undone,

And they discover'd.

Beaum. What's the Matter?

Aymer. Ah!

That Women, when they're well pleas'd, cannot hold, But must laugh out.

Enter Novall, jun. Charalois, Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Nov. jun. Help! fave me! Murther! Murther! Bellap. Undone forever! Char. Oh, my Heart!

Hold yet a little. Do not hope to fcape By Flight, it is impossible: Though I might On all Advantage take thy Life, and justly, This Sword, my Father's Sword, that he'er was drawn But to a noble Purpose, shall not now Do th' Office of a Hangman; I referve it To right mine Honour, not for a Revenge o poor, that though with thee it should cut off Thy Family, with all that are ally'd

To thee in Lust, or Baseness, 'twere still short of All Terms of Satisfaction.—Draw.

Nov. jun. I dare not:

I have already done you too much Wrong To fight in such a Cause.

Char. Why, dar'ft thou neither

Be honest, Coward? nor yet valiant, Knave? In fuch a Caufe come, do not shame thyself;

Such whose Blood's Wrongs, or Wrong done to themfelves

Could never heat, are yet in the Defence Of their Whores, daring.—Look on her again. You thought her worth the Hazard of your Soul, And yet stand doubtful, in her Quarrel, to Venture your Body.

Beaum. No, he fears his Cloaths

More than his Flesh.

Char. Keep from me :- Guard thy Life; Or, as thou hast liv'd like a Goat, thou shalt Die like a Sheep.

Nov. jun. Since there's no Remedy,

Defpair of Safety now in me prove Courage.

[They fight. Novall is slain.

Char. How foon weak Wrong's o'erthrown! Lend me your Hand,

Bear this to the Caroch—Come, you have taught me To fay, you must, and shall: I wrong you not; Y'are but to keep him Company you love.

-Is't done? 'tis well.-Raise Officers! and take Care, All you can apprehend within the House

tright may a literiour, not for a Keyenge-

May be forth-coming. Do I appear much mov'd? Beaum. No, Sir.

Char. My Griefs are now thus to be borne; Hereafter I'll find Time and Place to mourn.

P

R

In a

Hav

The

Do

The

To

And

I co

Is p

Of

By

To

Wh

Wi

Iw

Th

A (

You

Wi

Th

An

E

He

Int

No

F

is the blood of sets named a SCENE Family, with all that are ally id

#### SCENE III.

Enter Romont, Pontalier.

Pont. I was bound to feek you, Sir!
Rom. And, had you found me
In any Place but in the Street, I should
Have done,—nor talk'd to you. Are you the Captain!
The hopeful Pontalier? whom I have feen
Do in the Field such Service, as then made you
Their Envy that commanded, here at Home
To play the Parasite to a gilded Knave,
And, it may be, the Pander?

Pont. Without this,

I come to call you to Account, for what Is past already. I by your Example Of Thankfulness to the dead General, By whom you were rais'd, have practis'd to be so To my good Lord Novall, by whom I live; Whose least Disgrace, that is, or may be offer'd, With all the Hazard of my Life and Fortunes, I will make good on you, or any Man, That has a Hand in't; and, since you allow me A Gentleman and a Soldier, there's no Doubt You will except against me. You shall meet With a fair Enemy; you understand The Right I look for, and must have.

Rom. I do; And with the next Day's Sun you shall hear from me. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Enter Charalois with a Casket, Beaumelle, Beaumont.

Char. Pray bear this to my Father; at his Leisure He may peruse it: But with your best Language Intreat his instant Presence. You have sworn Not to reveal what I have done.

Beaum.

Beaum. Nor will I - but -

Char. Doubt me hot. By Heaven, I will do nothing But what may stand with Honour.—Pray you leave me [Ex. Beaumont,

To my own Thoughts .- If this be to me, rife:

[Beaumel. kneels.

C

T

T

I

Ir

T

T

H

B

T

W

A

0

In

W

M

A

T

W

A

T

Bu

Y

T

T

It

T

Id

TI

Tr I y

Ar

Bu

I am not worthy the looking on, but only To feed Contempt and Scorn; and that, from you Who with the Loss of your fair Name have caus'd it,

Were too much Cruelty.

Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my Fault is far
Beyond Qualification, or Excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of Mercy; only I presume
To intreat you would be pleas'd to look upon
My Sorrow for it, and believe, these Tears
Are the true Children of my Grief, and not
A Woman's Cunning.

Char. Can you, Beaumelle,

Having deceived fo great a Trust as mine, Though I were all Credulity, hope again To get Belief? No, no; if you look on me With Pity, or dare practife any Means To make my Sufferings less, or give just Cause To all the World, to think what I must do, Was call'd upon by you, use other Ways; Deny what I have feen, or justify What you have done; and, as you desperately Made Shipwreck of your Faith to be a Whore, Use th' Arms of such a one, and such Defence; And multiply the Sin, with Impudence. Stand boldly up, and tell me to my Teeth, That you have done but what's warranted By great Examples, in all Places where Women inhabit: Urge your own Deferts, Or Want in me of Merit: Tell me, how Your Dow'r from the low Gulf of Poverty, Weigh'd up my Fortunes to what now they are: That I was purchas'd by your Choice, and Practice

Te

To shelter you from Shame, that you might fin As boldly as fecurely; that poor Men Are married to those Wives that bring them Wealth and One Day their Husbands, but Observers ever: That when by this proud Usage you have blown or the T The Fire of my just Vengeance to the Height, I then may kill you; and yet fay, 'twas done In Heat of Blood, and after die myfelf, To witness my Repentance.

Beaumel. O my Fate!

That never would consent that I should fee How worthy thou wert both of Love and Duty Before I loft you; and my Mifery made The Glass, in which I now behold your Virtue! While I was good, I was a Part of you, And of two, by the virtuous Harmony Of our fair Minds, made one: But, fince I wander'd In the forbidden Labyrinth of Luft, What was inseparable, is by me divided. With Justice, therefore, you may cut me off, And from your Memory wash the Remembrance That e'er I was; like to some vicious Purpose Within your better Judgment, you repent of, And study to forget.

Char. O Beaumelle!

That you can speak so well, and do so ill! But you had been too great a Bleffing, if You had continu'd chafte: See how you force me To this, because mine Honour will not yield That I again should love you.

Beaumel. In this Life I was the war a second both It is not fit you should: Yet you shall find, do and to Though I was bold enough to be a Strumpet, I dare not yet live one: Let those fam'd Matrons That are canoniz'd worthy of our Sex, Transcend me in their Sanchity of Life, I yet will equal them in dying nobly, but and the line I Ambitious of no Honour after Life, But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

## 256 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Char. How Pity steals upon me! should I hear her [Knock within.]
But ten Words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in.

[Exit Beaumelle.]

F

Se

I

T

H

T

I

N

T

M

U

N

A

Si

T

If

T

A

0

H

A

W

A

That to be merciful should be a Sin!

#### Enter Rochfort.

O, Sir, most welcome! Let me take your Cloak, I must not be deny'd.—Here are your Robes, As you love Justice, once more put them on. There is a Cause to be determin'd of, That does require such an Integrity As you have ever us'd.—I'll put you to The Trial of your Constancy and Goodness; And look that you, that have been Eagle-ey'd In other Mens Affairs, prove not a Mole In what concerns yourself. Take you your Seat, I will before you presently.

[Exit. Roch. Angels guard me!

To what strange Tragedy does this Destruction Serve for a Prologue?

Enter Charalois with Novall's Body, Beaumelle, and Beaumont.

Char. So, set it down before
The Judgment Seat, and stand you at the Bar:
For me, I am the Accuser.

Roch. Novall slain?

And Beaumelle, my Daughter, in the Place
Of one to be arraign'd?

Char. O, are you touch'd?

I find that I must take another Course.

Fear nothing; I will only blind your Eyes,
For Justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An Object that may sway her equal Doom
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good my Lord!
A Day of Hearing.

Roch.

Roch. It is granted, speak-You shall have Justice.

Char. I then here accuse,

Most equal Judge, the Prisoner, your fair Daughter. For whom I ow'd fo much to you: Your Daughter, So worthy in her own Parts, and that Worth Set forth by yours, to whose so rare Perfections, Truth witness with me, in the Place of Service I almost paid idolatrous Sacrifice, To be a false Adultress.

Roch. With whom?

Char. With this Novall, here dead.

Roch. Be well advis'd,

And ere you fay Adultress again,

Her Fame depending on it, be most sure That she is one.

Char. I took them in the Act.

I know no Proof beyond it.

Roch. O my Heart!

Char. A Judge should feel no Passions.

Roch. Yet, remember

He is a Man, and cannot put off Nature.

What Answer makes the Prisoner?

Beaumel. I confess

The Fact I am charg'd with, and yield myfelf

Most miserably guilty.

Roch. Heaven take Mercy

Upon your Soul, then: It must leave your Body.-Now free mine Eyes: I dare unmov'd look on her, And fortify my Sentence with strong Reasons. Since that the politick Law provides, that Servants, To whose Care we commit our Goods, shall die, If they abuse our Trust; what can you look for, To whose Charge this most hopeful Lord gave up All he receiv'd from his brave Ancestors, Or he could leave to his Posterity? His Honour, wicked Woman! in whose Safety

All this Life's Joys and Comforts were lock'd up, With thy Luft, a Thief hath now stoln from him;

And therefore -

258 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Char. Stay, just Judge.—May not what's lost By her own Fault (for I am charitable, And charge her not with many) be forgotten In her fair Life hereaster?

0

Y

I

Y

0

T

Be

A

0

T

0

FI

To

If

A

11

To

Ar

Bu

No

La

To To

No For

Ag:

Dies,

Roch. Never, Sir!

The Wrong that's done to the chaste married Bed, Repentant Tears can never expiate; And be assur'd, to pardon such a Sin, Is an Offence as great as to commit it.

Char. I may not then forgive her?

Rock. Nor she hope it:

Nor can she wish to live. No sun shall rise, But ere it set, shall shew her ugly Lust In a new Shape, and every one more horrid:

Nay, even those Prayers, which with such humble

She seems to send up yonder, are beat back; And all Suits, which her Penitence can proffer, As soon as made, are with Contempt thrown Off all the Courts of Mercy.

Char. Let her die then. [He kills her. Better prepar'd I am. Sure I could not take her.

Nor she accuse her Father, as a Judge

Partial against her.

Beaumel. I approve his Sentence, And kiss the Executioner: My Lust Is now run from me in that Blood, in which It was begot and nourished.

Roch. Is she dead then?

Char. Yes, Sir, this is her Heart-Blood, is it not? I think it be.

Roch. And you have kill'd her?

Char. True, and did it by your Doom.

Roch. But I pronounc'd it

As a Judge only, and a Friend to Justice,
And zealous in Defence of your wrong'd Honour,
Broke all the Ties of Nature; and cast off
The Love and soft Affection of a Father.
I, in your Cause, put on a Scarlet Robe

Of red-dy'd Cruelty; but, in Return, You have advanc'd for me no Flag of Mercy. I look'd on you as a wrong'd Hulband; but You clos'd your Eyes against me, as a Father. O Beaumelle! my Daughter!

Char. This is Madnefs.

Rock. Keep from me.—Could not one good Thought rife up,

To tell you that she was my Age's Comfort,
Begot by a weak Man, and born a Woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of Frailty?
Or wherefore did not Thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many Merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful;
Flinty-hearted Charalois?

Char. Nature does prevail above your Virtue.

Roch. No; it gives me Eyes,
To pierce the Heart of your Design against me.
I find it now; it was my 'State was aim'd at,
A nobler Match was sought for, and the Hours
I liv'd, grew tedious to you: My Compassion
Towards you hath render'd me most miserable,
And soolish Charity undone myself.
But there's a Heaven above, from whose just Wreak

No Mists of Policy can hide Offenders.

Enter Novall, sen. with Officers.

Nov. fen. Force ope the Doors.—O Monster! Canibal!
Lay hold on him — My Son! my Son!—O Recbfort!
Twas you gave Liberty to this bloody Wolf
To worry all our Comforts.—But this is
No Time to quarrel; now give your Assistance
For the Revenge.

Roch. Call it a fitter Name.

-Justice for innocent Blood.

Char. Though all conspire

Against that Life which I am weary of,

A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,

ies,

?

R 2

To

## 260 THE FATAL DOWRY.

To shew, in Spite of Malice, and their Laws, His Plea must speed, that hath an honest Cause.

[Exeunt.

Y

E

Y

Tin To

A

W

L

A

Ic

H

If

Go

T

I

Im

Y

Or

Ia

Ic

In

Of

Fe

H

# 

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Liladam, Taylor, Officers.

Lilad. WHY, 'tis both most unconscionable, and untimely,

T'arrest a Gallant for his Cloaths, before
He has worn them out: Besides, you said you ask'd
My Name in my Lord's Bond, but for me only,
And now you'll lay me up for't. Do not think
The taking Measure of a Customer
By a Brace of Varlets, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a Fashion
Which any Courtier or Inns-of-Court Man
Would follow willingly.

Taylor. There I believe you.
But, Sir! I must have present Monies, or
Assurance, to secure me when I shall——
Or I will see to your coming forth.

Lilad. Plague on't!
You have provided for my Entrance in:
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What shall I do? You've done me a Disgrace
In the Arrest, but more in giving Cause
To all the Street to think I cannot stand
Without these two Supporters for my Arms:
Pray you, let them loose me: For their Satisfaction
I will not run away.

Taylor. For theirs you will not;

But for your own you would: Look to him, Fellows!

Lilad. Why do you call them Fellows? Do no
Your Reputation so, as you are merely [wron

A Taylor, faithful, apt to believe in Gallants. You're a Companion at a ten Crown Supper For Cloth of Bodkin, and may with one Lark Eat up three Manchets, and no Man observe you, Or call your Trade in Question for't. But, when You study your Debt-Book, and hold Correspondence With Officers of the Hanger, and leave Swordmen, The Learned conclude, the Taylor and Serjeant In the Expression of a Knave are these To be synonymous. Look, therefore, to it! And let us part in Peace. I would be loth You should undo yourself.

### Enter Old Novall, and Pontalier.

Taylor. To let you go Were the next Way. But, see! here's your old Lord; Let him but give his Word I shall be paid, And you are free.

Lilad. S'lid! I'll put him to't:
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His Lordship owing me three Times your Debt:
If you arrest him at my Suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the Action enter'd,
'Twould be a witty Jest.

Taylor. I must have Earnest .-

I cannot pay my Debts fo.

Pont. Can your Lordship

unt.

器

and

Imagine, while I live, and wear a Sword, Your Son's Death shall be unreveng'd?

Nov. Jen. I know not
One Reason why you should not do like others:
I am sure, of all the Herd that sed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
In Pity, or in Thankfulness, one true Sign
Of Sorrow for him,

Fell not in such unthankful Ground: 'Tis true,
He had Weaknesses, but such, as few are free from.

Ra

And,

And, though none footh'd them less than I, for now To fay that I forefaw the Dangers, that Would rife from cherishing them, were but untimely, I yet could wish, the Justice that you feek for In the Revenge, had been trufted to me, And not the uncertain Isue of the Laws: 'T has robb'd me of a noble Testimony Of what I durft do for him. --- But, however. My forfeit Life redeem'd by him, though dead, Shall do him Service.

Nov. sen. As far as my Grief Will give me Leave, I thank you,

Lilad. Oh, my Lord!

Oh my good Lord! deliver me from these Furies. Pont. Arrested? This is one of them, whose base And abject Flattery help'd to dig his Grave: He is not worth your Pity, nor my Anger,-Go to the Bafket, and Repent.

Nov. Sen. Away! - I only know now to hate the I will do nothing for thee. deadly:

Lilad. Nor you, Captain?

Pont. No, to your Trade again; put off this Cale, It may be, the discovering what you were When your unfortunate Master took you up, May move Compassion in your Creditor. Confess the Truth.

[Exit Novall, sen, and Pontalies. Lilad. And, now I think on't better, I will, Brother, your Hand! your Hand, sweet Brother, I'm of your Sect, and my Gallantry but a Dream, Out of which these two fearful Apparitions Against my Will have wak'd me. This rich Sword Grew fuddenly out of a Taylor's Bodkin; These Hangers from my Vails and Fees in Hell; And, whereas now this Beaver fits, full often A thrifty Cap, compos'd of Broad-cloth Lifts, Near-'kin unto the Cushion where I sat Cross-leg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been feen, Our Breakfasts, samous for the butter'd Loaves,

I have

11

A

Fo

T

Be

U

H

N

E

I

1

1 V

F

I

I have with Joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a Conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our Hall towards other Men,
To me that, as I have been, will again
Be of the Brotherhood.

Officer. I know him now:

He was a 'Prentice to Le Robe at Orleance.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young Lord, now dead,

Unto Dijon; and with him, till this Hour,
Hath been receiv'd here for a compleat Monfieur.
Nor wonder at it; for but Tythe our Gallants,
Even those of the first Rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing School, or Fiddle,
The Pantose or Pressing-iron:—But hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My Suits again; there cannot be much Loss.
'Tis but the turning of the Lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.

Taylor. Then here our Quarrel ends:
The Gallant is turn'd Taylor, and all Friends. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.

Enter Romont, Beaumont.

Rom. You have them ready.

Beaum. Yes; and they will speak

Their Knowledge in this Cause, when thou thinkst fit

To have them call'd upon.

Rom. 'Tis well; and fomething

I can add to their Evidence, to prove

This brave Revenge, which they would have call'd Murther.

A noble Justice.

er.

Beaum. In this you express

(The Breach, by my Lord's Want of you, new made up)

R 4

A faithful Friend.

Beaum:

# 264 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Rom. That Friendship's rais'd on Sand, Which every sudden Gust of Discontent, Or Flowing of our Passions, can change, As if it ne'er had been:—But do you know Who are to sit on him?

Beaum. Monsieur Du Croy,

Affisted by Charmi.

Rom. The Advocate,

That pleaded for the Marshal's Funeral, And was check'd for it by Novall.

Beaum. The fame,

Rom. How fortunes that?

Beaum. Why, Sir, my Lord Novall,
Being the Accuser, cannot be the Judge;
Nor would grieve Rochfort, but Lord Charalois
(However he might wrong him by his Power,)
Should have an equal Hearing.

Rom. By my Hopes

Of Charalois's Acquittal, I lament That reverend old Man's Fortune.

Beaum. Had you feen him,
As to my Grief I have, now promife Patience,
And, e'er it was believ'd, though spake by him
That never break his Word, enrag'd again
So far as to make War upon those Hairs,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious Fear,
As something sacred;—and then curse his Daughter;
But with more frequent Violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her Fault,
By being incredulous of your Report,
You would not only judge him worthy Pity,
But suffer with him.—But here comes the Prisoner,

## Enter Charalois, with Officers,

I dare not stay to do my Duty to him; Yet, rest assur'd, all possible Means in me To do him Service, keeps you Company. 1

A

I

7

A

(.

P

E

F

1

I

I

(

I

H

N

I

1

S

Rom. It is not doubted. [Exit Beaumont. Char. Why, yet, as I came hither, The People, apt to mock Calamity, And tread on the oppress'd, made no Horns at me, Though they are too familiar :- I deserve them. And, knowing too what Blood my Sword hath drunk, In Wreak of that Difgrace, they yet forbear To shake their Heads, or to revile me for A Murtherer; they rather all put on (As for great Losses the old Romans us'd) A general Face of Sorrow, waited on By a fad Murmur breaking through their Silence, And no Eye but was readier with a Tear To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could Difcern a Face made up with Scorn against me. Why should I then, though for unusual Wrongs I chose unusual Means to right those Wrongs, Condemn myself, as over-partial In my own Cause.—Romont?

Rom. Best Friend, well met!

By my Heart's Love to you, and join to that

My Thankfulness that still lives to the dead,

I look upon you now with more true Joy,

Then when I saw you married.

Char. You have Reason
To give you Warrant for't. My falling off
From such a Friendship, with the Scorn that answered
Your too prophetick Counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my Death,
A sit Encounter for that Hate which justly
I have deserv'd from you.

Rom. Shall I still, then, Speak Truth, and be ill understood? Char. You are not.

I'm conscious I have wrong'd you, and allow me Only a moral Man to look on you, Whom soolishly I have abus'd and injur'd, Must of Necessity be more terrible to me, Than any Death the Judges can pronounce

From

From the Tribunal which I am to plead at.

Rom. Passion transports you.

Char. For what I have done
To my false Lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent Cause; but, touching you,
In my Defence, Child-like, I can say nothing,
But I am sorry for't; a poor Satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Then I will speak, to have my Pardon sign'd
For all I stand accus'd of,

Rom. You much weaken

The Strength of your good Cause, should you but think,

A Man for doing well could entertain
A Pardon, were it offer'd. You have given
To blind and flow pac'd Justice, Wings, and Eyes,
To see, and overtake Impieties,
Which from a cold Proceeding had receiv'd
Indulgence or Protection.

Char. Think you fo?

Rom. Upon my Soul, nor should the Blood you challenge

And took to cure your Honour, breed more Scruple In your foft Conscience, than if your Sword Had been sheath'd in a Tygress, or She-Bear, That in their Bowels would have made your Tomb. To injure Innocence is more than Murther: But when inhuman Lusts transform us, then As Beafts, we are to fuffer, not like Men, To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever Perform an Act fo worthy the Applause Of a full Theatre of perfect Men, As he hath done in this: The Glory got By overthrowing outward Enemies, Since Strength and Fortune are main Sharers in it, We cannot, but by Pieces, call our own: But, when we conquer our intestine Foes, Our Passions bred within us, and of those The most rebellious Tyrant, powerful Love,

Our Reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair Object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true Victory; which, were great Men
Ambitious to atchieve, by your Example
Setting no Price upon the Breach of Faith,
But Loss of Life, 'twould fright Adultery
Out of their Families, and make Lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first Consent,
As when 'tis waited on by Punishment.

Char. You have confirm'd me. Who would love a Woman

That might enjoy, in such a Man, a Friend?
You've made me know the Justice of my Cause,
And mark'd me out the Way, how to defend it.

Rom. Continue to that Resolution constant,
And you shall, in Contempt of their worst Malice,
Come off with Honour.—Here they come.

Char. I am ready.

#### SCENE III.

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall sen. Pontalier, Beaumont.

Nov. fen. See, equal Judges, with what Confidence The cruel Murtherer stands, as if he would Out-face the Court and Justice!

Roch. But look on him,

And you shall find (for still methinks I do, Though Guilt hath dy'd him black) something good in

him,

UL.

That may perhaps work with a wifer Man, Than I have been, again to fet him free And give him all he has.

Scene 3. The ensuing Scene is most finely wrote, as is indeed the whole Act. The Misfortunes of the good old genero, s Rochfort, and the pious Charalois's continued Round of Sorrows must be very affecting to every Heart, that is capable of being touched with Plty and Tenderness.

Charmi.

Charmi. This is not well. I would you had liv'd fo, my Lord! that I, Might rather have continu'd your poor Servant, Than fit here as your Judge.

Du Croy. I am forry for you.

Roch. In no Act of my Life I have deserv'd This Injury from the Court, that any here Should thus uncivily usurp on what Is proper to me only.

Du Croy. What Distaste

Receives my Lord?

Roch. You fay you are forry for him: A Grief in which I must not have a Partner: 'Tis I alone am forry, that I rais'd The Building of my Life, for seventy Years, Upon so fure a Ground, that all the Vices, Practis'd to ruin Man, though brought against me, Could never undermine, and no Way left To fend these grey Hairs to the Grave with Sorrow, Virtue, that was my Patroness, betray'd me: For, entring, nay, possessing, this young Man, It lent him fuch a powerful Majesty To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely I gave myself up with my Liberty, To be at his disposing: Had his Person, Lovely I must confess, or far fam'd Valour, Or any other feeming Good, that yet Holds a near Neighbourhood with Ill, wrought on me, I might have borne it better: But, when Goodness And Piety itself in her best Figure Were brib'd to my Destruction, can you blame me, Though I forget to fuffer like a Man, Or rather act a Woman?

Beaum. Good my Lord!

Nov. sen. You hinder our Proceeding,

Charmi. And forget

The Parts of an Accuser.

Beaum. 'Pray you, remember To use the Temper, which to me you promis'd.

Roch.

Beyond the Strength and Patience of Angels.
But I have done:—My good Lord! pardon me
A weak old Man; and pray add to that
A miserable Father; yet be careful
That your Compassion of my Age, nor his,
Move you to any Thing, that may misecome
The Place on which you sit.

Charmi. Read the Indictment.

Char. It shall be needless; I myself, my Lords! Will be my own Accuser, and confess All they can charge me with; nor will I spare To aggravate that Guilt with Circumstance They seek to load me with: Only I pray, That, as for them you will vouchsafe me Hearing, I may not be, deny'd it for myself, When I shall urge by what unanswerable Reasons I was compell'd to what I did, which yet, Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Roch. The Motion's honest. Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.

Char. Then I confess, my Lords! that I stood bound, When, with my Friends, ev'n Hope itself had left me, To this Man's Charity for my Liberty; Nor did his Bounty end there, but began: For, after my Enlargement, cherishing The Good he did, he made me Master of His only Daughter, and his whole Estate: Great Ties of Thankfulness, I must acknowledge, Could any one, freed by you, press this further? But yet confider, my most honour'd Lords! If to receive a Favour, make a Servant, And Benefits are Bonds to tie the Taker To the imperious Will of him that gives, There's none but Slaves will receive Courtesies, Since they must fetter us to our Dishonours. Can it be call'd Magnificence in a Prince, To pour down Riches, with a liberal Hand,

Upon

THE FATAL DOWRY.

Be

(

Upon a poor Man's Wants, if that must bind him, To play the foothing Parafite to his Vices? Or any Man, because he sav'd my Hand, Presume my Head and Heart are at his Service? Or, did I ftand engag'd to buy my Freedom (When my Captivity was honourable) By making myfelf here, and Fame hereafter, Bondslaves to Men's Scorn, and calumnious Tongues? Had his fair Daughter's Mind been like her Feature, Or, for fome little Blemish, I had fought For my Content elsewhere, wasting on others My Body, and her Dowry; my Forehead then Deserv'd the Brand of base Ingratitude: But if obsequious Usage, and fair Warning To keep her worth my Love, could not preserve her From being a Whore, and yet no cunning one, So to offend, and yet the Fault kept from me-What should I do? Let any free-born Spirit Determine truly, if that Thankfulness, Choice Form, with the whole World given for a Dowry, Could strengthen so an honest Man with Patience, As with a willing Neck to undergo The insupportable Yoke of Slave or Wittal.

Charmi. What Proof have you she did play false, besides

Your Oath?

Char. Her own Confession to her Father.

I ask him for a Witness.

Roch. 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last Words With an Untruth.

Char. And then to clear myself, That his great Wealth was not the Mark I shot at, But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle Fell from her Vertue, like the fatal Gold Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose Possession Brought with it Ruin to himself and Army. Here's one in Court, Beaumont, by whom I fent All Grants and Writings back, which made it mine, Before Before his Daughter dy'd by his own Sentence, As freely, as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

Beaum. They are here to be feen.

Charmi. Open the Cafket.

Peruse that Deed of Gift.

Rom. Half of the Danger

Already is discharg'd: The other Part
As bravely, and you are not only free,
But crown'd with Praise for ever.

Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.

Charmi. Your 'State, my Lord, again is yours.

Roch. Not mine;

I am not of the World: If it can prosper, (And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it On pious Uses: I'll go seek a Grave.

And yet, for Proof, I die in Peace, your Pardon I ask; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven, Your Conscience, and these Judges, free you from What you are charg'd with. So, tarewell, for ever.—

Exit Rochfort.

Novall sen. I'll be mine own Guide. Passion, nor Example

Shall be my Leaders. I have lost a Son, A Son, grave Judges, I require his Blood From his accurfed Homicide.

Charmi. What Reply you, In your Defence for this?

Char. I but attended

Your Lordship's Pleasure.—For the Fact, as of The former, I confess it; but with what Base Wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it, To my few Words there are some other Proofs To witness this for Truth. When I was married (For there I must begin) the slain Novall Was to my Wife, in Way of our French Courtship, A most devoted Servant; but yet aimed at Nothing but Means to quench his wanton Heat, His Heart being never warm'd by lawful Fires

As mine was, Lords; and though, on these Prefump.

Join'd to the Hate between his House and mine, I might, with Opportunity and Ease, Have found a Way for my Revenge, I did not; But still he had the Freedom as before. When all was mine; and, told that he abus'd it With some unseemly Licence, by my Friend, My approv'd Friend, Romont, I gave no Credit To the Reporter, but reprov'd him for it, As one uncourtly and malicious to him. What could I more, my Lords? Yet, after this, He did continue in his first Pursuit. Hotter then ever, and at length obtained it; But, how it came to my most certain Knowledge, For the Dignity of the Court, and my own Honour, I dare not fay.

Nov. sen. If all may be believ'd A passionate Prisoner speaks, who is so foolish That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty? No, my grave Lords: In his Impunity But give Example unto jealous Men To cut the Throats they hate, and they will never Want Matter or Pretence for their bad Ends.

Charmi. You must find other Proofs, to strengthen these But mere Presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly

Allow your Innocence.

Char. All your Attempts Shall fall on me, like brittle Shafts on Armour, That break themselves; or like Waves against a Rock, That leave no Sign of their ridiculous Fury But Foam and Splinters; my Innocence like these Shall stand triumphant, and your Malice serve But for a Trumpet to proclaim my Conquest: Nor shall you, though you do the worst Fate can,

How e'er condemn, affright an honest Man. Rom. May it please the Court, I may be heard. 1

F

F

Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? But do—You shall not find
Another Rochfort.

Rom. In Novall I cannot.

But I come furnished with what will stop.
The Mouth of his Conspiracy against the Life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this Character?

Nov. Sen. Yes, 'tis my Son's.

Rom. May it please your Lordships, read it,
And you shall find there, with what Vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he had got
A Promise from her to enjoy his Wishes;
How after he abjur'd her Company,
And yet—(but that 'tis fit I spare the Dead)
Like a damn'd Villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that Oath;—to make this manifest,
Produce his Bawds and her's.

Enter Aymer, Florimel, Bellapert.

Charmi. Have they took their Oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the Rack, Confess the Time, the Meeting, nay the Act; What would you more? Only this Matron made A free Discovery to a good End; And therefore I sue to the Court, she may not Be plac'd in the black List of the Delinquents.

Pont. I fee by this, Novall's Revenge needs me;

And I shall do.

Charmi. 'Tis evident-

Nov. Sen. That I

Till now was never wretched: Here's no Place

To curle him or my Stars. [Exit Novall sen.

Charmi. Lord Charalois!

The Injuries you have fustain'd, appear So worthy of the Mercy of the Court, That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond

The Letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But, in Novall, I do condemn him-thus.

[Stabs him. Char.

VOL. II.

## 274 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Char. I'm flain,

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murd'rous Wretch! Thy Challenge now I answer.—So die with him.

[Stabs Pontalier.

Charmi, A Guard! disarm him!

Rom. I yield up my Sword

Unforc'd—Oh, Charalois!

Char. For Shame, Romont!

Mourn not for him, that dies, as he hath liv'd;
Still constant and unmov'd: What's fall'n upon me,
Is by Heav'ns Will; because I made myself
A Judge in my own Cause without their Warrant:
But he, that lets me know thus much in Death,
With all good Men—forgive me.

[Dies.

Pont. I receive

The Vengeance, which my Love not built on Virtue, Has made me worthy of.

[Dies.

Charmi. We're taught

By this fad Precedent, how just soever
Our Reasons are to remedy our Wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their Will and Power,
That to that Purpose have Authority.
For you, Roment, although in your Excuse
You may plead, what you did, was in Revenge
Of the Dishonour done unto the Court:
Yet, since from us you had not Warrant for it,
We banish you the State: For these, they shall,
As they are sound guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer Punishment,

[Exeunt.

## ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

#### THE

# EMPEROR of the EAST.

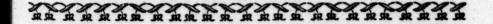
A

# TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been divers Times acted, at the Black-Fryers, and Globe Play-Houses, by the King's Majesty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.



AND RELEASED TO THE REPARKAL

HII T

EMPEROLOGISHERAST.

TRAGI-COMEDY.

hi hith been divers Thosts adod, at the Blacks of the Blac

TITE I HA

BE BILLIN MIKSSIN CHR.

# To the Right Honourable, and my Especial Good Lord,

# JOHN LORD MOHUN,

Baron of OKEHAMPTON, &c.

My Good Lord,

\*\*\* \* ET my Presumption in stiling you so (baving L & never deserved it in my Service) from the Clemency of your noble Disposition, find Pardon. \* The Reverence due to the Name of Mohun, long fince bonoured in three Earls of Somerset, and eight Barons of Munster, may challenge from all Pens a deserved Celebration. And the rather in respect those Titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your Ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living Actions; nor ever forfeited, or tainted, but when the Iniquity of those Times laboured the Depression of approved Goodness, and in wicked Policy held it fit that Loyalty and Faith, in taking Part with the true Prince, should be degraded and multted. But this admitting no farther Dilation in this Place, may your Lordship please, and with all possible Brevity to understand, the Reasons why I am, in bumble Thankfulness, ambitious to shelter this Poem under the Wings of your Honourable Protection. My worthy Friend, Mr. Afton Cockain, your Nephew, to my extraordinary Content, deliver'd to me, that your Lordship, at your vacant Hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such Trifles of mine as have passed the Press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle Suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a Remembrance of your Love, and intended Favour to me. I profess to the World, I was exalted with the Bounty, and with good Afsurance, it being so rare in this Age to meet with one Noble Name, that, in Fear to be censured of Levity and Weakness, dares express itself a Friend or Patron to contemn'd Poetry.\*

<sup>\*</sup> That this noble Lord not only favoured Poetry, but wrote himfelf. appears from Sr Alton Cockain's Letter to his Lordship in Verse. See Cockain's Poems, Page 80.

Having, therefore, no Means else left me to witness the Obligation, in which I stand most willingly bound to your Lordship, I offer this Tragi-Comedy to your gracious Acceptance, no Way despairing, but that with a clear Aspest, you will deign to receive it (it being an Industion to my future Endeavours) and that in the List of those, that to your Merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your Lordship's

Faithful Honourer,

F

U

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PROLOGUE at the BLACK-FRYERS.

DUT that imperious Custom warrants it, Our Author with much Willingness would omit This Preface to his new Work. He hath found (And fuffer'd for't) many are apt to wound His Credit in this Kind: and, whether he Express himself fearful, or peremptory, He cannot 'scape their Censures who delight To misapply whatever he should write. 'Tis his hard Fate. And though he will not fue, Or basely beg such Suffrages, yet to you Free, and ingenuous Spirits, he doth now, In me present his Service, with his Vow He hath done his best; and, though he cannot glory In his Invention, (this Work being a Story, Of reverend Antiquity) he doth hope In the Proportion of it, and the Scope, You may observe some Pieces drawn like one Of a stedfast Hand, and with the whiter Stone To be mark'd in your fair Censures. More than this I am forbid to promife, and it is With With the most 'till you confirm it: since we know Whate'er the Shaft be, Archer, or the Bow From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the White Unless your Approbation guide it right.

# PROLOGUE at COURT.

S ever (Sir) you lent a gracious Ear To oppress'd Innocence, now vouchsafe to hear A short Petition. At your Feet, in me, The Poet kneels, and to your Majefty Appeals for Justice. What we now present, When first conceiv'd, in his Vote and Intent, Was facred to your Pleasure; in each Part With his best of Fancy, Judgment, Language, Art, Fashion'd, and form'd so, as might well, and may Deserve a Welcome, and no vulgar Way. He durst not (Sir) at such a solemn Feast Lard his grave Matter with one scurrilous Jest; But labour'd that no Passage might appear, But what the Queen without a Blush might hear: And yet this poor Work suffer'd by the Rage, And Envy of some Cato's of the Stage: Yet still he hopes, this Play, which then was feen With fore Eyes, and condemn'd out of their Spicen, May be by you, the supreme Judge, set free, And rais'd above the Reach of Calumny.

Dramatis

# Dramatis Personæ.

the end full you confirm it; fince we know the state of the her, or the slow that here it cannot but the eV line

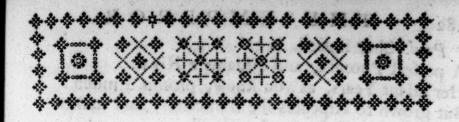
# THEODOSIUS the Younger.

Paulinus, a Kinsman to the Emperor.
Philanax, Captain of the Guard.
Patriarch.
Timantus,
Chrysapius,
Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber.
Gratianus,
Cleon, a Traveller, Friend to Paulinus.
Informer.
Projector.
Master of the Manners.
Mignion of the Suburbs.
Countryman.
Chirurgeon.
Empirick.

Pulcheria, the Protectress.
Athenais, a strange Virgin; after, the Empress.
Arcadia,
Flaccilla, the young Sisters of the Emperor.

Servants. Mutes.

The Scene, Constantinople.



#### THE

# EMPEROR of the EAST.

### ACT I. SCENE I.\*

Paulinus, Cleon.

Paulinus.

\*\*\* \*\*N your fix Years Travel, Friend, no doubt,

you've met with

Many, and rare Adventures, and observ'd

The Wonders of each Climate, varying in
The Manners, and the Men, and so return,
For the future Service of your Prince and Country,
In your Understanding better'd.

Cleon. Sir, I have made oft
The best Use in my Power, and hope my Gleanings,
After the full Crop others reap'd before me,
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether
Appear unprofitable: Yet I lest
The Miracle of Miracles in our Age
At home behind me; every where abroad
Fame with a true, though prodigal Voice, deliver'd
Such Wonders of Pulcheria the Princess,
To the Amazement, nay, Astonishment rather
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,
In all the States and Kingdoms that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.

\* The Plot of this Play is founded on the History of Theodosius the younger. See Socrates, Lib. 7. Theodoret, L. 5, &c.

Paul.

Paul. She, indeed, is
A perfect Phoenix, and disdains a Rival.
Her infant Years, as you know, promis'd much:
But grown to Ripeness she transcends, and makes
Credulity her Debtor. I will tell you
In my blunt Way, to entertain the Time
Until you have the Happiness to see her,
How in your Absence she hath borne herself,
And with all possible Brevity, though the Subject
Is such a spacious Field, as would require
An Abstract of the purest Eloquence
(Deriv'd from the most famous Orators
The Nurse of Learning, Athens, shew'd the World)
In that Man, that should undertake to be
Her true Historian.

Cleon. In this you shall do me

A fpecial Favour.

Paul. Since Arcadius' Death, Our late great Master, the Protection of The Prince his Son, the fecond Theodofius, By a general Vote and Suffrage of the People; Was to her Charge affign'd, with the Disposure Of his fo many Kingdoms. For his Person, She hath fo train'd him up in all those Arts That are both great and good, and to be wished In an imperial Monarch, that the Mother Of the Gracebi, grave Cornelia (Rome still boasts of) The wife Pulcheria but nam'd, must be No more remember'd. She, by her Example, Hath made the Court a kind of Academy, In which true Honour is both learn'd, and practis'd, Her private Lodgings a chafte Nunnery, In which her Sifters, as Probationers, hear From her their Sovereign Abbess, all the Precepts Read in the School of Virtue.

· Cleon. You amaze me.

Paul. I shall, ere I conclude: For here the Wonder Begins, not ends. Her Soul is so immense, And her strong Faculties so apprehensive, To search into the Depth of deep Designs,

And

T

1

B

1

I

I

F

And of all Natures, that the Burthen, which To many Men were insupportable, To her is but a gentle Exercise,

Made by the frequent Use familiar to her.

Cleon. With your good Favour, let me interrupt you. Being as she is in every Part so perfect, Methinks that all Kings of our Eastern World Should become Rivals for her.

Paul. So they have;

But to no Purpose. She, that knows her Strength. To rule, and govern Monarchs, fcorns to wear On her free Neck the servile Yoke of Marriage. And for one loofe Defire, envy itself Dares not prefume to taint her. Venus' Son ' Is blind indeed, when he but gazes on her. Her Chastity being a Rock of Diamonds, With which encounter'd, his Shafts fly in Splinters, His flaming Torches in the living Spring Of her Perfections, quench'd: And, to crown all; She's fo impartial when she sits upon The high Tribunal, neither fway'd with Pity, Nor aw'd by Fear, beyond her equal Scale, That 'tis not Superstition to believe Astrea once more lives upon the Earth, Pulcheria's Breaft her Temple.

Cleon. You have given her An admirable Character.

Paul. She deserves it,

And fuch is the commanding Power of Virtue,
That from her vicious Enemies it compels
Pæans of Praise as a due Tribute to her.

[Solemn loud Musick.

Cleon. What means this folemn Musick? Paul. It ushers

Is blind indeed, &c.

And thus Shakespear in Criolanus

That's curdled by the Frost from purest Snow, And hangs on Dian's Temple.

Act 5. Scene 3.

The Emperor's Morning-Meditation, In which Pulcheria is more then affiftant. 'Tis worth your Observation, and you may Collect from her Expence of Time this Day, How her Hours for many Years have been dispos'd of Cleon. I am all Eyes and Ears.

Enter after a Strain of Musick, Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodosius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, followed by Chrysapius and Gratianus, Informer, Servants, Officers.

Pulch. Your Patience, Sir.

Let those corrupted Ministers of the Court, Which you complain of, our Devotions ended, Be cited to appear. For the Ambassadors Who are importunate to have Audience, From me you may assume them, that To-morrow They shall in publick kiss the Emperor's Robe, And we in private with our foonest Leifure Will give 'em Hearing. Have you especial Care too That free Access be granted unto all Petitioners. The Morning wears.—Pray you on, Sir; Time lost is ne'er recover'd.

[Exeunt Theodosius, Pulcheria, and the Train.

Paul. Did you note

The Majesty she appears in?

Cleon. Yes, my good Lord;

I was ravish'd with it.

Paul. And then with what Speed She orders her Dispatches, not one daring To interpose; the Emperor himself Without Reply, putting in Act whatever She pleas'd t' impose upon him.

Cleon. Yet there were some

That in their fullen Looks rather confessed A forc'd Constraint to serve her, than a Will To be at her Devotion: What are they?

Paul. Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber, that re-

pine

The Globe and awful Scepter should give Place

Unto

U

A

E

T

E A

A A

A

In

T

F

C

I

If

In

N

F

P

I

I

B

T

T

V

Unto the Distaff, for as such they whisper A Woman's Government, but dare not, yet, Express themselves.

Cleon. From whence are the Ambassadors

To whom she promis'd Audience?

Employ'd by divers Princes, who desire
Alliance with our Emperor, whose Years now,
As you see, write him Man. One would advance
A Daughter to the Honour of his Bed;
A second, his fair Sister: To instruct you
In the Particulars would ask longer Time
Than my own Designs give Way to. I have Letters
From special Friends of mine, that to my Care

Commend a stranger Virgin, whom this Morning I purpose to present before the Princess:

If you please, you may accompany me,

Cleon. I'll wait on you.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE II.

Informer, Officers bringing in the Projector, the Suburbs Mignion, the Masters of the Habit and Manners.

Informer. Why should you droop, or hang your working Heads?

No Danger is meant to you; pray, bear up, For aught I know you're cited to receive Preferment due to your Merits.

Projector. Very likely:

In all the Projects I have read and practis'd, I never found one Man compell'd to come Before the Seat of Justice, under Guard, To receive Honour.

Informer. No? It may be, you are
The first Example. Men of Qualities,
As I've deliver'd you to the Protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, can't conceive
A fitter Place to have their Virtues publish'd,

Than

Than in open Court. Could you hope that the Princess, Knowing your precious Merits, will reward 'em In a private Corner? No; you know not yet How you may be exalted.

Suburbs Minion. To the Gallows.

Informer. Fie

Nor yet depress'd to the Gallies; in your Names
You carry no such Crimes: Your specious Titles
Cannot but take her—President of the Projectors!
What a Noise it makes? The Master of the Habit!
How proud would some one Country be that I know
To be your first Pupil? Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the Court,
And honour'd with the Stile of Squire of Dames,
What Hurt is in it? One Thing I must tell you,
As I am the State-scout, you may think me an Informer,

Master of the Habit. They are Synonimous

Master of the Habit. They are Synonimous.
Informer. Conceal nothing from her
Of your good Parts, 'twill be the better for you;
Or if you should, it matters not, she can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitary Spirit,
Bound to obey her—You have my Instructions,
Stand by, here's better Company.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais, with a Petition.

Athen. Can I hope, Sir,
Oppressed Innocence shall find Protection,
And Justice among Strangers, when my Brothers,
Brothers of one Womb, by one Sire begotten,
Trample on my Afflictions?

Paul. Forget them,

Athen. They have rob'd me
Of all Means to prefer my just Complaint
With any promising Hope to gain a Hearing,
Much less Redress: Petitions not sweetned
With Gold, are but unsavory, oft refused;
Or, if receiv'd, are pocketed, not read.

A

AS

Of

Be

W

M

W

In

Cr

T

0

W

T

M

W

T

M

I

BT (I

T

T

V

P

Y

Y

I

1

A Suitor's swelling Tears by the glowing Beams
Of cholerick Authority are dry'd up,
Before they fall; or, if seen, never pitied.
What will become of a forsaken Maid?
My flatt'ring Hopes are too weak to encounter
With my strong Enemy, Despair, and 'tis
In vain t' oppose her.

Cleon. Cheer her up; she faints, Sir.

Paul. This argues Weakness, though your Brothers were

Cruel beyond Expression, and the Judges
That sentenc'd you, corrupt; you shall find here
One of your own Fair Sex to do you right,
Whose Beams of Justice, like the Sun, extend
Their Light and Heat to Strangers, and are not
Municipal, or confin'd.

Athen. Pray you do not feed me
With airy Hopes, unless you can assure me
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear
My miserable Story, it were better
I died without her Trouble.

Paul. She is bound to it

By the furest Chain, her natural Inclination

To help th' afflicted; nor shall long Delays
(More terrible to miserable Suitors

Then quick Denials) grieve you. Dry your fair Eyes;
This Room will instantly be fanctify'd

With her bless'd Presence; to her ready Hand

Present your Grievances, and rest assur'd

You shall-depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me

A fecond Life.

Informer. Will your Lordship please to hear Your Servant a few Words?

Paul. Away, you Rascal!

Did I ever keep such Servants?

Informer. If your Honesty

Would give you Leave, it would be for your Profit.

Paul. To make Use of an Informer? Tell me in what Can you advantage me?

Informer. In the first Tender

Of a fresh Suit never beg'd yet, Paul. What's your Suit, Sir?

Informer. 'Tis feafible:-Here are three arrant Knaves

Discover'd by my Art:

Paul. And thou the Arch-knave;

The great devour the lefs:

Informer. And with good Reason;

I must eat one a Month, I cannot live else,

Paul. A notable Cannibal? But, should I hear thee,

In what do your Knaves concern me?

Informer. In the begging Of their Estates.

Paul. Before they are condemn'd?

Informer. Yes, or arraign'd, your Lordship may speak too late elfe.

They are your own, and I will be content With the fifth Part of a Share.

Paul. Hence, Rogue!

Informer. Such Rogues In this Kind will be heard, and cherish'd too.

Fool that I was to offer fuch a Bargain.

To a spic'd Conscience Chapman—But I care not; What he disdains to taste others will swallow.

Loud Musick.

E

(

1

I

I

1

Enter Theodosius, Pulcheria, and the Train.

Cleon. They are returned from the Temple, Paul. See, she appears;

What think you now?

Athen. A cunning Painter, thus,

Her Veil ta'n off, and awful Sword and Balance Laid by would picture Justice.

Pulch. When you pleafe,

You may intend those royal Exercises Suiting your Birth, and Greatness: I will bear

The

The Burthen of your Cares, and, having purged The Body of your Empire of ill Humours, Upon my Knees furrender it.

Chryf. Will you ever Be aw'd thus like a Boy?

Grat. And kifs the Rod

Of a proud Mistress?

Timan. Be what you were born, Sir.

Phila. Obedience and Majesty never lodg'd

In the same Inn.

Theod. No more; he never learned

The right Way to command, that stop'd his Ears. To wife Directions.

Pulch. Read o'ef the Papers

I left upon my Cabinet; two Hours hence

I will examine you.

Flac. We spend but Time well.

Nothing but praying, and poring on a Book;

It ill agrees with my Constitution, Sister.

Arcad. Would I had been born fome mafq'uing Lady's Woman,

Only to fee ftrange Sights, rather than live thus.

Flac. We are gone, for sooth; there is no Remedy, Sifter. [Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.

Grat. What hath his Eye found out?

Timan. 'Tis fix'd upon

That Stranger Lady.

Chryf. I am glad, yet, that

He dares look on a Woman.

[All this Time the Informer kneeling to Pulcheria, and delivering Papers.]

Theod. Philanax,

What is that comely Stranger?

Phila. A Petitioner.

Chrys. Will you hear her Case, and dispatch her in your Chamber?

I'll undertake to bring her.

he

Theod. Bring me to

Some Place where I may look on her Demeanour.
—'Tis a lovely Creature!

Chrys. There's some Hope in this, yet.

[Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch, and the Train.

Pulch. No, you have done your Parts: Paul. Now Opportunity courts you,

Prefer your Suit.

Athen. As low as Misery

Can fall, for Proof of my Humility,
A poor diffressed Virgin bows her Head,
And lays hold on your Goodness, the last Altar
Calamity can sly to for Protection.
Great Minds erect their never-failing Trophies
On the firm Base of Mercy; but to triumph
Over a Suppliant, by proud Fortune captiv'd,
Argues a Bastard Conquest—'tis to you
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,
The Wonder of the Age, your Sexes Honour;
And, as such, deign to hear me. As you have
A Soul moulded from Heaven, and do desire
To have it made a Star there, make the Means
Of your Ascent to that Celestial Height
Virtue wing'd with brave Action. They draw near

The Nature, and the Effence of the Gods, Who imitate their Goodness.

Pulch. If you were

A Subject of the Empire, which your Habit In every Part denies—

Athen. O fly not to

Such an Evafion; whate'er I am,
Being a Woman, in Humanity
You are bound to right me, though the Difference
Of my Religion may feem to exclude me
From your Defence (which you'd have confin'd)
The moral Virtue, which is general,
Must know no Limits—By these blessed Feet
That pace the Paths of Equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff Neck of tyrannous Oppression,

By

By these Tears by which I bathe 'em, I conjure you With Pity to look on me.

Pulch. Pray you rife.

And, as you rife, receive this Comfort from me. Beauty fet off with such sweet Language never Can want an Advocate; and you must bring More than a Guilty Cause if you prevail not. Some Business long since thought upon, dispatched, You shall have Hearing, and, as far as Justice Will warrant me, my best Aids.

Athen. I do desire

No stronger Guard; my Equity needs no Favour.

Pulch. Are these the Men?

Projector. We were, an't like your Highness. The Men, the Men of Eminence, and Mark, And may continue so, if it please your Grace.

Master. This Speech was well projected.

[Aside.

Pulch. Does your Conscience

(I will begin with you) whisper unto you

What here you fland accus'd of? Are you named

The President of Projectors? Informer. Justify it, Man,

And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

Project. That's apparent;

And, if you please, ask some about the Court,
And they will tell you too my rare Inventions,
They owe their Bravery, perhaps Means to purchase,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring Brains to Use, and sometimes

For a Drachma in the Pound,—the more the Pity.

I am all Patience, and endure the Curses Of many, for the Profit of one Patron.

Pulch. I do conceive the rest—What is the Second? Informer. The Mignion of the Suburbs.

Pulch. What hath he To do in Constantinople?

Mign. I steal in now and then, As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,

T 2

And

1 h

He

To

He

W

Ar

M

I'n

A

In

To

A

T

H

L Be

T

M

T

It

USO

T

0

A

AF

If

T

M

M

T

T

In

P

And by the Allowance of some sportful Ladies Honour'd with that Title.

Pulch. Spare your Character,
You're here decipher'd—Stand by with your Compere.
What is the Third? A Creature I ne'er heard of;
The Master of the Manners, and the Habit?
You have a double Office.

Master. In my Actions

I make both good; for by my Theorems
Which your polite, and terfer Gallants practife,
I refine the Court, and civilize
Their barbarous Natures. I have, in a Table
With curious Punctuality fet down
To a Hair's Breadth, how low a new-stamp'd Courtier
May vail to a Country Gentleman, and, by
Gradation, to his Merchant, Mercer, Draper,
His Linen-Man, and Taylor.

Pulch. Pray you, discover

This hidden Mystery.

Master. If the 'foresaid Courtier' (As it may chance sometimes) find not his Name Writ in the Citizens Books with a State-Hum He may salute 'em after three Days waiting: But, if he owe them Money, that he may Preserve his Credit, let him, in Policy, never Appoint a Day of Payment; so they may hope still: But, if he be to take up more, his Page May attend 'em at the Gate, and usher 'em Into his Cellar, and when they are warm'd with Wine, Conduct 'em to his Bedchamber, and though then He be under his Barber's Hands, as soon as seen, He must start up to embrace 'em, vail thus low; Nay, though he call 'em Cousins, 'tis the better, His Dignity no Way wrong'd in't.

Paul. Here's a fine Knave!

Pulch. Does this Rule hold without Exception, Sirral, For Courtiers in general?

Master. No, dear Madam;
For one of the last Edition, and for him

I have composed a Dictionary, in which He is instructed, how, when, and to whom To be proud or humble; at what Times of the Year He may do a good Deed for itself, and that is Writ in Dominical Letters; all Days else Are his own, and of those Days the several Hours Mark out, and to what Use.

Pulch. Shew us your Method; I'm strangely taken with it.

Master. 'Twill deserve

h,

A Pension, I hope. First a strong Cullis
In his Bed, to heighten Appetite: Shuttle cock,
To keep him in Breath, when he rises; Tennis-Courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great Horses
Too boist rous for my young Courtier; let the old ones
I think not of, use it; next his Meditation
How to court his Mistress, and that he may seem witty,
Let him be surnished with confederate Jests
Between him and his Friend, that, on Occasion,
They may vent em mutually: What his Pace and Garb
Must be in the Presence, then the Length of his Sword,
The Fashion of the Hilt — what the Blade is
It matters not, 'twere Barbarism to use it,
Unless to shew his Strength upon an Andiron;
So, the sooner broke, the better.

Pulch. How I abuse
This precious Time! Projector, I treat first
Of you and your Disciples; you roar out,
All is the King's, his Will above his Laws:
And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes
For his poor Subjects; whisp'ring in his Ear,
If he would have their Fear, no Man should dare
To bring a Sallad from his Country Garden,
Without the paying Gabel; kill a Hen,
Without Excise: and that, if he desire
To have his Children, or his Servants wear
Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm,
In Policy, 'tis fit the Owner should
Pay for 'em by the Poll; or, if the Prince want

A present Sum, he may command a City
Impossibilities, and for Non-performance
Compel it to submit to any Fine
His Officers shall impose. Is this the Way
To make our Emperor happy? Can the Groans
Of his Subjects yield him Musick? Must his Thresholds
Be wash'd with Widow's and wrong'd Orphan's Tears,
Or his Power grow contemptible?

Project. I begin

To feel myself a Rogue again.

Pulch. But you are

The Squire of Dames, devoted to the Service Of gamesome Ladies, the hidden Mystery Discover'd, their close Bawd; thy slavish Breath Fanning the Fires of Lust, the Go-between This Female and that wanton Sir; your Art Can blind a jealous Husband, and, disguis'd Like a Millener or Shoemaker, convey A Letter in a Pantosle or Glove Without Suspicion: nay, at his Table, In a Case of Pick-tooths. You instruct 'em how To parley with their Eyes, and make the Temple A Mart of Looseness; to discover all Thy subtile Brokages, were to teach in Publick, Those private Practices, which are, in Justice, Severely to be punish'd.

F

V

T

C

F

0

T

Ir

In

It

0

In

H

L

B

It

0

B

Mignion. I am cast;

A Jury of my Patronesses cannot quit me.

Pulch. You are Master of the Manners, and the Habita
Rather the Scorn of such as would live Men,
And not, like Apes, with servile Imitation
Study prodigious Fashions. You keep
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct
Our giddy Youth at Home what new-found Fashion
Is now in Use, swearing he's most complete
That first turns Monster. Know, Villains, I can thrust
This Arm into your Hearts, strip off the Flesh
That covers your Deformities, and shew you
In your own Nakedness. Now, though the Law

Call

Call not your Follies Death, you are for ever Banish'd my Brother's Court.—Away with em; I will hear no Reply.

[Exeunt Informer, Officers, Prisoners,

The Curtains drawn above, Theodofius and his Eunuchs discovered.

Paul. What think you now?

Cleon. That I am in a Dream; or that I fee

A fecond Pallas.

Pulch. These remov'd, to you

I clear my Brow. Speak without Fear, fweet Maid,

Since with a mild Aspect, and ready Ear,

I sit prepar'd to hear you.

Athen. Know, great Princess,

My Father, though a Pagan, was admired

For his deep Search into those hidden Studies,

Whose Knowledge is deny'd to common Men:

The Motion, with the divers Operations

Of the Superior Bodies, by his long

And careful Observation, were made

Familiar to him; all the fecret Virtues

Of Plants, and Simples, and in what Degree

They were useful to Mankind, he could discourse of:

In a Word, conceive him as a Prophet honour'd

In his own Country. But being born a Man,

It lay not in him to defer the Hour

Of his approaching Death, though long foretold:

In this fo fatal Hour he call'd before him

His two Sons, and myself, the dearest Pledges

Lent him by Nature, and with his Right Hand

Blessing our several Heads, he thus began:

Chryf. Mark his Attention.

ıft

all

Phila. Give me Leave to mark too.

Athen. If I could leave my Understanding to you,

It were superfluous to make Division

Of whatfoever else I can bequeath you:

But, to avoid Contention, I allot

An equal Portion of my Possessions To you my Sons; but, unto thee, my Daughter, My Joy, my Darling (pardon me, though I Repeat his Words) if my prophetic Soul Ready to take her Flight, can truly guess at Thy future Fate, I leave thee strange Assurance. Of the Greatness thou art born to, unto which Thy Brothers shall be proud to pay their Service. Paul. And all Men else that honour Beauty.

Theod. Ha!

Athen. Yet, to prepare thee for that certain Fortune, And that I may from present Wants defend thee, I leave ten thousand Crowns - which said, being call'd To th' Fellowship of our Deities, he expir'd, And with him all Remembrance of the Charge Concerning me, left by him to my Brothers. Pulch. Did they detain your Legacy?

Athen. And still do.

His Ashes were scarce quiet in his Urn, When, in Derision of my future Greatness, They thrust me out of Doors, denying me One short Night's Harbour.

Pulch. Weep not. Athen. I desire,

By your Persuasion, or commanding Power, The Restitution of mine own; or that, To keep my Frailty from Temptation, In your Compassion of me, you would please I, as a Handmaid, may be entertain'd To do the meanest Offices to all such As are honour'd in your Service.

Pulch. Thou art welcome.

What is thy Name?

Athen. The forlorn Athenais.

Pulch. The Sweetness of thy Innocence strangely takes me.

[Takes ber up and kisses ber.

T

Da

RI

M

M

I

A

P

Forget thy Brothers Wrongs; for I will be In my Care a Mother, in my Love a Sifter to thee; And, And, were it possible thou could'st be won.

To be of our Belief ——

Paul. May it please your Excellence, That is an easy Task, I, though no Scholar, Dare undertake it; clear Truth cannot want Rhetorical Persuasions,

Pulch. 'Tis a Work,

My Lord, will well become you.—Break up the Court; May your Endeavours prosper.

Paul. Come, my Fair One;

I hope, my Convert.

Athen, Never: I will die

As I was born,

Paul. Better you ne'er had been.

Phila. What does your Majesty think of? The Maid's gone.

Theod. She's wond'rous fair, and in her Speech ap-Pieces of Scholarship. [pear'd

Chrys. Make Use of her Learning

And Beauty together; on my Life, she will be proud To be so converted.

Theod. From foul Lust Heav'n guard me. [Exeunt.

The End of the First Ast.

# 

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Philanax, Timantus, Chryfapius, Gratianus.

Phila. WE only talk, when we should do. Timan, I'll second you;

Begin, and when you please.

Grat. Be constant in it.

Chrys. That Resolution which grows cold To-day;

Will freeze To-morrow.

Grat. 'Slight, I think she'll keep him Her Ward for ever, to herself ingroffing

The

The Disposition of all the Favours And Bounties of the Empire.

Chrys. We, that by

The Nearness of our Service to his Person, Should raise this Man, or pull down that, without Her Licence, hardly dare prefer a Suit, Or, if we do, 'tis cross'd.—

Phila. You are troubled for

Your proper Ends; my Aims are high and honest. The Wrong that's done to Majesty I repine at: I love the Emperor, and 'tis my Ambition To have him know himself, and to that Purpose I'll run the Hazard of a Check.

Grat. And I

The Lofs of my Place.

Timan. I will not come behind,

Fall what can fall.

Chrys. Let us put on sad Aspects
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

### Enter Theodosius.

Theod. How's this? Clouds in the Chamber, And the Air clear abroad!

Phila. When you, our Sun,

Obscure your glorious Beams, poor we, that borrow Our little Light from you, cannot but suffer A general Eclipse.

Timan. Great Sir, 'tis true;

For, 'till you please to know, and be yourself, And freely dare dispose of what's your own Without a Warrant, we are falling Meteors, And not fix'd Stars.

Chrys. The pale-fac'd Moon, that should Govern the Night, usurps the Rule of Day, And still is at the Full, in Spite of Nature, And will not know a Change.

Theod. Speak you in Riddles?

Ia

Ar

Sh

Sp

Y

D

H

0

A

A

In

0

1

I am no Oedipus, but your Emperor,
And as fuch would be instructed.

Phila. Your Command
Shall be obey'd: 'Till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliver, as a faithful Subject to you,
Hath Root, or Growth from Malice, or base Envy
Of your Sister's Greatness, I could honour in her
A Power subordinate to yours; but not
As 'tis predominant.

Timan. Is it fit that she,

In her Birth your Vaffal, should command the Knees Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

Grat. She with Security walks upon the Heads Of the Nobility; the Multitude, As to a Deity, offering Sacrifice

For her Grace and Favour.

Chrys. Her proud Feet ev'n wearied With the Kisses of Petitioners.

Grat. While you,

To whom alone fuch Reverence is proper, Pass unregarded by her.

Timan. You have not, yet,

Been Master of one Hour of your whole Life.

Chrys. Your Will and Faculties kept in more Awe. Than the can do her own.

Phila. And as a Bondman,
(O let my Zeal find Grace, and Pardon from you,
That I descend so low) you are design'd
To this or that Employment, suiting well
A private Man, I grant, but not a Prince,
To be a persect Horseman, or to know
The Words of the Chace; or a fair Man of Arms,
Or to be able to pierce to the Depth,
Or write a Comment on th' obscurest Poets,
I grant are Ornaments; but your main Scope
Should be to govern Men to guard your own,
If not enlarge your Empire.

Chrys.

Chrys. You are built up
By th' curious Hand of Nature to revive
The Memory of Alexander, or by
A prosperous Success in your brave Actions,
To rival Cafar.

Timan. Rouze yourfelf, and let not Your Pleasures be a Copy of her Will.

Philas Your Pupil Age is past, and manly Actions

Are now expected from you.

Grat. Do not lose Your Subjects Hearts.

Timan. What is't to have the Means To be magnificent, and not exercise

The boundless Virtue?

Grat. You confine yourself
To that which strict Philosophy allows of,
As if you were a private Man.

Timan. No Pomp,

Or glorious Shows of Royalty, rend'ring it Both lov'd, and terrible.

Grat. 'Slight, you live, as it Begets some Doubt, whether you have, or not, Th' Abilities of a Man.

Chrys. The Firmament

Hath not more Stars than there are several Beauties Ambitious at the Height to impart their dear, And sweetest Favours to you.

Grat. Yet you have not

Made Choice of one, of all the Sex, to serve you, In a physical Way of Courtship.

Theod. But that I would not

Begin the Expression of my being a Man, In Blood, or stain the first white Robe I wear Of Absolute Power, with a service Imitation Of any tyrannous Habit, my just Anger Prompts me to make you in your Suff'rings seel, And not in Words to instruct you, that the Licence Of the loose and saucy Language you now practised, Hath forseited your Heads.

Grat.

Grat. How's this?

Afide.

Phila. I know not

What the Play may prove; but I affure you that I do not like the Prologue.

[Afide.

Theod. O the miserable

Condition of a Prince! who, though he vary More Shapes than Protous in his Mind, and Manners, He cannot win an univerfal Suffrage

From the many-headed Monster, Multitude.

Like Æ sop's foolish Frogs, they trample on him, As a senseless Block, if his Government be easy: And, if he prove a Stork, they croak, and rail

Against him as a Tyrant.-I'll put off

That Majesty, of which you think I have

Nor Use, nor Feeling; and, in arguing with you, Convince you with ftrong Proofs of common Reason,

And not with Absolute Power, against which, Wretches,

You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are

My Creatures, by my prodigal Favours fashion'd,

Prefuming on the Nearness of your Service,

Set off with my familiar Acceptance,

Condemn my Obsequiousness to the wife Directions

Of an incomparable Sifter, whom all Parts

Of our World, that are made happy in Knowledge

Of her Perfections, with Wonder gaze on?

And yet you, that were only born to eat

The Bleffings of our Mother Earth, that are

Distant but one Degree from Beasts (since Slaves Can claim no larger Privilege) that know

No farther than your fenfual Appetites

Or wanton Lust have taught you, undertake

To give your Sovereign Laws to follow that

[Walks by. Your Ignorance marks out to him?

Grat. How were we

Abus'd in our Opinion of his Temper!

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in Holy Writ, That Kings Hearts are inscrutable.

Timan. I ne'er read it:

My Study lies not that Way.

Afide.

Phila. By his Looks
The Tempest still increases.

Theod. Am I grown

So stupid in your Judgments, that you dare With such Security offer Violence To Sacred Majesty? Will you not know The Lion is a Lion, though he shew not His rending Paws, or fill th' affrighted Air

With the Thunder of his Roarings?——You bless'd

How am I trenched on? Is that Temperance So famous in your cited Alexander, Or Roman Scipio a Crime in me? Cannot I be an Emperor, unless

Your Wives and Daughters bow to my proud Lusts? And 'cause I ravish not their fairest Buildings And fruitful Vineyards, or what is dearest, From such as are my Vassals, must you conclude

I do not know the awful Power, and Strength
Of my Prerogative? Am I close-handed,

Because I scatter not among you that I must not call mine own? Know, you Court-leeches,

A Prince is never fo magnificent As when he's sparing to enrich a Few

With th' Injuries of Many. Could your Hopes

So grofly flatter you, as to believe

I was born and train'd up as an Emperor, only In my Indulgence to give Sanctuary,

In their unjust Proceedings, to the Rapine

And Avarice of my Grooms?

Phila. In the true Mirror

Of your Perfections, at length we see

Our own Deformities.

Timan. And not once daring

Grat. Offering our Necks

To be trod on, as a Punishment for our late

[Afide

Of of The In y

Pref

Tho To

To I'll i

An The Enti

P I dr

May T

By : From

> Wh I And

> For In a

> > F

Pre I

Con The

Out Giv

Cor

Pre-

Prefumption, and a willing Testimony

Of our Subjection.

In your better Life hereafter, you shall find,
Though in my Father's Life I held it Madness
To usurp his Power, and in my Youth disdain'd not
To learn from the Instructions of my Sister.
I'll make it good to all the World, I am
An Emperor; and ev'n this Instant grasp
The Scepter, my rich Stock of Majesty
Entire, no Scruple wasted.

Phila. If these Tears

I drop, proceed not from my Joy to hear this, May my Eye balls follow 'em.

Timan. I will shew myself

By your sudden Metamorphosis transform'd From what I was.

Grat. And ne'er presume to ask What fits not you to give.

Theod. Move in that Sphere,

And my Light with full Beams shall shine upon you. Forbear this slavish Courtship; tis to me In a kind idolatrous.

Phila. Your gracious Sifter.

#### Enter Pulcheria and Servant.

Pulch. Has he converted her?
Serv. And, as fuch, will
Prefent her, when you please.
Pulch. I am glad of it.

Command my Dresser to adorn her with The Robes that I gave Order for.

Serv. I shall.

Pulch. And let those precious Jewels I took last Out of my Cabinet, is 't be possible, Give Lustre to her Beauties; and, that done, Command her to be near us.

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis a Province

I willingly embrace.

[Exit Servant.

Pulch. O, my dear Sir,

You have forgot your Morning Talk, and therefore With a Mother's Love I come to reprehend you, But it shall be gently.

Theod. 'Twill become you, though You faid with reverent Duty. Know hereafter, If my Mother liv'd in you, howe'er her Son, Like you she were my Subject.

Pulch. How? Theod. Put off

Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you At Distance, as a Sister, but no longer As a Governess, I assure you.

Grat. This is put home.
Timan. Beyond our Hopes.

[Afide.

Afide.

I

I

0

S

D

A

1

T

T

G

Phila. She stands, as if his Words Had powerful Magick in 'em.

Afide.

Theod. Will you have me

Your Pupil ever? The Down on my Chin Confirms I am a Man, a Man of Men, The Emperor, that knows his Strength.

Pulch. Heav'n grant You know it not too foon.

Theod. Let it suffice

My Wardship's out. If your Design concerns us As a Man, and not a Boy, with our Allowance You may deliver it.

. Pulch. A strange Alteration!

But I will not contend. [Afide.] Be as you wish, Sir, Your own Disposer; uncompelled I cancel

All Bonds of my Authority. Theod. You in this [Kneels.

Pay your due Homage; which perform'd, I thus Embrace you as a Sifter, no Way doubting Your Vigilance for my Safety as my Honour; And what you now come to impart, I rest Most consident, points at one of them.

Pulch.

Pulch. At both, and and a fatter'd, and ac, this Wait so I

And not alone the present, but the future
Tranquility of your Mind: Since in the Choice
Of her, you are to heat with holy Fires,
And make the Consort of your Royal Bed,
The certain Means of glorious Succession,
With the true Happiness of our human Being,
Are wholly comprehended.

Theod. How? A Wife?

Shall I become a Votary to Hymen,
Before my Youth hath facrific'd to Venus?
'Tis fomething with the foonest—Yet, to shew,
In Things indifferent, I am not averse
To your wise Counsels, let me first survey
Those Beauties, that, in being a Prince, I know
Are Rivals for me. You will not confine me
To your Election; I must see, dear Sister
With mine own Eyes.

Pulch. 'Tis fit, Sir—Yet, in this,
You may please to consider, absolute Princes
Have, or should have, in Policy, less free Will
Then such as are their Vassals. For you must,
As you are an Emperor, in this high Business,
Weigh with due Providence, with whom Alliance
May be most useful for the Preservation

Or your Increase of Empire.

de.

ulch.

Such Compositions for our moral Ends,
In what is in itself divine, nay more,
Decreed in Heav'n. Yet, if our Neighbour Princes,
Ambitious of such nearness, shall present
Their dearest Pledges to me (ever reserving
The Caution of mine own Content) I'll not
Contemn their courteous Offers.

Pulch. Bring in the Pictures. [Two Pictures brought in. Theod. Must I then judge the Substances by the Shadows?

The Painters are most envious, if they want Good Colours for Preferment. Virtuous Ladies
Vol. II.

Lov

Love this Way to be flatter'd, and accuse The Workman of Detraction, if he add not Some Grace they cannot truly call their own. Is't not so, Gratianus? You may challenge Some Interest in the Science.

Grat. A Pretender de application

To the Art, I truly Honour, and subscribe To your Majesty's Opinion.

Theod. Let me fee-

Cleanthe, Daughter to the King of Epirus, Ætatis sue, the fourteenth: Ripe enough, And forward too, I affure you. Let me examine The Symmetries. If Statuaries could By the Foot of Hercules fet down punctually His whole Dimensions, and the Countenance be The Index of the Mind, this may instruct me, With th' Aids of that I've read touching this Subject, What she is inward. The Colour of her Hair. If it be, as this does Promise, pale, and faint, And not a glitt'ring white. Her brow, fo fo. The Circles of her Sight, too much contracted: Juno's fair Cow-eyes by old Homer are Commended to their Merit; here's a sharp Frost, I' th' Tip of her Nose, which by the Length affures me Of Storms at Midnight, if I fail to pay her The Tribute she expects.—I like her not: What is the other?

Chrys. How hath he commenc'd Doctor in this so sweet and secret Art, Without our Knowledge?

Timan. Some of his forward Pages

[Afide.

Have robbed us of the Honour.

Phila. No fuch Matter;

[Aside.

Afide.

He has the Theory only, not the Practic.

Theod. Amasia, Sister to the Duke of Athens;

Her Age eighteen, descended lineally From Theseus, as by her Pedigree

Will be made apparent—Of his lufty Kindred,

And lose so much Time? 'Tis strange!—As I live, she

A Philosophical Aspect: There is More Wit than Beauty in her Face, and, when I court her, it must be in Tropes, and Figures, Or the will cry abfurd. She will have her Clenches To cut off any Fallacy I can hope To put upon her, and expect I should Ever conclude in Syllogisms, and those true ones In parte & toto, or the'll the me with Her tedious Elocutions in the Praise Of the Increase of Generation, for which Alone the Sport, in her Morality, Is good and lawful, and to be often practis'd For fear of missing.—Fie on't, let the Race Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotles, I'll none of her.

Pulch. You are curious in your Choice, Sir, And hard to please; yet, if that your Consent May give Authority to it, I'll prefent you With one, that, if her Birth, and Fortunes answer The Rarities of her Body, and her Mind, Detraction durst not tax her.

Theod. Let me fee her. Though wanting those Additions, which we can Supply from our own Store: it is in us To make Men rich, and noble; but, to give Legitimate Shapes and Virtues, does belong To the Great Creator of 'em, to whose Bounties Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains An Emperor for his Rival.

Pulch. I applaud This fit Acknowledgment, fince Princes then Grow less than common Men, when they contend With Him, by whom they are fo.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais newly babited.

Theod. I confess it. Pulch. Not to hold you in Suspence, Behold the Virgin U 2

Rich

de. ide.

fide.

the

Rich in her natural Beauties, no War borrowing
Th' adulterate Aids of Art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious View.

I never faw her Equal. I was I vanish was no has a r Grat. How his Eye | peace bas a radinger and a T

Is fix'd upon her! in this seminority? in southern and

Timan. And, as she were a Fort,

He'd suddenly surprize, he measures her

From the Bases to the Battlements.

Chrys. Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the Maid that, not long fince,
Was a Petitioner; her Bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her Face,

Phila. So has the Emperor.

Paul. She holds out yet,

And yields not to th' Affault.

Cleon. She's strongly guarded

In her Virgin Blushes. The Mand it was a sono will

Paul. When you know, fair Creature,
It is the Emperor that honours you
With fuch a strict Survey of your sweet Parts,
In Thankfulness you cannot but return
Due Reverence for the Favour.

In my Aftonishment at the glorious Object,
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,
Being more then Man, my Adoration
(Since sure there is Divinity about him:)
Or will rest satisfy'd, if my humble Knees.
In Duty thus bow to him.

Theod. Ha! it speaks. He was many many that would

Pulch. She is no Statue, Sir,

Theod. Suppose her one,

And that she had nor Organs, Voice, nor Heat, Most willingly I would resign my Empire, So it might be to After-times recorded That I was her Pygmalion, though, like him, I doated on my Workmanship, without Hope too

Of

C

N

T

T

TL

T

W

T

To

W

Of

Or

M. Co A Gr Of Of having Cytherea so propitious stoled any .dolars To my Vows, or Sacrifice, in her Compassion

To give it Life or Motion.

Pulch. Pray you, be not rap'd fo, Nor borrow from imaginary Fiction Impossible Aids. She's Flesh and Blood, I affure you;

And, if you please to honour her in the Trial, And be your own Security, as you'll find I fable not, she comes in a noble Way To be at your Devotion.

Chryf. 'Tis the Maid The World How Strang San The Maid

loffer'd to your Highness; her chang'd Shape Conceal'd her from you:

Theod. At the first I knew her; And a fecond Firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle My Flames almost put out: I am too cold, And play with Opportunity.—May I taste, then, The Nectar of her Lip?—I do not give it The Praise it merits: Antiquity is too poor To help me with a Simile to express her. Let me drink often from this living Spring, To nourish new Invention.

Pulch. Do not furfeit In over-greedily devouring that Which may without Satiety feast you often. From the Moderation in receiving them, The choicest Viands do continue pleasing To the most curious Palates. If you think her Worth your Embraces, and the fovereign Title

Of the Grecian Empress——
Theod. If? How much you fin, Only to doubt it; the Possession of her Makes all, that was before most precious to me, Common, and cheap in this you've shown yourself A provident Protectress. I already Grow weary of the absolute Command Of my fo numerous Subjects, and defire No Sov'reignty but here, and write down gladly A Period to my Wishes.

Pulch.

Pulch. Yet, before
It be too late, confider her Condition;
Her Father was a Pagan, she herself
A new-converted Christian.

Theod. Let me know

The Man to whose religious Means I owe

So great a Debt.

Paul. You are advanc'd too high, Sir, To acknowledge a Beholdingness, 'tis discharg'd, And I, beyond my Hopes, rewarded, if My Service please your Majesty,

Theod. Take this Pledge

Of our affured Love. Are there none here Have Suits to prefer? On such a Day as this My Bounty's without Limit. O my dearest, I will not hear thee speak; whatever in Thy Thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely. Thou would'st plead thy Unworthiness; by thyself The Magazine of Felicity, in thy Lowness Our Eastern Queens, at their full Height, bow to thee, And are, in their best Trim, thy Foils and Shadows. Excuse the Violence of my Love, which cannot Admit the least Delay. Command the Patriarch With Speed to do his Holy Office for us, That, when we are made one

Pulch. You must forbear, Sir;

She is not yet baptiz'd.

Theod. In the same Hour In which she is confirmed in our Faith. We mutually will give away each other, And both be Gainers; we'll hear no Reply That may divert us. On

Pulch. You may, hereafter,
Please to remember to whose Furtherance,
You owe this Height of Happiness.

Athen. As I was

Your Creature when I first petition'd you. I will continue so, and you shall find me,

T

Though an Empress, still your Servant.

All exit but Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.

Grat. Here's a Marriage Made up o' th' fudden!

Phila. I repine not at

The fair Maid's Fortune—though I fear the Princess

Had fome peculiar End in't.

Timan. Who's fo fimple

Only to doubt it?

Grat. It is too apparent, She hath prefer'd a Creature of her own, By whose Means she may still keep to herself The Government of the Empire.

Timan. Whereas if

The Emperor had espous'd some Neighbour Queen, Pulcheria, with all her Wisdom, could not Keep her Preheminence.

Phila. Be it as it will,

Tis not now to be alter'd,-Heaven, I fay,

Turn all to th' best!

Grat. Are we come to praying again?

Phil. Leave thy Prophaneness

Grat. Would it leave me.

I am fure I thrive not by it.

Timan. Come to the Temple.

Grat. Ev'n where you will-I know not what to think on't.

The End of the Second AET.

원(명: )원(명: )원(R: ) 원(R: )원(R: ) 원(R: )

# ACT III. SCENE I.

Paulinus, Philanax.

OR this, nor th' Age before us, ever look'd The like Solemnity.

U 4

Phila.

Phila. A sudden Fever mov list started in standing

Kept me at home. Pray you, my Lord, acquaint me Paul. You may presume, trabbut do ou man With the Particulars.

No Pomp, nor Ceremony could be wanting, Where there was Privilege to command, and Means To cherish rare Inventions. And the design and the

But the Sum of all, in brief. Paul. Pray you so take it; Fair Athenais, not long fince a Suitor, And almost in her Hopes forsaken, first Was christ'ned, and the Emperor's Mother's Name, Eudoxia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her: Pulcheria, the ever matchless Princess, bad and Affifted by her reverend Aunt Maria, Her God-mothers.

Phila. And who the Masculine Witness? Paul. At the new Empress' Suit I had the Honour;

-For which I must ever serve her. I fled 'As of the mail

Phila. 'Twas a Grace, diverge of smooth

With Justice you may boast of. Paul. The Marriage follow'd,

And, as 'tis faid, the Emperor made bold To turn the Day to Night; for to Bed they went As foon as they had din'd, and there are Wagers Laid by fome merry Lords, he hath already Begot a Boy upon her.

Phila. That is yet

To be determin'd of; but I am certain, A Prince, fo foon in his Disposition alter'd, Was never heard nor read of.

Paul. But of late.

Frugal and sparing, now nor Bounds, nor Limits To his magnificent Bounties. He affirm'd, Having receiv'd more Bleffings by his Empress Then he could hope, in Thankulness to Heaven He cannot be too prodigal to others.

What-

W

He

In

T

C

Si

Whatever's offer'd to his Royal Hand

Phila. I am here production and a solution

Injoin'd to free all fuch as lie for Debt,
The Creditors to be paid out of his Coffers.

Paul. And I all Malefactors that are not Convicted, or for Treason or foul Murther;
Such only are excepted;

Phila. 'Tis a rare Clemency! and and only of the world of

Paul. Which we must not dispute, but put in Practice.

#### SCENE II.

Loud Musick, Shouts within: Heaven preserve the Emperor, Heaven bless the Empress. Then in State, Chrysapius, Patriarch. Paulinus, Theodosius, Athenais, Pulcheria, her two young Sisters hearing up Athenais's Train, followed by Philanax, Gratianus, Timantus, Suitors, presenting Petitions, the Emperor sealing them. Pulcheria appears troubled.

Pulch. Sir, by your own Rules of Philosophy
You know Things violent last not. Royal Bounties
Are great, and gracious while they are dispens'd
With Moderation; but, when their Excess
In giving Giant-Bulks to others, take from
The Prince's just Proportion, they lose
The Names of Virtues, and, their Natures chang'd,
Grow the most dangerous Vices

Theod. In this, Sifter,
Your Wisdom is not circular; they that sow
In narrow Bounds, cannot expect, in Reason,
A Crop beyond their Ventures, what I do
Disperse, I lend, and will with Usury
Return unto my Heap. I only then
Am rich, and happy (though my Coffers sound
With Emptiness) when my glad Subjects feel,
Their Plenty and Felicity is my Gift;

And

And they will find, when they with Cheerfulness Supply not my Defects, I being the Stomach To th' politick Body of the State, the Limbs Grow fuddenly faint and feeble. I could urge Proofs of more Fineness in their Shape and Language; But none of greater Strength .- Diffuade me not; What we will, we will do; yet, to affure you Your Care does not offend us, for an Hour, Be happy in the Converse of my best And dearest Comfort-May you please to license My Privacy fome few Minutes? To Athenais.

Athen. License, Sir?

I have no Will, but is deriv'd from yours, And that still waits upon you; nor can I. Be left with fuch Security with any, As with the gracious Princess, who receives Addition, though the be all Excellence, In being filld your Sifter.

Theod. O fweet Creature!

Let me be censur'd fond, and too indulgent, Nay, though they fay uxorious, I care not; Her Love, and sweet Humility exact A Tribute far beyond my Power to pay Her matchless Goodness. [Aside. Forward.

Exeunt Theodofius and the Train,

Pulch. Now you find Your dying Father's Prophecy, that foretold Your present Greatness, to the full accomplished. For the poor Aids, and Furtherance I lent you, I willingly forget.

Athen. Ev'n that binds me To a more first Remembrance of the Favour; Nor shall you, from my foul Ingratitude, In any Circumstance, ever find Cause T'upbraid me with your Benefit.

Pulch. I believe for

Pray you give us Leave-What now I must deliver Under the deepeft Seal of Secrecy,

Though

T

Of

H

0

I

T

S

E

Though it be for your Good, will give Affurance Of what is look'd for, if you not alone Hear, but obey my Counfels.

Athen. They must be

Of a strange Nature, if with zealous Speed

I put 'em not in Practice.

Pulch, 'Twere Impertinence
To dwell on Circumstances, since the Wound
Requires a sudden Cure; especially
Since you, that are the happy Instrument
Elected to it, though young in your Judgment
Write far above your Years, and may instruct
Such as are more experienc'd.

Athen. Good Madam,
In this I must oppose you, I am well
Acquainted with my Weakness, and it will not
Become your Wisdom, by which I am rais'd
To this titulary Height, that should correct
The Pride, and overweening of my Fortune,
To play the Parasite to it, in ascribing
That Merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no Interest—Pray you, excuse
My bold Simplicity, and to my Weight
Design me where you please, and you shall find
In my Obedience, I am still your Creature.

Pulch. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The Building I have rais'd. Go on, sweet Lady,
In this your virtuous Progress.—But to the Point;
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquir'd that Power, which, not long since, was mine.
In governing the Emperor, and must use
The Strength you hold in the Heart of his Affections.
For his private, as the publick Preservation.
To which there is no greater Enemy,
Than his exorbitant Prodigality,
Howe'er his Sycophants, and Flatteress call it,
Royal Magnificence; and, though he may
Urge what's done for your Honour, must not be

Curb'd, or be controul'd by you, you cannot in Your Wisdom but conceive, if that the Torrent Of his violent Bounties be not stop'd, or lessen'd, It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, Madam, Since 'tis your Duty, as you are his Wise, To give him saving Counsels, and, in being Almost his Idol, may command him to Take any Shape you please, with a powerful Hand, To stop him in his Precipice to Ruin,

Athen. Avert it, Heaven!

Pulch. Heaven is most gracious to you, Madam, In chusing you to be the Instrument Of such a pious Work. You see he signs What Suit soever is preser'd, not once Enquiring what it is, yielding himself A Prey to all. I would, therefore, have you, Lady, As I know you will, to advise him, or command him, As he would reap the Plenty of your Favours, To use more Moderation in his Bounties; And that, before he gives, he would consider, The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Athen. Do you think Such Arrogance, or Usurpation, rather, Of what is proper, and peculiar To ev'ry private Husband, and much more To him an Emperor, can rank with th' Obedience And Duty of a Wife? Are we appointed In our Creation (let me reason with you) To rule, or to obey? Or, 'cause he loves me With a kind Impotence, must I tyrannize Over his Weakness? Or abuse the Strength, With which he arms me, to his Wrong? Or, like A proflituted Creature, merchandize Our mutual Delight for Hire? Or to Serve mine own fordid Ends? In vulgar Nuptials Priority is exploded, though there be A Difference in the Parties; and shall I, His Vaffal, from Obscurity, rais'd by him

To

To

W

T

T

1

C

I

B

I

I

]

To this so eminent Light, 'presume t' appoint him
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When Wives
Are well accommodated by their Husbands
With all Things both for Use, and Ornament,
Let them fix there, and never dare to question
Their Wills or Actions. For myself, I vow,
Though now my Lord would rashly give away
His Scepter, and Imperial Diadem,
Or if there could be any Thing more precious,
I would not cross it;—but I know this is
But a Trial of my Temper, and as such
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,
You are so subtil in your Arguments,
I dare not stay to hear them.

Pulch. Is't ev'n fo?

I've Power o'er these, yet, and command their Stay, To hearken nearer to me.

I Sister. We are charg'd

By the Emperor, our Brother, to attend

The Empress' Service.

2 Sister. You are too mortify'd, Sister,
(With Reverence I speak it) for young Ladies
To keep you Company. I am so tir'd
With your tedious Exhortations, Doctrines,
Uses of your religious Morality,
That, for my Health-sake, I must take the Freedom
To enjoy a little of those pretty Pleasures
That I was born to.

I Sister. When I come to your Years,
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your Pardon,
I'll lose no more Time. I have not learn'd to dance yet,
Nor sing, but Holy Hymns, and those to vile Tunes too;
Nor to discourse, but of Schoolmens Opinions.
How shall I answer my Suitors? Since, I hope,
Ere long I shall have many, without Practice

2 To this so eminent Light.

Thus we read in the old Copies, which I have here follow'd, the

To this fo eminent Height.

To write, and speak something that's not deriv'd From the Fathers of Philosophy.

2 Sifter. We shall shame

Our Breeding, Sifter, if we should go on thus.

1 Sister. Tis for your Credit, that we study How to converse with Men; Women with Women Yields but a barren Argument.

2 Sifter. She frowns

But you'll protect us, Madam?

Athen. Yes, and love

Your fweet Simplicity.

1 Sifter. All young Girls are fo,

'Till they know the Way of't.

2 Sifter. But, when we are enter'd,

We shall on a good round Pace.

Athen. I'll leave you, Madam.

I Sifter. And we; our Duties with you.

Exeunt Athenais and the young Ladies,

Pulch. On all Hands

Thus flighted? No Way left? Am I grown flupid In my Invention? Can I make no Use Of the Emperor's Bounties?—Now 'tis thought: within

there.

### Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.

Pulch. It shall be so:—Nearer; your Ear Draw a Petition to this End.

Serv. Befides

The Danger to prefer it, I believe

'Twill ne'er be granted.

Pulch. How's this? Are you grown, From a Servant, my Director? Let me hear No more of this. Dispatch, I'll master him

[Exit Servant.

At his own Weapon.

E

If

A

In

P

V

C

1

Enter Theodosius, Favorinus, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus.

Figure, What if the now

Theod. Let me understand it,

If yet there be ought wanting that may perfect
A general Happiness.

Favor. The People's Joy
In Seas of Acclamations flow in

To wait on yours.

Phila. Their Love with Bounty levied, Is a fure Guard: Obedience, forc'd from Fear, Paper Fortification, which in Danger Will yield to the Impression of a Reed, Or of itself fall off.

Theod. True, Philanax.

And by that certain Compass we resolve
To steer our Barque of Government.

### Enter Servant with the Petition.

Pulch. 'Tis well.

in

Theod. My dearest, and my all-deserving Sister,
As a Petitioner kneel? It must not be.
Pray you, rise; although your Suit were half my Empire,

'Tis freely granted.

Pulch. Your Alacrity

To give hath made a Beggar; yet, before My Suit is by your facred Hand and Seal Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse The Sum of my Request.

Theod. We will not wrong

Your Judgment, in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with Caution, give me my Signet,
With Considence I sign it, and here vow
By my Father's Soul, but with your free Consent,
It is irrevocable.

Timantus.

Timan. What if the now

Calling to Memory, how often we Have cross'd her Government, in Revenge hath made Petition for our Heads?

Grat. They must even off, then;

No Ranforn can redeem us, minns with guo sel strain

Theod. Let those Jewels
So highly rated by the Persian Merchants
Be bought, and as a Sacrifice from us
Presented to Eudoxia, she being only
Worthy to wear 'em. I am angry with
The unresistable Necessity
Of my Occasions, and important Cares,
That so long keep me from her.

[Exeunt Theodosius and the Train.

Pulch. Go to the Empress,
And tell her on the sudden, I am sick,
And do desire the Comfort of a Visit,
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use
Your humblest Language.—But, when once I have her
[Exit Servant.

In my Possession, I will rise, and speak
In a higher Strain: Say it raise Storms, no matter.
Fools judge by the Event, my Ends are honest. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

Theodofius, Timantus, Philanax.

Theod. What is become of her? Can she that carries Such glorious Excellence of Light about her, Be any where conceal'd?

Phila. We have fought her Lodgings,
And all we can learn from the Servants, is,
She by your Majesty's Sisters waited on,
The Attendance of her other Officers,
By her express Command, deny'd,

Theod. Forbear Impertinent Circumstances,—whither went she? Speak.

Phila.

F

7

Phila. As they guess, to the Laurel Grove.
Theod. So slightly guarded!
What an Earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion affures the contrary,
The Poets Dreams of lustful Fawns, and Satyrs,
Would make me fear I know not what.

## Enter Favorinus.

Favor. I have found her,
And it please your Majesty.
Theod. Yes, it doth please me.
But why return'd without her?
Favor. As she made
Her speediest Approaches to your Presence,
A Servant of the Princess's, Pulcheria,
Encounter'd her. What 'twas he whisper'd to her
I'm ignorant; but, hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her Absence from you
The third Part of an Hour.
Theod. In this she takes
So much of my Life from me; yet, I'll bear it
With what Patience I may; since 'tis her Pleasure,
Go back, my Favorinus, and intreat her

nt.

tt.

la.

Not to exceed a Minute.

Timant. Here's ftrange Fondness!

[Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.

## Pulcheria. Servants.

Pulch. You're certain she will come?

Serv. She is already

Enter'd your outward Lodgings.

Pulch. No Train with her?

Serv. Your Excellency's Sisters only.

Pulch. 'Tis the better.

See the Doors strongly guarded, and deny Access to all, but with our special Licence:

You. II.

Why

# 322 THE EMPEROR

Why dost thou stay? Shew your Obedience;
Your Wisdom now is useless. [Exeunt Servants,

## Enter Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla,

Flac. She is fick, fure;
Or, in fit Reverence to your Majesty,
She had waited you at the Door.

Arcad. 'Twould hardly be

[Pulcheria walking by.

Excus'd, in civil Manners, to her Equal: But with more Difficulty to you, that are So far above her.

Athen. Not in her Opinion;

She hath been too long accustom'd to Command T' acknowledge a Superior.

Arcad. There she walks.

Flac. If she be not sick of the Sullens, I see not The least Infirmity in her.

Athen. This is strange!

Arcad. Open your Eyes: The Empress.

Pulch. Reach that Chair:

Now, fitting thus at Distance, I'll vouchsafe To look upon her.

Arcad. How, Sifter? Pray you awake,

Are you in your Wits?

Flac. Grant, Heaven, your too much Learning Does not conclude in Madness.

Athen. You intreated

A Visit from me.

Pulch. True, my Servant us'd

Such Language: But now, as a Miftress, I Command your Service.

Athen. Service?

Arcad. She's stark mad, fure.

Pulch. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own Without a Guardian.

Athen. Follow me.—I will see you When your frantick Fit is o'er. I do begin To be of your Belief.

Pulch.

Pulch. It will deceive you.

Thou shalt not stir from hence.—Thus, as mine own, I seize upon thee.

Flac. Help, help! Violence Offer'd to the Empress' Person!

Pulch. 'Tis in vain:

She was an Empress once; but, by my Gift: Which, being abus'd, I do recall my Grant. You are read in Story; call to Remembrance What the great Hestor's Mother, Hecuba, Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

Athen. A Slave.

Pulch. To me thou art fo.

Athen. Wonder and Amazement

Quite overwhelm me: How am I transform'd? How have I lost my Liberty?

[Knocking without.

#### Enter Servant.

Pulch. Thou shalt know

Too foon, no Doubt.—Who's that, with fuch Rudeness Beats at the Door?

Serv. The Prince Paulinus, Madam, Sent from the Emperor to attend upon The gracious Empress.

Arcad. And who is your Slave now?

Flac. Sifter, repent in Time, and beg Pardon For your Prefumption.

Pulch. - It is resolv'd:

ulch.

From me return this Answer to Paulinus;
She shall not come; she's mine; the Emperor hath
No Interest in her.

[Exit Servant.

Athen. Whatsoe'er I am, You take not from your Power o'er me, to yield A Reason for this Usage.

Pulch. Though my Will is Sufficient to add to thy Affliction, Know, Wretched Thing, 'tis not thy Fate, but Folly, Hath made thee what thou art: 'Tis some Delight

X 2

To urge my Merits to one so ungrateful; Therefore with hiorror-hear it. When thou wert Thrust as a Stranger from thy Father's House, Expos'd to all Calamities that Want Could throw upon thee; thine own Brothers' Scorn, And in thy Hopes, as by the World, forfaken, My Pity, the last Altar that was deft thee; I heard thy Syren Charms, with Feeling heard them. And my Compassion made mine Eyes vie Tears With thine, diffembling Crocodile! and when Queens Were emulous for thy Imperiab Bed, The Garments of thy Sorrows cast aside, I put thee in a Shape as would have forc'd Envy from Cleopatra, had the feen thee. Then, when I knew my Brother's Blood was warm'd With youthful Fires, I brought thee to his Presence: And how my deep Defigns, for thy Good plotted, Succeeded to my Wishes, is apparent, And needs no Repetition.

Athen. I am conscious

Of your so many, and unequal'd Favours,
But find not how I may accuse myself
For any Facts committed, that with Justice
Can raise your Anger to this Height against me.

Pulch. Pride and Forgetfulnels would not det thee

Against which now thou canst not close thine Eyes. What Injury could be equal to thy late Contempt of my good Counsel, when I urg'd The Emperor's prodigal Bounties, and intreated That you would use your Power to give 'em Limits, Or, at the least, a due Consideration Of such as su'd, and for what, ere he sign'd it? In Opposition, you brought against me Th' Obedience of a Wife, that Ladies were not, Being well accommodated by their Lords, To question, but much less to cross, their Pleasures; Nor would you, though the Emperor were resolv'd To give away his Scepter, hinder it,

Since 'twas done for your Honour, covering with

Athen. And is this my Offence?

Pulch. As wicked Counsel

Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;

Such as deny to follow what is good,

In Reason, are the first that must repent it.

When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean Time, Thank your own wilful Folly that hath chang'd you

From an Empress to a Bondwoman.

Theod. Force the Doors:
Kill those that dare resist.

Enter Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Chrysapius, Gratianus.

tion itsiveres in land.

Athen. Dear Sir, redeem me. and bay aloo bas at

Flac. O fuffer not, for your own Honour's fake,

The Empress, you so late lov'd, to be made

A Prisoner in the Court.

Arcad. Leap to his Lips,

You'll find them the best Sanctuary.

Flac. And try, theo,

What Interest my reverend Sifter hath

To force you from 'em.

Theod. What strange May game's this?

Though done in Sport, how ill this Levity

Becomes your Wildom?

Pulch. I am ferious, Sir,

And have done nothing but what you in Honour,

And as you are yourfelf an Emperor,

Stand bound to justify.

Theod. Take heed; put not these

Strange Trials on my Patience.

Pulch. Do not you, Sir,

Deny your own Act; as you are a Man,

And fland on your own Bottom, 'twill appear

A childish Weakness to make void a Grant,

Signidiby your Sacred Hand and Seal, and strengthen'd X 3 With

With a religious Oath, but with my Licence Never to be recall'd. For some few Minutes Let Reason rule your Passion, and in this,

[Delivers the Deed.

S

Be pleas'd to read my Interest. You will find, there, What you in me call Violence, is Justice, And that I may make Use of what's mine own, According to my Will. 'Tis your own Gift, Sir; And what an Emperor gives, should stand as firm As the Celestial Poles upon the Shoulders Of Atlas, or his Successor in that Office The great Alcides.

Theod. Miseries of more Weight, Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me! What hath my Rashness done? In this Transaction Drawn in express and formal Terms, I have Giv'n and confign'd into your Hands, to use And observe, as you please, my dear Eudoxa. It is my Deed, I do confess it is, And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd: But yet you may shew Mercy—and you will, When you consider that there is no Beauty So perfect in a Creature, but is foil'd With some unbeseeming Blemish. You have labour'd To build me up a complete Prince; 'tis granted: Yet, as I am a Man, like other Monarchs, I have Defects and Frailties; my Facility, To fend Petitioners with pleas'd Looks from me, Is all I can be charg'd with, and it will Become your Wisdom, (fince 'tis in your Power) In Charity to provide, I fall no further Or in my Oath, or Honour.

Pulch. Royal Sir,

This was the Mark I aim'd at, and I glory
At the length, you so conceive it: 'Twas a Weakness
To measure by your own Integrity
The Purposes of others. I have shewn you,
In a true Mirror, what Fruit grows upon
The Tree of hoodwink'd Bounty, and what Dangers
Preci-

Precipitation in the managing Your great Affairs produceth.

Theod. I embrace it

đ.

As a grave Advertisement, and vow hereafter

Never to fign Petitions at this Rate.

Pulch. For mine, see, Sir, 'tis cancel'd; on my Knees I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[Tears the Deed.

She is my second Gift.

Theod. Which if I part from

'Till Death divorce us ----

[Kissing Athenais.

Athen. So, Sir -

Theod. Nay, Sweet, chide not:

I am punish'd in thy Looks; defer the rest,

'Till we're more private.

Pulch. I ask Pardon too,

If, in my personated Passion, I Appear'd too harsh and rough.

Athen. 'Twas gentle Language,

What I was then confider'd.

Pulch. O dear Madam,

It was Decorum in the Scene.

Athen. This Trial,

When I was Athenais, might have pass'd;

But, as I am the Empress ---

Theod. Nay, no Anger,

Since all Good was intended.

[Exeunt Theodosius, Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Pulch. Building on

That certain Base, I fear not what can follow.

[Exit Pulcheria.

Paul. These are strange Devices, Philanax.

Phila. True, my Lord. May all turn to the best!

Grat. The Emperor's Looks

Promis'd a Calm.

Chrys. But the vex'd Empress' Frowns

Presag'd a second Storm.

Paul. I am fure I feel one

X 4

In

In my Leg already.

and fairs producein. Phila. Your old Friend, the Gout? Paul. My forc'd Companion, Philanax.

Chryf. To your Rost. H sids a enousied and or revel

Paul, Reft, and forbearing Wine, with a temperate Celiver what I now been'd from their

Though many Mountebanks pretend the Cure of't, I've found my best Physicians.

Phila. Ease to your Lordship.

Exeunt.

(1

V

S

B

Ir T

Y

I

ŀ

The End of the Third Att.

# Theod. Nay, Sweet, chide not:

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Athenais, Chryfapius.

Athen. MAKE me her Property?

Chryf. Your Majefty Chrys. Your Majesty 16919 O . Chang

Hath just Cause of Distaste; and your Resentment Of the Affront in the Point of Honour cannot But meet a fair Construction.

make usprois -

Athen. I have only

The Title of an Empress, but the Power Is, by her, ravish'd from me. She furveys My Actions as a Governess, and calls My not observing all that she directs, Folly, and Disobedience.

Chrys. Under Correction, With Grief I've long observ'd it; and, if you Stand pleas'd to fign my Warrant, I'll deliver In my unfeign'd Zeal, and Defire to serve you, (Howe'er I run the Hazard of my Head for't, Should it arrive at the Knowledge of the Princes Not alone, the Reasons why Things are thus carried, But give into your Hands the Power to clip The Wings of her Command.

Athen.

Athen. Your Service this Way

Cannot offend me.

Chrys. Be you pleas'd to know, then,
(But still with Pardon, if I am too bold)
Your too much Sufferance imps the broken Feathers
Which carry her to this proud Height, in which
She with Security foars, and still tow'rs o'er you:
But, if you would employ the Strengths you hold
In the Emperor's Affections, and remember
The Orb you move in should admit no Star else,
You never would confess the managing
Of State Affairs to her alone are proper,
And you sit by a Looker on.

Athen. I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her Diminution, without a Taint
Of foul Ingratitude in myself.

Chrys. In this

The Sweetness of your Temper does abuse you; And you call that a Benefit to yourself Which she for her own Ends confer'd upon you. Tis yielded she gave Way to your Advancement: But for what Cause? that she might still continue Her Absolute Sway and Swing o'er the whole State; And that she might to her Admirers vaunt, The Empress was her Creature, and the Giver To be prefer'd before the Gift.

Athen. It may be.

Chrys. Nay, tis most certain: Whereas, would you please

In a true Glass to look upon yourself,
And view without Detraction your own Merits,
Which all Men wonder at, you would find that Fate,
Without a second Cause, appointed you
To the supremest Honour. For the Princess,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her Remove
Will make your Entrance free to the Possession
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve
To build upon her Ruins, leave the Engines

That

That must be us'd to undermine her Greatness To my Provision.

Athen. I thank your Care:

But a Design of such Weight must not be Rashly determin'd of; it will exact A long and serious Consultation from me, In the mean Time, Chrysapius, rest assur'd

I live your thankful Mistress.

[Exit Athenais,

T

Z

H

Si

M

E

T

In

W

A

Chrys. Is this all?
Will the Physick that I minister'd work no further?
I've play'd the Fool; and, leaving a calm Port,
Embark'd myself on a rough Sea of Danger.
In her Silence lies my Safety, which how can I
Hope from a Woman?—But the Die is thrown,
And I must stand the Hazard.

Enter Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus, Huntsmen.

Theod. Is Paulinus

So tortur'd with his Gout?

Phila. Most miserably, Sir.

And it adds much to his Affliction, that The Pain denies him Power to wait upon Your Majesty.

Theod. I pity him .- He is

A wond'rous honest Man, and what he suffers, I know, will grive my Empress.

Timan. He, indeed, is

Much bound to her gracious Favour.

Theod. He deserves it;

She cannot find a Subject upon whom She better may confer it.—Is the Stag Safe lodg'd?

Grat. Yes, Sir, and the Hounds and Huntsmen ready, Phila. He will make you royal Sport. He is a Deer,

Of ten, at the leaft.

Enter

Or what they want to.

## Enter Countryman with an Apple.

Grat. Whither will this Clown?

Timan. Stand back.

3.

dy,

er,

nter

Count. I would zee the Emperor. Why should you Courtiers

Scorn a poor Countryman? We zweat at the Plough To vill your Mouths, you and you Curs might starve, else.

We prune the Orchards, and you cranch the Fruit;
Yet still y'are snarling at us.

Theod. What's the matter?

Count. I would look on thy fweet Face.

Timan. Unmannerly Swain!

Count. Zwain? Though I am a Zwain, I have a Heart, yet,

As ready to do Service for my Leg, As any Princock, Peacock of you all.

Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this Twig

I would fo veeze you.

Timan. Will your Majesty
Hear this rude Language?
Theod. Yes, and hold it as

An Ornament, not a Blemish. O Timantus!

Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains not With an open Ear to hear Petitions from us,

Easy Access in us, his Deputies,

To the meanest of our Subjects, is a Debt

Which we stand bound to pay.

Count. By my Granam's Ghost

'Tis a wholesome Zaying; our Vicar could not mend it In the Pulpit on a Zunday.

Theod. What's their Suit Friend?

Count. Zute? I would laugh at that. Let the Court beg from thee,

What the poor Country gives. I bring a Present To thy good Grace, which I can call mine own, And look not, like these gay Volk, for a Return Of what they venture. Have I giv'nt you, ha!

Chrys. A perilous Knave.

Count. Zee here a dainty Apple. [Presents the Apple. Of mine own grafting; zweet and zownd, I assure thee. Theod. It is the fairest Fruit I ever faw.

Those golden Apples in the Hesperian Orchards So strangely guarded by the watchful Dragon, As they requir'd great Hercules to get 'em'; Nor those with which Hippomenes deceiv'd, Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look On this, deferve no Wonder. You behold The poor Man, and his Present, with Contempt: I to their Value prize both; He, that could So aid weak Nature, by his Care and Labour, As to compel a Crabtree-stock to bear A precious Fruit of this large Size and Beauty, Would by his Industry change a petty Village Into a populous City, and from that Erect a flourishing Kingdom. Give the Fellow, For an Encouragement to his future Labours, Ten Attick Talents.

Count. I will weary heaven

With my Prayers for your Majesty. [Exit Countryman.

Theod. Philanax,

String Court

From me present this Rarity to the rarest
And Best of Women. When I think upon
The boundless Happiness that from her flows to me
In my Imagination I am rap'd
Beyond myself.—But I so get our Hunting,
To the Forest for the Exercise of my Body;
But for my Mind, 'tis wholly taken up
In the Contemplation of her matchess Vistues. [Exemple

## SCENE H.

Athenais, Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaceilla.

Athen. You shall know there's a Difference between us. Pulch. There was, I'm certain, not long since, when you Kneel'd

Kneel'd a Petitioner to me; then you were happy To be near my Feet; and do you hold it, now, As a Disparagement that I side you, Lady?

Athen. Since you respect me only as I was,

What I am shall be remember'd.

Pulch. Does the Means

ple.

nee.

rhèn

eel'd

I practis'd, to give good and faving Counsels To th' Emperor, and your new stamp'd Majesty Still stick in your Stomach?

Athen. 'Tis not yet digested,

In troth it is not. Why, good Governess,
Though you are held for a grand Madam, and yourself
The first that overprize it, I ne'er took
Your Words for Delphian Oracles, nor your Actions
For such Wonders as you make 'em,—there is one,
When she shall see her Time, as sit and able
To be made Partner of the Emperor's Cares,
As your wife self, and may with Justice challenge
A nearer Interest.—You have done your Visit,
So, when you please, you may leave me.

Words with your Mightiness, proud one, only this, You carry too much Sail for your small Bark; And that, when you least think upon't, may sink you.

Exit Pulcheria.

Flac. I am glad she's gone.

Arcad. I fear'd she would have read

A tedious Lecture to us.

## Enter Philanax with the Apple.

Phila. From the Emperor. This rare Fruit to the rarest.

Athen. How, my Lord?

Phila. I use his Language, Madam; and that Trust, Which he imposed on me, discharg'd, his Pleasure Commands my present Service. [Exit Philanax.

Athen. dilave you feen So fain an Apple?

eoElac.

Flac. Never. Was and a study of the state of

Arcad. If the Tafte

Answer the Beauty.

Athen. Prettily beg'd;—you should have it; But that you eat too much cold Fruit, and that Changes the fresh Red in your Cheeks to Paleness.

#### Enter Servant.

I've other Dainties for you; you come from Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble, And honest Lord? My Witness at the Fount; In a Word, the Man to whose bless'd Charity I owe my Greatness. How is't with him?

Serv. Spiritly,
In his Mind; but, by the raging of his Gout,
In his Body much distemper'd; that you pleas'd
To inquire his Health, took off much from his Pain;
His glad Looks did confirm it.

Athen. Do his Doctors

Give him no Hope?

Serv. Little; they rather fear, By his continual burning, that he stands In danger of a Fever.

Athen. To him again,

And tell him that I heartily wish it lay
In me to ease him, and from me deliver
This choice Fruit to him; you may say to that
I hope it will prove physical.

Serv. The good Lord

Will be o'erjoy'd with the Favour.

Athen. He deserves more.

[Exeunt.

I

### SCENE III.

Paulinus brought in a Chair, Chirurgeon.

Chirurg. I've done as much as Art can do, to stop The violent Course of your Fit, and I hope you feel it. How does your Honour?

Paul.

Paul. At some Ease, I thank you: I would you could assure Continuance of it, For the Moiety of my Fortune.

Chirurg. If I could cure

The Gout, my Lord, without the Philosopher's Stone I should soon purchase, it being a Disease, In poor Men very rare, and in the rich The Cure impossible, your many Bounties Bid me prepare you for a certain Truth, And to slatter you, were dishonest,

Paul. Your plain dealing

Deferves a Fee. Would there were many more fuch Of your Profession. Happy are poor Men; If fick with the Excess of Heat or Cold, Caus'd by necessitous Labour, not loose Surfeits They, when spare Diet, or kind Nature fail To perfect their Recovery, foon arrive at Their Rest in Death; but, on the contrary, The Great and Noble are expos'd as Preys To the Rapine of Physicians; and they, In ling'ring out what is remediless, Aim at their Profit, not the Patients Health. A thousand Trials and Experiments Have been put upon me, and I forc'd to pay dear For my Vexation; but I am refolv'd, (I thank your honest Freedom) to be made A Property no more for Knaves to work on, -What have you there?

### Enter Cleon with a Parchment Roll.

Cleon. The Triumphs of an Artsman O'er all Instrmities, made authentical With the Names of Princes, Kings and Emperors That were his Patients.

Paul. Some Empirick.

nt.

ul.

Cleon. It may be so; but he swears, within three Days He will grub up your Gout by th' Roots, and make you able

To

To march ten Leagues a Day in compleat Armour, Paul. Impossible.

Cleon. Or, if you like not him-

Chirurg. Hear him, my Lord, for your Mirth; I will take Order,

They shall not wrong you.

Paul. Usher in your Monster.

Cleon. He is at hand, march up: Now speak for yourself.

## Enter Empirick.

Empir. I come not, Right Honourable, to your Prefence, with any base and sordid End of Reward; the Immortality of my Fame is the White I shoot at, the Charge of my most curious and costly Ingredients defray'd, amounting to some seventeen thousand Crowns—a Trisse in respect of Health—writing your noble Name in my Catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfy'd.

Chirurg. I believe fo.

Empir. For your own Sake, I most heartily wish, that you had now all the Diseases, Maladies and Instrmities upon you, that were ever remember'd by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later, and more admired Paracelsus.

Paul. For your good Wish, I thank you.

Empir. Take me with you, I befeech your good Lordship. I urg'd it, that your Joy, in being certainly and suddenly free from them, may be the greater, and my not to be parallel'd Skill the more remarkable. The Cure of the Gout's a Toy, without Boast be it said; my Cradle-practice, the Cancer, the Fistula, the Dropsy, Consumption of Lungs and Kidneys, Hurts in the Brain, Heart, or Liver, are Things worthy my Opposition; but in the Recovery of my Patients I ever overcome them.—But to your Gout—

Paul. I, marry, Sir; that cur'd, I shall be apter

To give Credit to the rest.

Empir. Suppose it done, Sir.

will

for

Pre-

the

the

de-

S-

ame

fa-

ish,

fir-

old

Pa-

boo

inly

and

The

aid;

pfy,

ain,

on;

ome

pir.

Chirar. And the Means you use, I beseech you.

Empir. I will do it in the plainest Language, and discover my Ingredients. First, my boteni Terebinthina, of Cypris, my Manna, ros cælo, coagulated with vetulos voorum, vulgarly Yolks of Eggs, with a little Cyath, or Quantity of my potable Elixir, with some sew Scruples of Sassafras and Guacum. so taken every Morning and Evening, in the Space of three Days, purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward Causes of the virulent Tumor.

Paul. Why do you smile?

Chirur. When he hath done, I will resolve you.

Empir. For my exterior Applications, I have these Balsumunguentulums, extracted from Herbs, Plants, Roots, Seeds, Gums, and a Million of other Vegetables, the principal of which are Ulissipona, or Serpentaria, Sophia, or Herba Consolidarum, Parthenion, or Commanilla Romana, Mumia transmarina, mixed with my plumbum Philosophorum, and mater metallorum, cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra.

Cleon. A conjuring Balfamum,

Empir. This applied warm upon the pained Place, with a feather of Struthio cameli, or a Bird of Paradife, which is every where to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant Dolor.

Chirur. An excellent Receipt! but does your Lordship

Know what it is good for?

Paul. I would be instructed.

Chirur. For the Gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it In a plainer Phrase, the Pox.

Empir. If it cure his Lordship

Of that, by the Way, I hope, Sir, 'tis the better.
My Medicine serves for all Things, and the Pox, Sir,
Though falsely nam'd the Sciatica, or Gout,
Is the more Catholick Sickness.

Yet hurt him not; he makes me smile, and that

Vol. II.

Y

Frees

Frees him from Punishment.

[They thrust off the Empirick.

Chirur. Such Slaves as this Render our Art contemptible,

### Enter Servant.

Serv. My good Lord——
Paul. So foon return'd?

Serv. And with this Present from

Your great, and gracious Mistress, with her Wishes It may prove physical to you.

Paul. In my Heart

I kneel, and thank her Bounty. Dear Friend Cleon, Give him the Cup-board of Plate in the next Room For a Reward. [Exeunt Cleon and the Servant.

Most glorious Fruit; but made

More precious by her Grace and Love that fent it. To touch it only, coming from her Hand,

Makes me forget all Pain. A Diamond

Of this large Size, though it would buy a Kingdom, Hew'd from the Rock, and laid down at my Feet, Nay, though a Monarch's Gift, will hold no Value,

Compar'd with this—And yet, ere I presume
To taste it, though, sans Question, it is

To taste it, though, sans Question, it is Some heavenly Restorative, I in Duty

Stand bound to weigh my own Unworthinefs.

Ambrofia is Food only for the Gods; And not by human Lips to be prophan'd.

I may adore it as some holy Relique,

Deriv'd from thence, but impious to keep it In my Possession; the Emperor only

Is worthy to enjoy it. -Go, good Cleon,

### Enter Cleon.

(And cease this Admiration at this Object)
From me present this to my Royal Master,
I know it will amaze him, and excuse me

That I am not myself the Bearer of it.
That I should be lame now, when with Wings of Duty
I should fly to the Service of this Empress!
Nay, no Delays, good Cleon.
Cleon. I am gone, Sir.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Theodosius, Chrysapius, Timantus, Gratianus.

Chrys. Are you not tir'd, Sir?
Theod. Tir'd? I must not say so,
However, though I rode hard. To a Huntsman,
His Toil is his Delight, and to complain
Of Weariness, would shew as poorly in him,
As if a General should grieve for a Wound,
Receiv'd upon his Forehead, or his Breast,
After a glorious Victory, lay by
These Accourtements for the Chase.

## Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. You are well return'd, Sir,
From your Princely Exercise.

Theod. Sister, to you
I owe the Freedom, and the Use of all
The Pleasures I enjoy. Your Care provides
For my Security, and the Burthen, which
I should alone sustain, you undergo,
And, by your painful Watchings, yield my Sleeps
Beth sound, and sure. How happy am I in
Your Knowledge of the Art of Government!
And, credit me, I glory to behold you
Dispose of great Designs, as if you were
A Partner, and no Subject of my Empire.

Pulch. My Vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
I'm consident, you allow of—yet it is not

Approv'd by all.

ıt

k.

Y 2

Theod.

Theod. Who dares repine at that

Which hath our Suffrage?

Pulch. One that too well knows The Strength of her Abilities can better My weak Endeavours.

Theod. In this you reflect

Upon my Empress?

Pulch. True; for, as she is

The Confort of your Bed, 'tis fit she share in Your Cares, and absolute Power.

Theod. You touch a String

That founds but harshly to me, and I must In a Brother's Love advise you, that hereafter You would forbear to move it. Since she is In her pure felf a Harmony of fuch Sweetness, Compos'd of Duty, chafte Defires, her Beauty (Though it might tempt a Hermit from his Beads) The least of her Endowments. I am forry Her holding the first Place, since that the second Is proper to yourfelf, calls on your Envy. She err? It is impossible in a Thought, And, much more, speak, or do what may offend me. In other Things, I would believe you, Sifter: But, though the Tongues of Saints and Angels tax'd her Of any Imperfection, I should be Incredulous.

Pulch. She is, yet, a Woman, Sir.

Theod. The Abstract of what's excellent in the Sex: But to their Mulcts, and Frailties a mere Stranger: -I'll die in this Belief.

## Enter Cleon with the Apple.

Cleon. Your humblest Servant, The Lord Paulinus, as a Witness of His Zeal and Duty to your Majesty, Prefents you with this Jewel. Theod. Ha!

Clean. It is

Preferr'd by him-

Theod. Above his Honour?

Cleon. No, Sir;

I would have faid his Patrimony.

Theod. 'Tis the fame.

Cleon. And he intreats, fince Lameness may excuse His not presenting it himself, from me (Though far unworthy to supply his Place) You would vouchsafe to accept it.

Theod. Farther off;

You've told your Tale: Stay you for a Reward?

—Take that.

[Strikes bim.

Pulch. How's this?

Chrys. I never faw him mov'd thus.

Theod. We must not part so, Sir-A Guard upon him.

#### Enter Guard.

Theod. May I not vent my Sorrows in the Air, Without Discovery? Forbear the Room!

Yet be within Call—What an Earthquake I feel in me! <sup>3</sup> And on the fudden my whole Fabrick totters.

My Blood within me turns, and through my Veins Parting with natural Redness I discern it,

Chang'd to a fatal Yellow. What an Army

Of hellish Furies in the horrid Shapes

Of Doubts, and Fears, charge on me! Rise to my

Rescue,
Thou stout Maintainer of a chaste Wise's Honour,
The Considence of her Virtues; be not shaken
With the Wind of vain Surmises; much less suffer
The Devil Jealousy to whisper to me
My curious Observation of that

3 — What an Earthquake I feel in me And on the sudden, &c.

Though Shakespear is peculiar excellent in the Passion of Jealousy, yet in my Opinion there are some Flights of a Massinger so truly Original, that if he does not equal that immortal Bard, he comes the nearest to him of all our other dramatic Writers.

I must no more remember .- Will it not be? Thou uninvited Gueft, ill-manner'd Monster. I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to Give Fuel to that Fire I would put out? The Goodness of my Memory proves my Mischief, And I would fell my Empire, could it purchase The dull Art of Forgetfulness,-Who waits there? Timan. Most Sacred Sir.

Theod. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd, Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your Life, Without a Word concerning this, command

Exit Timantus, Eudoxia to come to me.—Would I had Ne'er known her by that Name, my Mother's Name!

Or that, for her own Sake, she had continued Poor Athenais still !- No Intermission? Wilt thou so soon torment me? Must I read

Writ in the Table of my Memory, To warrant my Suspicion, how Paulinus (Though ever thought a Man averse to Women)

First gave her Entertainment? Made her Way For Audience to my Sifter; then I did

Myself observe how he was ravish'd with The gracious Delivery of her Story,

(Which was, I grant, the Bait that first took me, too) She was his Convert; what the Rhetorick was He us'd, I know not, and, fince she was mine,

In private, as in publick, what a Mass Of Grace and Favours hath she heap'd upon him! And but to-day this fatal Fruit—She's come.

Enter Timantus, Athenais, Flaccilla, Arcadia.

Can she be guilty? Athen. You feem troubl'd, Sir; My Innocence makes me bold to ask the Cause, That I may ease you of it.-No falute After four long Hours Absence? Theod. Prythee, forgive me.

[Kiffes ber. Methinks Methinks I find Paulinus on her Lips,
And the fresh Nestar that I drew from thence
Is on the sudden pal'd [Aside.] How have you spent

Your Hours fince I last faw you?

Athen. In the Converse Of your sweet Sisters.

Theod. Did not Philanax,

From me, deliver you an Apple?

Athen. Yes, Sir;

Heaven! how you frown! Pray you, talk of something else:

Think not of fuch a Trifle.

Theod. How! a Trifle?

Does any Toy from me presented to you, Deserve to be so slighted? Do you value

What's fent, and not the Sender?—From a Peasant It had deserv'd your Thanks.

Athen. And méets from you, Sir

All possible Respect.

Theod. I priz'd it, Lady,

At a higher Rate than you believe, and would not Have parted with it, but to one I did

Prefer before myself.

Athen. It was, indeed,

The fairest that I ever faw.

Theod. It was?

And it had Virtues in it, my Eudoxia,

Not visible to the Eye.

Athen. It may be fo, Sir,

Theod. What did you with it,—tell me punctually; I look for a strict Accompt.

Athen. What shall I answer?

Theod. Do you stagger? Ha!

Athen. No, Sir, I have eaten it.

It had the pleasant Taste. I wonder that

You found it not in my Breath.

Theod. I'faith I did not,

ks

And it was wond'rous strange.

Athen. Pray you, try again.

Theod.

Theod. I find no Scent of't here. You play with me,

Athen. By your facred Life, and Fortune, An Oath I dare not break, I've eaten it.

Theod. Do you know how this Oath binds?

Athen. Too well, to break it.

Theod. That ever Man to please his brutish Sense Should slave his Understanding to his Passions, And, taken with soon fading White and Red Deliver up his credulous Ears to hear The Magick of a Syren, and from these Believe there ever was, is, or can be More than a seeming Honesty in bad Woman, Athen This is strange Language, Sir.

Theod. Who waits? Come all.

-Nay, Sifter not so near; being of the Sex, I fear you are infected to.

Pulch. What mean you?

Theod. To show you a Miracle, a Prodigy
Which Afric never equal'd:—Can you think 4
This Master-piece of Heaven, this precious Vellam,
Of such a Purity, and Virgin Whiteness,
Could be design'd to have Perjury, and Whoredom
In Capital Letters writ upon't?

Pulch. Dear Sir,

Theod. Nay, add to this, an Impudence beyond All profituted Boldness. Art not dead, yet? Will not the Tempests in thy Conscience rend thee As small as Atoms? That there may no Sign Be left, thou ever wert so? Wilt thou live 'Till thou art blasted with the dreadful Lightning Of pregnant and unanswerable Proofs,

4 — Can you think
This Master-piece of Heaven, &c.

Thus in Othello.

Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book. Made to write Whore upon?

Act 4. Scene 9.

0

Of thy adulterous twines? Die yet, that I With my Honour may conceal it.

Athen. Would, long fince,

The Gorgon of your Rage had turn'd me Marble.

Or, if I have offended-

Theod. If !-good Angels !-

But I am tame. Look on this dumb Accuser.

[Shewing the Apple. Afide.

Athen. Oh, I am loft!

Theod. Did ever Cormorant Swallow his Prey and then digeft it whole, As the hath done this Apple? Philanax, As 'tis, from me presented it. The good Lady

Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,

It came intire unto Paulinus' Hands,

And I from him receiv'd it; fent in Scorn Upon my Life, to give me a close Touch, That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing Left thee to fee him, to give Satisfaction To thy infatiate Lust, but what was fent

As a dear Favour from me? How have I fin'd In my Dotage on this Creature? But to her I've liv'd, as I was born, a perfect Virgin. Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be

True to her Bed, but that I must feed high,

To strengthen my Abilities to cloy

Her rav'ngus Appetite, little suspecting

She would defire a Change.

Athen. I never did, Sir.

Theod. Be dumb; I will not waste my Breath in taxing Thy base Ingratitude. How I have rais'd thee, Will by the World be, to thy Shame, spoke often. But for that Ribawd, who held in my Empire The next Place to myself, so bound unto me By all the Ties of Duty, and Allegiance He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is In a Wrong of fuch high Consequence to pull down, His Lord's flow Anger on him. Philanax, He's troubl'd with the Gout; let him be cur'd

With

With a violent Death, and in the other World, Thank his Physician.

Phila. His Cause unheard, Sir? Pulch. Take Heed of Rashness.

Theod. Is what I command,

To be disputed?

Phila. Your Will shall be done, Sir:

But that I am the Instrument.

Theod. Do you murmur?

[Exit Philanax with the Guard.

In

N

T

What couldst thou say, if that my Licence should Give Liberty to thy Tongue? Thou would'st die? I am

not [ Athenais kneeling, points to Theodofius Sword,

So to be reconcil'd .- See me no more:

The Sting of Conscience ever gnawing on thee,

A long Life be thy Punishment, [Exit Theodosius, Flac. O sweet Lady.

How I could weep for her!

Arcad. Speak, dear Madam, speak.

Your Tongue, as you are a Woman, while you live, Should be ever moving; at the leaft, the last Part

That flirs about you.

Pulch. Though I should, sad Lady,
In Policy rejoice, you as a Rival
Of my Greatness are remov'd, Compassion,
Since I believe you innocent, commands me
To mourn your Fortune; credit me I will urge
All Arguments I can alledge that may
Appease the Emperor's Fury.

Arcad. I will grow too,

Unto my Knees, unless he bid me rise, And swear he will forgive you.

Flac. And repent too:

All this Pother for an Apple?

[Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Chrys. Hope, dear Madam, And yield not to Despair. I'm still your Servant, And never will forsake you; though a while You leave the Court, and City, and give Way To th' violent Passions of the Emperor.
Repentance in his Want of you will soon find him.
In the mean Time I'll dispose of you, and omit
No Opportunity that may invite him
To see his Error.

Athen. Oh! [Wringing ber Hands.

Chrys. Forbear, for Heav'n's Sake:

1.

n

The End of the Fourth Act.

## 

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Philanax, Paulinus, Guard, Executioners.

Paul. THis is most barbarous! how have you lost All Feeling of Humanity, as Honour, In your Consent alone, to have me us'd thus? But to be, as you are a Looker on, Nay, more, a principal Actor in't (the Sostness Of your former Life consider'd) almost turns me Into a sense essential.

Phila. Would, long fince, Death, by fome other Means, had made you one, That you might be less sensible of what You have, or are to suffer.

Paul. Am to suffer?

Let such, whose Happiness, and Heaven, depend Upon their present Being, sear to part with A Fort, they cannot long hold; mine to me is A Charge that I am weary of, all Desences By Pain, and Sickness batter'd;—yet, take heed, Take heed, Lord Philanax, that, for private Spleen, Or any false conceived Grudge against me, (Since in one Thought of Wrong to you, I am Sincerely innocent) you do not that My Royal Master must in Justice punish,

If you pass to your own Heart thorough mine, The Murther, as it will come out, discover'd.

Phila. I murther you, my Lord? Heav'n witness for me With the restoring of your Health, I wish you Long Life, and Happiness: For myself, I am Compell'd to put in Execution that Which I would sly from; 'tis the Emperor, The high incensed Emperor's Will commands What I must see perform'd.

Paul. The Emperor?

Goodness, and Innocence guard me! Wheels, nor Racks Can force into my Memory, the Remembrance Of the least Shadow of Offence, with which I ever did provoke him; though belov'd, (And yet the People's Love is short, and fatal). I never courted popular Applause; Feasted the Men of Action, or labour'd By prodigal Gifts to draw the needy Soldier, The Tribunes, or Centurions to a Faction, Of which I would rife up the Head against him. I hold no Place of Strength, Fortress or Castle In my Command, that can give Sanctuary To Mal-contents, or countenance Rebellion. I've built no Palaces to face the Court, Nor do my Follower's Bravery shame his Train; And, though I cannot blame my Fate for Want, My competent Means of Life deserves no Envy. In what, then, am I dangerous?

Phila. His Displeasure

Reflects on none of those Particulars
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous Princes
In a Subject cannot brook 'em.

Paul. None of these?

In what, then, am I worthy his Suspicion? But it may, nay it must be, some Informer, To whom my Innocence appear'd a Crime, Hath poison'd his late good Opinion of me. 'Tis not to die, but, in the Censure of So good a Master, guilty, that afflicts me.

Phila.

Co

To

TI

So

11

M

D

A

0

F

N.

B

Phila. There is no Remedy.

ne

Paul. No?—I have a Friend, yet,
Could the Strictness of your Warrant give way to it,
To whom the State I stand in now deliver'd,
That by fair Intercession for me would
So far prevail, that, my Defence unheard,
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer,
Without a sit Distinction.

Phila. These false Hopes,

My Lord, abuse you. What Man, when condemn'd, Did ever find a Friend? or who dares lend An Eye of Pity to that Star-cross'd Subject On whom his Sovereign frowns?

Paul. She that dares plead For Innocence without a Fee; the Empress, My great and gracious Mistress.

Phila. There's your Error.

Her many Favours, which you hop'd should make you Prove your Undoing. She, poor Lady, is Banish'd for ever from the Emperor's Presence, And his confirm'd Suspicion, to his Wrong, That you have been over-familiar with her, Dooms you to Death. I know you understand me.

Paul. Over-familiar?

Phila. In sharing with him Those sweet and secret Pleasures of his Bed, Which can admit no Partner.

Paul. And is that

The Crime for which I am to die? Of all
My num'rous Sins, was there not one of Weight
Enough to fink me, if he borrow'd not
The Colour of a Guilt I never faw,
To paint my Innocence in a deform'd
And monstrous Shape? But that it were prophane
To argue Heav'n of Ignorance, or Injustice,
I now should tax it. Had the Stars that reign'd
At my Nativity such cursed Insuence,
As not alone to make me miserable,
But, in the Neighbourhood of her Goodness to me,

To

To force Contagion upon a Lady,
Whose purer Flames were not inferior
To theirs, when they shine brightest? To die for her,
Compar'd with what she suffers, is a Trisse.
By her Example warn'd, let all great Women
Hereaster throw Pride and Contempt on such
As truly serve em, since a Retribution
In lawful Courtesies, is now stil'd Lust,
And to be thankful to a Servant's Merits
Is grown a Vice, no Virtue.

Phila. These Complaints

Are to no Purpose: Think on the long Flight

Your better Part must make.

Paul. She is prepar'd:

Nor can the freeing of an Innocent
From the Emperor's furious Jealoufy hinder her.
It shall out, 'tis resolv'd, but to be whisper'd
To you alone. What a solemn Preparation
Is made here to put forth an Inch of Taper
In itself almost extinguish'd? Mortal Poison?
The Hangman's Sword, the Haltar?

Phila. 'Tis left to you

To make Choice of which you pleafe.

Paul. Any will ferve

To take away my Gout and Life together.

I would not have the Emperor imitate

Rome's Monster, Nero, in that cruel Mercy
He shew'd to Seneca. When you have discharg'd
What you are trusted with, and I have giv'n you
Reasons beyond all Doubt or Disputation,
Of the Empress's and my Innocence; when I am dead,
(Since 'tis my Master's Pleasure, and High Treason
In you not to obey it) I conjure you,
By the Hopes you have of Happiness hereaster,
Since mine in this World are now parting from me,
That you would win the young Man to Repentance
Of the Wrong done to his chaste Wise Eudoxia;
And if perchance he shed a Tear for what

In his Rashness he impos'd on his true Servant, So it cure him of future Jealousy, 'Twill prove a precious Balsam, and find me When I am in my Grave.—Now, when you please, For I am ready.

Phila. His Words work strangely on me,
And I would do — but I know not what to think on't.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus, Chrysapius.

Pulch. Still in his fullen Mood? No Intermission Of his melancholy Fit?

Timan. It rather, Madam, Increases, than grows less.

Grat. In the next Room

To his Bed-Chamber, we watch'd; for he by Signs Gave us to understand, he would admit
Nor Company, nor Conference.

Pulch. Did he take and and show I was sad //

d.

le

No Rest, as you could guess?

Like a Numidian Lion, by the Cunning
Of the desp'rate Huntsman taken in a Toil,
And forc'd into a spacious Cage, he walks
About his Chamber, we might hear him gnash
His Teeth in Rage; which open'd, hollow Groans
And Murmurs issu'd from his Lips, like Winds
Imprison'd in the Caverns of the Earth
Striving for Liberty; and sometimes throwing
His Body on his Bed, then on the Ground,
And with such Violence, that we more than fear'd
And still do, if the Tempest of his Passions
By your Wisdom be not laid, he will commit
Some Outrage on himself.

Pulch. His better Angel,

I hope,

I hope, will stay him from so foul a Mischief; Nor shall my Care be wanting.

Nor shall my Care be wanting Timan. Twice I heard him

Say, False Eudoxia! how much art thou
Unworthy of these Tears! Then sigh'd, and straight
Roard out, Paulinus! was his gouty Age
To be prefer'd before my Strength and Youth?
Then groan'd again, so many Ways expressing
Th' Afflictions of a tortur'd Soul, that we,
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
Were Sharers in his Suff'rings.

Pulch. Though your Sorrow
Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from
The Burthen of his Miseries. We must practise
With some fresh Object to divert his Thoughts
From that they're wholly fix'd on.

Chrys. Could I gain

The Freedom of Access, I would present him

[A Paper deliver'd.

R

BS

7

I

H

With this Petition. Will your Highness please To look upon it: You will soon find there What my Intents and Hopes are.

### Enter Theodofius.

Grat. Ha! 'tis he. Pulch. Stand close,

And give way to his Passions: 'tis not safe To stop them in their violent Course, before

They've fpent themselves.

Theod. I play the Fool, and am Unequal to myself; Delinquents are To suffer, not the Innocent. I have done Nothing, which will not hold Weight in the Scale Of my impartial Justice; neither feel The Worm of Conscience upbraiding me With one black Deed of Tyranny; wherefore, then, Should I torment myself? Great Julius would not

Reft

Rest satisfy'd that his Wife was free from Fact, But, only for Suspicion of a Crime, Su'd a Divorce; nor was this Roman Rigour Censur'd as cruel: And still the wise Italian, That knows the Honour of his Family Depends upon the Purity of his Bed For a Kifs, nay, wanton Look, will plough up Mischief, And fow the Seeds of his Revenge in Blood. And shall I, to whose Power the Law's a Servant, That stands accomptable to none, for what My Will calls an Offence, being compell'd, And on fuch Grounds to raise an Altar to My Anger; though, I grant, 'tis cemented With a loofe Strumpet's and Adulterer's Gore, Repent the Justice of my Fury? No, I should not: Yet still my Excess of Love, Fed high in the Remembrance of her choice And fweet Embraces, would perfuade me that Connivance, or Remission of her Fault, Made warrantable by her true Submission For her Offence, might be excufable, Did not the Cruelty of my wounded Honour With an open Mouth deny it.

Pulch. I approve of

Your good Intention, and I hope 'twill profper.

[To Chrysapius.

-He now feems calm. Let us upon our Knees Encompass him. Most Royal Sir -

Flac. Sweet Brother -

Arcad. As you're our Sovereign, by the Ties of Nature You're bound to be a Father in your Care To us poor Orphans.

Timant. Shew Compassion, Sir,

Unto yourself.

Grat. The Majesty of your Fortune Should fly above the Reach of Grief. Chrys. And 'tis

Impair'd, if you yield to it.

VolII.

Rest

Theod.

Theod. Wherefore pay you 6 This Adoration to a finful Creature? I'm Flesh and Blood, as you are; sensible Of Heat and Cold; as much a Slave unto The Tyranny of my Passions, as the meanest Of my poor Subjects. The proud Attributes (By oil-tongu'd Flattery impos'd upon us) As Sacred, Glorious, High, Invincible, The Deputy of Heaven, and in that Omnipotent, with all faife Titles elfe Coin'd to abuse our Frailty, though compounded, And by the Breath of Sycophants apply'd, Cure not the least Fit of an Ague in us. We may give poor Men Riches; confer Honours On Undefervers; raife, or ruin fuch As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up, Ambition would perfuade us to forget That we are Men: But He that fits above us,

> 6 Wherefore pay you This Adoration to a finful Creature?

These Reslections are very beautiful and just. In Shakespear we have many of the like Kind, thus in Richard II. the unfortunate King fays,

> Within the hollow Crown That rounds the mortal Temples of a King, Keeps Death his Court. And there the Antic fits, Scotting his State, and grinning at his Pomp; Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks: Infusing him with self and vain Conceit, As if this Flesh which walls about our Life, Were Brass impregnable: And humour'd thus, Comes at the last, and with a little Pin Bores through his Caftle Walls, and farewel King! Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood With folemn Rev'rence: Throw away Respect, Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty; For you have but mistook me all this while: I live on Bread like you; feel Want like you; Taste Grief, want Friends like you: Subjected thus, How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Act IV. Scene 4.

And

I

And to whom, at our utmost Rate, we are
But Pageant Properties, derides our Weakness.
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call back Yesterday, with all their Aids
That bow unto my Scepter? Or restore
My Mind to that Tranquillity and Peace
It then enjoy'd?—Can it make Eudoxia chaste?
Or vile Paulinus honest?

Pulch. If I might,

Without Offence, deliver my Opinion ——
Theod. What would you fay?

Pulch. That, on my Soul, the Empress Is innocent.

Chrys. The good Paulinus guiltless.

Grat. And this should yield you Comfort.

Theod. In being guilty

d

Of an Offence, far, far transcending that They stand condemn'd for. Call you this a Comfort, Suppose it could be true? A Corrosive rather; Not to eat our dead Flesh, but putrify What yet is found. Was Murther ever held A Cure for Jealoufy? or the crying Blood Of Innocence, a Balm to take away Her fest'ring Anguish?—As you do desire I should not do a Justice on myself, Add to the Proofs by which Paulinus fell, And not take from 'em; in your Charity Sooner believe that they were false, than I Unrighteous in my Judgment? Subjects Lives Are not their Prince's Tennis-Balls to be bandy'd. In Sport away. All that I can endure For them, if they were Guilty, is an Atom To the Mountain of Affliction I pull'd on me, Should they prove innocent.

Chrys. For your Majesty's Peace I more than hope they were not. The false Oath Took by the Empress, and for which she can Plead no Excuse, convicted her, and yields A sure Defence for your Suspicion of her.

Z 2

And

And yet, to be refolv'd, fince ffrong Doubts are More grievous, for the most Part, than to know A certain Loss,—

Theod. 'Tis true, Chrysapius; Were there a possible Means. Chrys. 'Tis offer'd to you,

If you please to embrace it. Some few Minutes Make Truce with Passion; and but read, and follow What's there projected, you shall find a Key Will make your Entrance easy to discover Her fecret Thoughts; and then, as in your Wisdom You shall think fit, you may determine of her, And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died A Villain, or a Martyr.

Theod. It may do;

Nay, fure it must: Yet, howsoever it fall, I am most wretched; which Way in my Wishes I should fashion the Event, I'm so distracted I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me; Though in my Name, all Names are comprehended, I must have Witnesses, in what Degree I have done Wrong, or fuffer'd. Pulch. Hope the best, Sir.

Exeunt,

### SCENE III.

A fad Song. Athenais in Sack-cloth; ber Hair loofe.

Athen. WHY art thou flow, thou Rest of Trouble, Death.

To Stap a Wretch's Breath, That calls on thee, and offers her sad Heart A Prey unto thy Dart?

I am nor young, nor fair; be, therefore, bold. Sorrow bath made me old,

Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave, Is Quiet in my Grave.

Such as live bappy, hold Long Life a Jewel; But to me thou art cruel;

If

If thou end not my tedious Misery,

And I soon cease to be.

Strike, and strike home, then; Pity unto me,

In one short Hour's Delay is Tyranny.

Thus, like a dying Swan, to a fad Tune I fing my own Dirge; would a Requiem follow, Which in my Penitence I despair not of, (This brittle Glass of Life already broken With Mifery) the long and quiet Sleep Of Death would be most welcome.—Yet, before We end our Pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we Should leave Corruption, and foul Sins behind us. But with wash'd Feet, and Hands, the Heathens dare not Enter their prophane Temples; and for me To hope my Paffage to Eternity Can be made easy, 'till I have shook off The Burthen of my Sins in free Confession, Aided with Sorrow, and Repentance for 'em, Is against Reason. 'Tis not laying by My royal Ornaments, or putting on This Garment of Humility and Contrition; The throwing Dust and Ashes on my Head; Long Fasts to tame my proud Flesh, that can make Attonement for my Soul; that must be humbled, All outward Signs of Penitence, else, are useless. Chrysapius did affure me, he would bring me A holy Man, from whom (having discover'd My fecret, crying Sins) I might receive Full Absolution.—And he keeps his Word.

Enter Theodosius, like a Friar, with Chrysapius.

Welcome, most Reverend Sir! upon my Knees I entertain you.

Theod. Noble Sir, forbear

ut.

The Place; The facred Office that I come for

[Exit Chrysapius.

Commands all Privacy.—My penitent Daughter,

Be

### 358 THE EMPEROR

Be careful, as you wish Remission from me, That, in Confession of your Sins, you hide not One Crime, whose pond'rous Weight, when you would make

Your Flights above the Firmament, may fink you. A foolish Modesty in concealing aught Is now far werse than Impudence to profess, And justify your Guilt; be, therefore, free: So may the Gates of Mercy open to you.

Athen. First then, I ask a Pardon, for my being

Ingrateful to Heav'n's Bounty.

Theod. A good Entrance.

Athen. Greatness comes from Above; and I, rais'd to it

From a low Condition, finfully forgot From whence it came, and, looking on myself In the false Glass of Flattery, I receiv'd it As a Debt due to my Beauty, not a Gift Or Favour from the Emperor.

Theod. 'Twas not well.

Athen. Pride waited on Unthankfulness, and no more Rememb'ring the Compassion of the Princess, And the Means she us'd to make me what I was, Contested with her, and with sore Eyes seeing Her greater Light, as it dimm'd mine, I practis'd To have it quite put out.

Theod. A great Offence;

But, on Repentance, not unpardonable. Forward.

Athen. O Father!—what I now must utter, I fear, in the Delivery will destroy me, Before you have absolv'd me.

Theod. Heav'n is gracious,

Out with it.

Athen. Heav'n commands us to tell Truth.
Yet I, most finful Wretch — forswore myself.
Theod. On what Occasion?
Athen. Quite forgetting that

An innocent Truth can never stand in need

Of a guilty Lie, being on the fudden ask'd By the Emperor, my Husband, for an Apple Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it; When my griev'd Conscience too well knows, I sent it To comfort sick Paulinus, being a Man, I truly lov'd and savour'd.

Theod. A cold Sweat,

Like the Juice of Hemlock, bathes me.

Afide.

Athen. And from this

A furious Jealoufy getting Possession
Of the good Emperor's Heart, in his Rage he doom'd

The innocent Lord to die, my Perjury The fatal Cause of Murder.

Theod. Take heed, Daughter,

You niggle not with your Conscience, and Religion,? In stiling him an Innocent from your Fear, And Shame to accuse yourself. The Emperor Had many Spies upon you, saw such Graces, Which Virtue could not warrant, shown'd upon him; Glances in publick, and more liberal Favours In your private Chamber-meetings, making Way For soul Adultery; nor could he be But sensible of the Compact pass'd between you, To the Ruin of his Honour.

Athen. Hear me, Father:

I look'd for Comfort; but, in this, you come To add to my Afflictions.

Theod. Cause not you

Your own Damnation, in concealing that Which may, in your Discovery, find Forgiveness. Open your Eyes; set Heaven, or Hell, before you. In the revealing of the Truth, you shall Prepare a Palace for your Soul to dwell in, Stor'd with Celestial Blessings; whereas, if

> 7 Theod. Take Heed, Daughter, You niggle not with your Conscience, and Religion.

The Word niggle I cannot find in any Dictionary, I am apt to think it ought to be Nifte, which fignifies a Trifle, a Thing of little or no Value.

Z 4

You

ld

ore

Of

You palliate your Crime, and dare beyond, Playing with Lightning, in concealing it, Expect a dreadful Dungeon, fill'd with Horror, And never-ending Torments.

Athen. May they fall

Eternally upon me, and increase, When that which we call Time hath loft its Name! May Lightning cleave the Centre of the Earth, And I fink quick, before you have abfolv'd me, Into the bottomless Abyss, if ever In one unchaste Desire, nay, in a Thought I wrong'd the Honour of the Emperor's Bed. I do deserve, I grant more, than I suffer, In that, my Fervor and Defire to please him, In my holy Meditations, press'd upon me, And would not be kept out, now to diffemble (When I shall fuddenly be infensible Of what the World speaks of me) were mere Madness: And, though you are incredulous, I prefume, If, as I kneel now; my Eyes fwol'n with Tears, My Hands heav'd up thus, my stretch'd Heart-strings

ready
To break afunder, my incensed Lord
(His Storm of Jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,
He would believe I lied not.

Theod. Rife, and fee him, [Discovers bimself.

On his Knees, with Joy affirm it.

Athen. Can this be?

Theod. My Sisters, and the rest there,—all bear Witness.

Enter Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Chrysapius, Gratianus, Timantus, Philanax.

In freeing this incomparable Lady From the Suspicion of Guilt, I do Accuse myself, and willingly submit To any Penance; she in Justice shall Please to impose upon me. Athen. Royal Sir,

Your ill Opinion of me's foon forgiven.

Pulch. But how you can make Satisfaction to The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in Reason You must conclude impossible.

Theod. And in that

I am most miserable: The Ocean
Of Joy, which in your Innocence flow'd high to me,
Ebbs in the Thought of my unjust Command,
By which he died. O Philanax (as thy Name
Interpreted speaks thee) thou hast ever been
A Lover of the King, and thy whole Life
Can witness thy Obedience to my Will,
In putting that in Execution, which
Was trusted to thee; say but, yet, this once,
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,
And that Paulinus lives, and thy Reward,
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
Shall centuple whatever yet thy Duty,

Or Merit, challeng'd from me. Phila. 'Tis too late, Sir.

He's dead; and, when you know he was unable To wrong you, in the Way that you suspected, You'll wish it had been otherwise.

Theod. Unable?

gs

If.

it-

2-

m.

Phila. I am sure he was an Eunuch, and might safely. Lie by a Virgin's Side; at four Years made one; Though, to hold Grace with Ladies, he conceal'd it.

—The Circumstances, and the Manner how, You may hear at better Leisure.

Theod. How! an Eunuch?

The more the Proofs are, that are brought to clear thee, My best Eudoxia, the more my Sorrows.

Athen. That I am innocent?

Theod. That I am guilty
Of Murther, my Eudoxia. I will build

A glorious Monument to his Memory; And, for my Punishment, live and die upon it, And never more converse with Men.

Enter

#### Enter Paulinus.

Paul. Live long, Sir!
May I do so to serve you! and, if that
I live does not displease you, you owe for it
To this good Lord.

Theod. I am rap'd

With Joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudoxia,
My Jealousy puff'd away thus, in this Breath
I scent the natural Sweetness. [Kisses her.]

Arcad. Sacred Sir,

I'm happy to behold this, and presume, Now you are pleas'd, to move a Suit, in which My Sister is join'd with me.

Theod. Pr'ythee, fpeak it;

For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;

I thank your good Instructions. [To Pulcheria. Arcad. 'Tis but this, Sir.

We have observ'd the falling out, and in,

Between the Husband and the Wife shews rarely; Their Jars and Reconcilements strangely take us.

Flac. Anger and Jealoufy that conclude in Kiffes

Is a sweet War, in sooth.

Arcad. We therefore, Brother,

Most humbly beg you would provide us Husbands, That we may taste the Pleasure of t.

Flac. And with Speed, Sir; For fo your Favour's doubled.

Theod. Take my Word,

I will with all Convenience; and not blush Hereaster to be guided by your Counsels:

I will deserve your Pardon. Philanax
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent Bounties
Fall on Chrysapius: My Grace on all.

M

Re

Let Cleon be deliver'd and rewarded.

My Grace on all, which as I lend to you,

Return your Vows to Heaven, that it may please

(As it is gracious) to quench in me

All future Sparks of burning Jealousy.

F I N 1 S.



ria.

EPILOGUE.

### E PILOGUE.

WE've Reason to be doubtful, whether he, On whom (forc'd to it by Necessity) The Maker did confer his Emperor's Part, Hath giv'n you Satisfaction, in his Art Of Action and Delivery; 'tis sure Truth The Burden was too heavy for his Youth 8 To undergo.—But in his Will, we know, He was not wanting, and shall ever owe, With his, our Service, if your Favours deign To give him Strength, hereafter to sustain A greater Weight. It is your Grace that can In your Allowance of this, write him Man Before his Time: which if you please to do, You make the Player and the Poet too.

8 The Burden was too heavy for his Youth.

The Intent of this Epilogue is to apologize for some young Actor who performed the Part of the Emperor, and of whose Abilities they were something doubtful.

66KN53\*66KN53\*66KN53\*56KN53\*66KN53\*66KN53\*66KN53

THE

### MAID of HONOUR.

A

### TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often presented with good Allowance at the *Phænix* in *Drury-Lane*, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. 1632.

ctor

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

CPANT3\*CPANT3\*CPANT3\*CPANT3\*CPANT3\*CPANT3

япомон в ста

in

to

Je.

fa

m

9

C

fi

RAGICOMEDY

-woll. Boogahiw bote haq qofte, ased dael n Pennylani od mose-pa Charanesi Padra sama Samanas attention

PIFFELLIPMASSIMERIA

CAND STREET, AS A CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF TH



# To my most honour'd Friends, Sir Francis Foliambe, Knt. and Bart. and to Sir Thomas Bland, Knt.

\*\* HAT you have been and continued so for many Years, fince you vouchsafed to own me Patrons to me and my despised Studies, I cannot but with # all bumble Thankfulness acknowledge: And living, as you have done, inseparable in your Friendship (notwithstanding all Differences, and Suits in Law arising between you) I held it as impertinent, as absurd, in the Presentment of my Service in this Kind, to divide you. A free Confession of a Debt in a meaner Man, is the amplest Satisfaction to his Superiors, and I heartily Wish, that the World may take Notice, and from myself, that I had not to this Time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent Courtesies, and Favours. When your more serious Occasions will give you Leave, you may please to peruse this Trise, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your Protection. Receive it, I befeech you, as a Testimony of his Duty, who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and fincerely devoted to your Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

### Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, Duke of Urbin. BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of Malta. GONZAGA, a Knight of Malta, General to the Dutchels of Siena. ASTUTIO, a Counfellor of State. FULGENTIO, the Minion of Roberto. ADORNI, a Follower of Camiola's Father. AMBASSADOR, from the Duke of Urbin. SIGNIOR SYLLI, a foolish Self-lover. ANTHONIO, Two rich Heirs, City-bred, GASPARO, Pierio, a Colonel to Gonzaga. Roderigo, Captains to Gonzaga. IACOMO, DRUSO, Captains to Duke Ferdinand. Livio, Paulo, a Prieft, Camiola's Confessor.

ROBERTO, King of Sicily.

Aurelia, Dutchess of Siena.

Camiola, the Maid of Honour.

Clarinda, her Woman.

Scout, Soldiers, Servants, Gaoler, Dwarf, Mutes.

Rature Massings



### THE Loud town

### MAID of HONOUR.

#### grabplad treat ACT I. SCENE I.

The Presence Chamber.

Altutio, Adorni. Ventleman, vet no Lord

## Of the King's Blood running in his Veins, derly'd Some ten Degrees off. Linrob Anna lies

OOD Day to your Lordship! Aftutio. Thanks, Adorni. Adorni. May I presume to ask if the Am-91 baffador Employ'd by Ferdinand, the Duke of Urbin, Hath Audience this Morning?

Enter Fulgentio. Aftutio. Tis uncertain, and and alon by rever of For, though a Counfellor of State, I am not Of the Cabinet Counsel. But there's one, if he please, That may refolve you. dish consided cobloried

Adorni. I will move him Sir. Fulgen. If you've a Suit, shew Water, I am blind, else, Adorni. A Suit, yet of a Nature, not to prove The Quarry that you hawk for: If your Words Are not like Indian Wares, and every Scruple,
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor Syllable,
Vouchfaf'd in Answer of a fair Demand,
Cannot deserve a Fee.

Vol. II.

IE

of

THE MAID OF HONOUR, 370 · Fulgen. It feems you're ignorant; I neither speak, nor hold my Peace, for nothing And yet, for once, I care not if I answer One fingle Question, gratis. Adorni. I much thank you. Hath the Ambassador Audience, Sir, To-day? Fulgen. Yes. Adorni. At what Hour? Fulgen. I promis'd not so much. A Syllable you begg'd; my Charity gave it. Move me no further. [Exit Fulgentio. Astutio. This you wonder at? With me, 'tis usual.' Adorni. Pray you, Sir, what is he? Astutio. A Gentleman, yet no Lord. He hath some Drops Of the King's Blood running in his Veins, deriv'd Some ten Degrees off. His Revenue lies In a narrow Compais, the King's Ear; and yields him Every Hour a fruitful Harvest. Men may talk Of three Crops in a Year in the Fortunate Hands Or Profit made by Wool: But, while there are Suitors, His Sheep-sheering, nay, shaving to the quick Is in every Quarter of the Moon, and constant, In the Time of truffing a Point, he can undo, Or make a Man. His Play or Recreation Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and, though He never yet took Orders, makes more Bishops In Sicily, than the Pope himself rollshood a devons not the Cabinet Counfel. But there's oney if he pleafe, Enter Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, a Servant, Adorni. Most strange! Affutio. The Presence fills. He in the Malea Habit Is the natural Brother of the King-a By-blow, Adorni. I understand you. Gasp. 'Mortow to my Uncle, Anth. And my late Guardian. But at length I have The Reigns in my own Hands. aquet deferve a Fee. Fulgen A. 2

Astutio. Pray you use 'em well, Or you'll too late repent it. Bert. With this Jewel Presented to Camiola, prepare
This Night a Visit for me. I shall have [Exit Servant. Your Company, Gallants, I perceive, if that The King will hear of War, word wond ail' . well Anth. Sir, I have Horses
Of the best Breed in Naples, fitter far To break a Rank, then crack a Lance, and are In their Career of fuch incredible Swiftness 1 100 Y They out-strip Swallows.

Bert. And such may be useful

To run away with, should we be defeated. You're well provided, Signior?

Anth. Sir, excuse me.

All of their Race by Instinct know a Coward, And forn the Burthen. They come on like Lightning; Founder'd in a Retreat.

Bert. By no means back 'em;
Unless you know your Courage sympathize With the daring of your Horse.

Anth. My Lord, this is bitter.

Gasp. I will raise me a Company of Foot; And, when at push of Pike I am to enter will be of T A Breach, to shew my Valour, I have brought me An Armour Cannon-proof. Bert. You will not leap, then, O'er an Out-work in your Shirt? Gasp. I do not like rederener I mouseum! Tuoy To I Bert. You had rather stand

A Mark to try their Muskets on? Gasp. If I do No Good, I'll do no Hurt. Bert. 'Tis in you, Signier, soiged the all my thank it and ? A Christian Resolution, and becomes you; But I will not discourage you.

Q,

Anth. You are, Sir, A Knight of Malta, and, as I have heard, Have ferv'd against the Turk.

Bert. 'Tis true.

Anth. Pray you, shew us

The Difference between the City-Valour,

And Service in the Field.

Bert. 'Tis fomewhat more

Then roaring in a Tavern, or a Brothel,
Or to steal a Lanthorn from a sleeping Watch;
Then burn their Halberts; or, safe-guarded by
Your Tenant's Son's, to carry away a Maypole
From a Neighbour-Village. You will not find, there,
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken Brawl, or, to get you the Names
Of valiant Chevaliers, Fellows that will be,
For a Cloak with thrice-dy'd Velvet, and a cast Suit,
Kick'd down the Stairs. A Knave with half a Breech,
there,

And no Shirt (being a Thing superfluous, And worn out of his Memory) if you bear not Yourselves both in, and upright with a provant Sword, Will slash your Scarlets, and your Plush a new Way; Or with the Hilts thunder about your Ears Such Musick, as will make your Worships dance To the doleful Tune of Lachryma,

Gasp. I must tell you,

In private, as you are my princely Friend,
I do not like such Fidlers.

Bert. No? They are useful
For your Imitation; I remember you,
When you came first to the Court, and talk'd of nothing
But your Rents, and your Entradas, 'ever chiming
The

1 Your Rents and your Entradas.

Thus it stands in the old Copies, the Sense of which I take to be Your Rents and your Comings in.

373

The Golden Bells in your Pockets, you believ'd The taking of the Wall, as a Tribute due to Your gaudy Cloaths; and could not walk at Midnight Without a causeless Quarrel, as if Men Of coarfer Outsides were in Duty bound To suffer your Affronts: But, when you had been Cudgel'd well, twice or thrice, and from the Doctrine Made profitable Uses, you concluded The Sov'reign Means to teach irregular Heirs Civility, with Conformity of Manners, Were, two or three found Beatings. Anth. I confess

They did much Good upon me.

Gasp. And on me; —the Principles that they read were found

Bert. You'll find The like Instructions in the Camp. Astutio, The King-

### A Flourisb.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, Ambassador, Attendants.

Rober. We fit prepared to hear. Ambaff. Your Majesty Hath been long fince familiar, I doubt not, With th' desp'rate Fortunes of my Lord; and Pity O' th' much that your Confederate hath fuffer'd (You being his last Refuge) may persuade you Not alone to compassionate, but to lend Your Royal Aids, to stay him in his Fall To certain Ruin. He, too late, is conscious That his Ambition to encroach upon His Neighbour's Territories, with the Danger of

The Word Entradas I am apt to think is false, and that it ought to be Intrado from the Spanish, which fignifies the coming-in, i. e. into any Place.

Thus Shakespear in Henry 5th.

What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings in?

His

His Liberty, nay, his Life, hath brought in Question His own Inheritance: But Youth and Heat Of Blood, in your Interpretation, may Both plead, and meditate for him. I must grant it An Error in him, being deny'd the Favours Of the fair Princess of Siena (though He fought her in a noble Way) t' endeavour To force Affection, by Surprisal of Her principal Seat, Siena.

Rober. Which now proves The Seat of his Captivity, not Triumph. Heav'n is still just,

Ambass. And yet that Justice is To be with Mercy temper'd, which Heav'n's Deputies

> \* Rober. Heav'n is fill just Ambast. And yet that Justice is To be with Mercy temper'd.

This is a very beautiful Passage, and not le's so for being borrowed from Religion. After the Ambassador of the Duke of Urbin had represented the Misfortunes of his Master, Roberto says, that Heawen is fill just-" just in punishing the Ambitious." The Ambassador answers, that "the Justice of Heaven is tempered with Mercy, which he, as Heaven's Deputy, stands bound to minister." This is a fine Address to the King's Passions. He would represent the Mercy of Heaven as infinite, and extended to all in Diffres: And how then can the King refuse Mercy, when the Deity has shewed his to all Men, even to the King himself? If this could not raise in him Sentiments of Compassion, yet surely the Thoughts of his being Heaven's Deputy shouldy He was obliged by his Office to shew Mercy as the Deity had done, and to relieve as many of the Miserable as he could, because Heaven had relieved all Men. Sbakespear has very happily express'd this Thought in his Measure for Measure. Angelo says to Isabella

> Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law, And you but wafte your Words.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the Souls that are, were forfeit once, And he that might the 'Vantage best have took, Found out the Remedy. How would you be, If he which is the top of Judgment, should But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that; And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips, Like Man new made.

" ni agninio Veli um and W terms it ed. Act. 2; Scene 7. Stand

Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Dutchess By Reason taught, as Nature, could not, with The Reparation of her Wrongs, but aim at A brave Revenge; and my Lord feels too late That Innocence will find Friends. The great Gonzaga, The Honour of his Order-(I must praise Virtue, though in an Enemy) He whose Fights And Conquests hold one Number, rallying up Her scatter'd Troops, before we could get Time To victual, or to man the conquer'd City, Sat down before it; and, prefuming that 'Tis not to be reliev'd, admits no Parley, Our Flags of Truce hung out in vain: Nor will he Lend an Ear to Composition, but exacts With th' rend'ring up the Town, the Goods, and Lives Of all within the Walls, and of all Sexes To be at his Discretion.

Rober. Since Injustice

In your Duke meets this Correction, can you press us, With any seeming Argument of Reason, In soolish Pity to decline his Dangers, To draw em on Our Self? Shall We not be Warn'd by his Harms? The League, proclaim'd be-

tween us,

nd

Bound neither of us farther than to aid
Each other, if by foreign Force invaded;
And so far in my Honour I was ty'd.
But, since, without our Counsel, or Allowance,
He hath took Arms, with his good Leave, he must
Excuse us, if we steer not on a Rock
We see, and may avoid. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud War,
And with the Blood of their poor Subjects purchase
Increase of Empire, and augment their Cares
In keeping that which was by Wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjust Invasions with the trim
Of glorious Conquests; We, that would be known
The Father of our People in our Study
And Vigilance for their Sasety, must not change

Aa4

Their

Their Plough-shares into Swords, and force them from The secure Shade of their own Vines to be Scorch'd with the Flames of War, or, for our Sport, Expose their Lives to Ruin.

Ambas. Will you, then,

In his Extremity forfake your Friend ?

Rober. No; but preserve Our Self.

Bert. Cannot the Beams

Of Honour thaw your icy Fears?

Rober. Who's that?

Bert. A kind of Brother, Sir; howe'er, your Subject,

Your Father's Son, and one who blushes that You are not Heir to his brave Spirit, and Vigour, As to his Kingdom.

Rober. How's this? Bert. Sir, to be

His living Chronicle, and to speak his Praise, Cannot deserve your Anger.

Rober. Where's your Warrant

For this Prefumption?

Bert. Here, Sir, in my Heart. Let Sycophants, that feed upon your Favours, Stile Coldness in you Caution, and prefer

Stile Coldness in you Caution, and prefer Your Ease before your Honour; and conclude To eat and sleep supinely, is the End Of Human Blessings: I must tell you, Sir, Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice, 3 And, when we move not forward, we go backward;

Wirtue, if not in Action, is a Vice.

The Poets have many Passages similar to this. Thus Shakespear

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure, Act 1. Scene 2.

And Horace tells us, Virtue concealed is of little Consequence.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ Celata virtus.

THE MAID OF HONOUR. Nor is this Peace (the Nurse of Drones, and Cowards) Our Health, but a Disease. Gasp. Well urg'd, my Lord. Anth. Perfect what is so well begun. Ambass. And bind My Lord your Servant. Rober. Hare brain'd Fool! What Reason Canst thou infer to make this Good? Bert. A thousand, Not to be contradicted. But confider Where your Command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in France, Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily; An Island, Sir. Here are no Mines of Gold Or Silver to enrich you; No Worm spins Silk in her Womb, to make Distinction Between you and a Peasant, in your Habits. No Fish lives near our Shores, whose Blood can dye Scarlet, or Purple; all that we possess, With Beasts we have in common: Nature did Defign us to be Warriors, and to break through Our Ring the Sea, by which we are environ'd; And we by Force must fetch in what is wanting, Or precious to us. Add to this, we are A populous Nation, and increase so fast, That, if we by our Providence are not fent Abroad in Colonies, or fall by the Sword, Not Sicily (though now it were more fruitful Than when 'twas stil'd the Granary of great Rome) Can yield our num'rous Fry Bread: We must starve. Or eat up one another, Adorni. The King hears With much Attention. Astutio. And seems mov'd with what

Bertoldo hath deliver'd. Bert. May you live long, Sir,

b.

r

The King of Peace, so you deny not us The Glory of the War; let not our Nerves Shrink up with Sloth, nor, for want of Employment, Make younger Brothers Thieves : 'Tis their Sword, Sir,

Mult

Must sow and reap their Harvest. If Examples
May move you more than Arguments, look on England, 4

The Empress of the European Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields Precedence.
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The Mistress of the Ocean? Her Navies
Putting a Girdle round about the World,
When the Iberian quak'd, her Worthies nam'd;
And the fair Fleur de Lis grew pale, set by
The Red Rose and the White. Let not our Armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd Armada make us
Ridiculous to the late poor Snakes our Neighbours
Warm'd in our Bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our Hours
Without Variety, confin'd to Drink,
Dice, Cards, or Whores. Rouze us, Sir, from the
Sleep

Of Idleness, and redeem our mortgag'd Honours. Your Birth, and justly, claims my Father's Kingdom; But his heroic Mind descends to me:

-I will confirm fo much.

Adorni. In his Looks he feems To break ope Janus' Temple.

Astutio. How these Younglings

Take Fire from him!

Ador. It works an Alteration

Upon the King.

Anth. I can forbear no longer:

War, War, my Sovereign! Fulgen. The King appears

Refolv'd, and does prepare to speak.

4 \_\_\_\_ Look on England, The Empress of European Ales.

All our old Poets have celebrated their Country, neither is Maffinger wanting: As the Passages fimilar to this are well known, I shall forbear forting them down here.

Ale bront wate sit : sare it k and and anger . Robert

Our

As

Ter

Bef

My

My

My

Yo

Of

T

TI

(1

0

E

Bert. I have a Budnets Rober. Think not Our Counsel's built upon so weak a Base, As to be overturn'd, or shaken with Tempestuous Winds of Words. As I, my Lord, Before refolv'd you, I will not engage My Person in this Quarrel; neither press My Subjects to maintain it: Yet, to shew My Rule is gentle, and that I've Feeling of Your Master's Sufferings, fince these Gallants, weary Of the Happiness of Peace, desire to taste The bitter Sweets of War, we do consent That, as Adventurers, and Volunteers (No Way compell'd by us) they may make Trial Of their boasted Valours.

Bert. We desire no more.

ng-

M

-

1

be

Rober, 'Fis well; and, but my Grant in this, expect not

Affistance from me. Govern as you please The Province you make Choice of; for, I vow By all Things facred, if that thou mifcarry In this rash Undertaking, I will hear it No otherwise than as a sad Disaster, Fall'n on a Stranger; nor will I efteem That Man my Subject, who, in thy Extremes, In Purse or Person aids thee. Take your Fortune: You know me; I have faid it. So, my Lord, You have my whole Answer.

Ambaff. My Prince pays

In me his Duty.

Rober. Follow me, Fulgentio,

And you, Aftutio. [Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio, Attendants.

Gasp. What a Frown he threw, At his Departure, on you.

Bert. Let him keep

His Smiles for his State-Catamite; I care not.

Anth. Shall we aboard To-night?

Ambass. Your Speed, my Lord, Doubles the Benefits of such way and a such was a such way and a such way a such way and a such way a such way and a such way a such way and a such way and a such way a such way and a such way a such way a such way and a such way a such

Bert.

Bert. I have a Business
Requires Dispatch. — Some two Hours hence I'll meet you.

[Exeunt,

### SCENE II.

Camiola's House,

Signior Sylli, walking fantastically before, followed by Camiola and Clarinda.

Camiola. Nay, Signior, this is too much Ceremony In my own House.

Sylli. What's gracious abroad,

Must be in Private practis'd. Clar. For your Mirth-sake

Let him alone, he has been all this Morning In Practice with a peruk'd Gentleman-Usher, To teach him his true Amble and his Postures,

[Sylli walking by, and practifing bis Postures.

When he walks before a Lady,

Sylli. You may, Madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use Art,
To make you doat upon me by exposing
My more than most rare Features to your View.
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A Mark of sweet Simplicity, ever noted
I' th' Family of the Syllies. Therefore, Lady,
Look not with too much Contemplation on me;
If you do, you are i' th' Suds.

Camiola. You are no Barber?

Sylli. Fie! no, not I; but my good Parts have drawn More loving Hearts out of fair Ladies Bellies, Than the whole Trade have done Teeth.

Camiola. Is't possible?

Sylli. Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling The Scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me, Because I love myself.

Camiola. Without a Rival.

What Philtres or Love-powders do you use

To

You

My

An In

Or

NO

H

TIYT

To force Affection? I fee nothing in Your Person; but I dare look on, yet keep My own poor Heart still.

Sylli. You are warn'd - be arm'd; And do not lose the Hope of such a Husband,

In being too foon enamour'd.

ect

nt.

by

wn

ng

ro

Clar. Hold in your Head, Or you must have a Martingale.

Sylli. I have fworn Never to take a Wife, but fuch a one O may your Ladyship prove so strong!) as can Hold out a Month against me.

Camiola. Never fear it;

Tho' your best taking Part, your Wealth, were trebled, I would not woo you. But, fince in your Pity You please to give me Caution, tell me what Temptations I must fly from.

Sylli. The first is,

That your ne'er hear me fing; for I'm a Syren. If you observe, when I warble, the Dogs howl, As ravish'd with my Ditties, and you will guidance and the bloods I Run mad to hear me.

Camiola. I will stop my Ears,

And keep my little Wits.

Sylli. Next, when I dance,

And come aloft, thus, cast not a Sheep's Eye Upon the Quiv'ring of my Calf.

Camiola. Proceed, Sir.

Sylli. But on no Terms (for 'tis a main Point) dream

was now to you flow.

O'th' Strength of my Back, though 'twill bear a Burthen With any Porter.

Camiola. I mean not to ride you.

Sylli. Nor I your little Ladyship, 'till you have Perform'd the Covenant. Be not taken with My pretty Spider-Fingers; nor my Eyes, That twinkle on both Sides.

Camiola. Was there ever fuch [One knocks. A Piece of Motley heard of! -Who's that; you may **fpare** 

The Catalogue of my Dangers. [Exit Clarinda Sylli. No, good Madam;
I have not told you half.

Camiola. Enough, good Signior;
If I eat more of such Sweet-meats, I shall surfeit.

### Enter Clarinda. uov oi blot.

Who is't?

Clar. The Brother of the King.

Sylli. Nay, ftart not. a doul and

The Brother of the King! Is he no more? Were it the King himself, I'd give him Leave To speak his Mind to you, for I'm not jealous; And, to affire your Ladyship of so much, I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.

Exit Sylli

Fa

W

A

'I

V

C

P

B

Y

Camiola. Camiola, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a Suitor, whose sweet Presence,
Courtship, and loving Language, would have stagger'd
The chaste Penelope; and, to increase
The Wonder, did not Modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him, he sues to me for.
And yet my Reason, like a Tyrant, tells me
I must nor give, nor take it.

### Enter Sylli and Bertoldo.

Sylli. I must tell you,
You lose your Labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come, first serv'd; Yet, you shall have my Countenance

To parley with her; and I'll take special Care That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.

Sylli. Come, Wench, wilt thou hear Wifdom?

[Steps afide.

Clar. Yes, from you, Sir.

Bert.

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 383. Bert. If forcing this sweet Favour from your Lips, Kiffeth ber.

Fair Madam, argue me of too much Boldness When you are pleas'd to understand, I take A parting Kifs, if not excuse, at least

'Twill qualify th' Offence.

nda

vlli.

b

un-

fode.

ert.

Camiola. A parting Kiss, Sir? What Nation, envious of the Happiness Which Sicily enjoys in your fweet Prefence, Can buy you from her? or what Climate yield Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here, Being both belov'd and honour'd? the North-Star. And Guider of all Hearts, and, to fum up Your full Accompt of Happiness in a Word, The Brother of the King.

Bert. Do you, alone,

And with an unexampled Cruelty, Enforce my Absence, and deprive me of Those Bleffings, which you with a polish'd Phrase Seem to infinuate that I do posses, And yet tax me as being guilty of (Without Addition My wilful Exile? What are Titles to me? Or Popular Suffrage? or my Nearness to The King in Blood? or fruitful Sicily, Though it confess'd no Sovereign but myself; When you, that are the Effence of my Being, The Anchor of my Hopes, the real Substance Of my Felicity, in your Difdain.

Turn all to fading and deceiving Shadows? Camiola. You tax me without Cause.

Bert. You must confess it.

But, answer Love with Love, and seal the Contract In the uniting of our Souls, how gladly (Though now I were in Action, and affur'd, Following my Fortune, that plum'd Victory Would make her glorious Stand upon my Tent) Would I put off my Armour, in my Heat Of Conquest, and, like Anthony, pursue My Cleopatrad Will you yet look on me water with order force the water if continued both W

With an Eye of Favour?

Camiola. Truth bear Witness for me,
That, in the Judgment of my Soul, you are
A Man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for Rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that, though at this Instant
All scepter'd Monarchs of our Western World
Were Rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a Competition, you alone
Should wear the Garland.

Bert. If fo, what diverts Your Favour from me?

Camiola. No Mulct in yourself; Or in your Person, Mind, or Fortune.

Bert. What then?

Camiola. The Consciousness of mine own Wants.—
Alas! Sir, 5

We are not Parallels; but, like Lines divided, Can ne'er meet in one Center. Your Birth, Sir, (Without Addition) were an ample Dowry For one of fairer Fortunes; and this Shape, Were you ignoble, far above all Value: To this fo clear a Mind, fo furnish'd with Harmonious Faculties, moulded from Heaven, That, though you were Thersites in your Features, Of no Descent, and Irus in your Fortunes, Ulysses like, you'd force all Eyes and Ears To love, but feen; and, when heard, wonder at Your matchless Story. But, all these bound up Together in one Volume, give me Leave With Admiration to look upon 'em; But not prefume, in my own flatt'ring Hopes, I may, or can, enjoy 'em.

> We are not Parallels; but, like Lines divided, Can ne'er meet in one Center.

This feems badly expressed. Parallels are the only Lines that cannot meet in a Center; for all Lines divided with any Angle to wards each other, must meet somewhere, if continued both Ways.

Bert.

Bert. How you ruin
What you would feem to build up! I know no
Disparity between us; you're an Heir
Sprung from a noble Family; fair, rich, young,
And ev'ry Way my Equal.

Camiola. Sir, excuse me, 6

One airy with Proportion, ne'er discloses
The Eagle and the Wren: Tissue and Frize,
In the same Garment, monstrous: But, suppose
That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
And my Desert supply'd, the strongest Bar,
Religion, stops our Entrance. You are, Sir,
A Knight of Malta, by your Order bound
To a single Life: You cannot marry me;
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me (though my Frailty should consent)
In a base Path.

Bert. A Dispensation, Lady, Will easily absolve me.

Camiola. O take heed, Sir!

When what is vow'd to Heav'n is dispens'd with, To serve our Ends on Earth, a Curse must follow, And not a Bleffing.

Bert. Is there no Hope left me?

Camiola. Nor to myself, but is a Neighbour to Impossibility. True Love should walk On equal Feet; in us it does not, Sir. But rest assurable excepting this, I shall be Devoted to your Service.

hat

to.

ert.

One airy with Proportion ne er discloses
The Eagle and the Wren.

This Passage is somewhat difficult. Camiola is shewing how unlikely it was, that Bertoldo should condescend to marry her, because of the Disparity of their Birth; and she says, "One who is pussed up with an high Opinion of his own Birth, and the Equality there ought to be in Marriages: One airy with Proportion will never stoop so low, as Bertoldo must to marry her: The Eagle might as well vouchsafe to court the Wren."

Bert. And this is your Determinate Sentence?

Camiola. Not to be revok'd.

Bert. Farewel, then, fairest Cruel! All Thoughts in Of Women perish! Let the glorious Light [me Of noble War extinguish Love's divine! aper, That only lends me Light to see my Folly! Honour, be thou my ever living Mistress, And fond Affection as thy Bond-slave serve thee!

[Exit Bertoldo.]

Camiola. How foon my Sun is set! He being absent, Never to rise again! What a sierce Battle Is fought between my Passions!—Methinks We should have kis'd at Parting.

Sylli. I perceive

He has his Answer.—Now must I step in To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet Lady, Some Difference between a Youth of my Pitch, And this Bug-bear Bertoldo. Men are Men, The King's Brother is no more: Good Parts will doit, When Titles sail.—Despair not; I may be In Time entreated.

Camiola. Be so now, to leave me.
Lights for my Chamber.—O my Heart!

[Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda

Sylli. She now,
I know, is going to Bed to ruminate
Which Way to glut herself upon my Person;
But, for my Oath-sake, I will keep her hungry;
And, to grow full myself, I'll strait to Supper.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

[Exit.

### 

### ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace at Palermo.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Aftutio.

Rober. TMbarq'd To-night, do you fay? Fulgen. I saw him aboard, Sir.

Rober. And without taking of his Leave?

Astutio. 'Twas strange!

in

me

ldo.

nt,

ady,

oit,

inda

Exit.

CT

Rober. Are we grown fo contemptible?

Fulgen. 'Tis far from me, Sir, to add Fuel to your Anger,

That in your ill Opinion of him burns Too hot already; else, I should affirm It was a gross Neglect.

Rober. A wilful Scorn

Of Duty and Allegiance; you give it Too fair a Name.—But we shall think on't. Can you Guess what the Numbers were that follow'd him In his desperate Action?

Fulgen. More than you think, Sir.

All ill-affected Spirits in Palermo,

Or to your Government, or Person, with The turbulent Sword-men; fuch, whose Poverty forc'd To wish a Change, are gone along with him; Creatures devoted to his Undrtakings,

In Right or Wrong, and, to express their Zeal, And Readiness to serve him, ere they went, Prophanely took the Sacrament on their Knees, To live and die with him.

Rober. O most impious! Their Loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgen. I fear so.

Aftutio. Unthankful as they are! Fulgen. Yet this deferves not

B b 2

One

One troubled Thought in you, Sir; with your Pardon I hold that their Remove from hence makes more For your Security, than Danger.

Rober. True;

And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too. Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd With Letters writ, and fign'd with our own Hand. To the Dutchess of Siena, in Excuse Of these Forces sent against her. If you spare An Oath to give it Credit, that we never Confented to it, swearing for the King, Though false, it is no Perjury.

Astutio. I know it.

They are not fit to be State Agents, Sir, That, without Scruple of their Conscience cannot Be prodigal in fuch Trifles.

Fulgen. Right, Aftutio.

Rober. You must, beside, from us take some Instructions,

To be imparted, as you judge 'em useful, To the General Gonzaga. Inflantly Prepare you for your Journey.

Astutio. With the Wings

Of Loyalty and Duty Exit Astutio Fulgen. I am bold to put your Majesty in Mind-Rober. Of my Promise,

And Aids, to further you in your am'rous Project To the fair and rich Camiola: There's my Ring;

Whatever you shall fay that I intreat,

Or can command by Pow'r, I will make good. Fulgen. Ever your Majesty's Creature.

Rober. Venus prove propitious to you!

[Exit Roberto.

Fulgen. All forts to my Wishes. Bertoldo was my Hindrance. He remov'd, I now will court her in the Conqu'ror's Stile; "Come, fee, and overcome."—Boy!

### Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your Pleasure!
Fulgen. Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare
An Entertainment suitable to a Fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a Visit.

Page. 'Tis a Favour Will make her proud. Fulgen. I know it.

Page. I am gone, Sir. [Exit Page. Fulgen. Entreaties fit not me; a Man in Grace May challenge Awe, and Privilege, by his Place. [Exit Fulgentio.

#### SCENE II.

### Camiola's House.

### Sylli, Adorni, Clarinda.

Adorni. So melancholick, fay you? Clar. Never given
To fuch Retirement.

Adorni. Can you guess the Cause?

Clar. If it hath not its Birth, and Being, from The brave Bertoldo's Absence, I consess
'Tis past my Apprehension

'Tis past my Apprehension. Sylli. You are wide;

The whole Field wide. I, in my Understanding, Pity your Ignorance.—Yet, if you will Swear to conceal it, I will let you know Where her Shoe wrings her.

Clar. I vow, Signior,

By my Virginity.

:0.

ter

Sylli. A perilous Oath, In a Waiting-Woman of Fifteen! and is, indeed, A Kind of Nothing.

Adorni. I'll take one of Something,

Bb 3

If you please to minister it.

Sylli. Nay, you shall not swear:

I had rather take your Word; for, should you vow,

Damn me, I'll do this, you are fure to break.

Here walks the Cause. She dares not look upon me; My Beauties are so terrible, and enchanting,

She can't endure my Sight.

Adorni. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the Time will come (be comforted) when I will

Put off this Vizor of Unkindness to her,
And shew an amorous and yielding Face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His Club than pass her Threshold; for I'll be
Her Cerberus to guard her,
Adorni. A good Dog!
Clar. Worth twenty Porters.

### Enter Page.

Page. Keep you Open House, here?
No Groom t'attend a Gentleman? O, I spy one.
Sylli. He means not me, I am sure.
Page. You, Sirrah! Sheep's-head,
With a Face cut on a Cat-stick, Do you hear?
You Yeoman-Phewterer, conduct me to
The Lady of the Mansion; or my Poignard
Shall disembogue thy Soul.
Sylli. O terrible!

Disembogue? I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one Bound up in decimo-sexto.

Page. Answer, Wretch.

7 You, Yeomon-Phewterer. i. e. You Journeyman.—In the Picture, Act 5. Scene 1. we find the same Expression varied: It is there Yeoman Phenterer.

Sylli.

Sylli. Pray you, little Gentleman, be not so furious; The Lady keeps her Chamber.

Page. And we present?

Sent in an Embassy to her? But here is
Her Gentlewoman, Sirrah! hold my Cloak,
While I take a Leap at her Lips. Do it and neatly;
Or having first tripp'd up thy Heels, I'll make
Thy Back my Footstool.

[Page kisses Clarinda.

Sylli. Tamerlane in little!

Am I turn'd Turk? What an Office am I put to! Clar. My Lady, gentle Youth, is indispos'd.

Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her, The great Man in the Court, the brave Fulgentio, Descends to visit her, and it will raise her Out of the Grave for Joy.

### Enter Fulgentio.

Sylli. Here comes another! The Devil, I fear in his Holiday Cloaths.

Page. So foon!

My Part is at an End then. Cover my Shoulders; When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Fulgen. Are you, Sirrah, An Implement of the House?

Sylli. Sure he will make

A Joint-stool of me!

Fulgen. Or, if you belong

To the Lady of the Place, command her hither.

Adorni. I do not wear her Livery; yet acknowledge

A Duty to her. And as little bound

To serve your peremptory Will, as she is

To obey your Summons. 'Twill become you, Sir, To wait her Leifure; then, her Pleafure known,

You may present your Duty.

Fulgen. Duty, Slave? I'll teach you Manners.

Adorni. I'm past Learning; make not

A Tumult in the House.

i.

B b 4

Fulgen.

Fulgen. Shall I be brav'd thus? They draw. Sylli. O I am dead! and now I fwoon. Clar. Help! Murther! Falls on his Face. Page. Recover, Sirrah! the Lady's here.

#### Enter Camiola.

Sylli. Nay, then I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. Camiola. What Infolence is this? Adorni Hold, Hold, I command you. Fulgen. Saucy Groom!

Camiola. Not fo, Sir;

However, in his Life, he had Dependance Upon my Father; he is a Gentleman

As well born as yourfelf. Put on your Hat. Fulgen. In my Presence, without Leave?

Sylli. He has mine, Madam?

Camiola. And I must tell you, Sir, and in plain Language,

Howe'er your glitt'ring Outside promise Gentry, The Rudeness of your Carriage and Behaviour Speaks you a coarfer Thing.

Sylli. She means a Clown, Sir:

I am her Interpreter, for want of a better. Camiola. I am a Queen in mine own House; nor must you

Expect an Empire here.

Sylli. Sure, I must love her

Before the Day, the pretty Soul's fo valiant.

Camiola. What are you? And what would you with me?

Fulgen. Proud one,

When you know what I am, and what I came for, And may, on your Submission, proceed so, You in your Reason must repent the Coarseness Of my Entertainment.

Camiola. Why, fine Man, what are you?

Fulgen.

Fulgen. A Kinsman of the King's.

Camiola. I cry you Mercy!

For his Sake, not your own. But, grant you are fo, 'I is not impossible, but a King may have

A Fool to's Kinfman,—no Way meaning you, Sir. Fulgen. You have heard of Fulgentio.

Camiola. Long fince, Sir;

A Suit-broker in Court. He has the worst Report, among good Men, I ever heard of, For Bribery and Extortion: In their Prayers Widows and Orphans curse him for a Canker And Caterpiller in the State. I hope, Sir, You're not the Man; much less employ'd by him As a Smock-agent to me.

Fulgen. I reply not

As you deserve, being assur'd you know me, Pretending Ignorance of my Person, only To give me a Taste of your Wit: 'Tis well and courtly; I like a sharp Wit well.

Sylli. I can't endure it!

Nor any of the Syllies.

n-

ıft

ith

en.

Fulgen. More I know too,

This harsh Induction must serve as a Foil
To the well-tun'd Observance and Respect
You will hereaster pay me, being made
Familiar with my Credit with the King,
And that contain your Joy I deign to love you.

Camiola. Love me? I am not rap'd with't.

Fulgen. Hear't again.

I love you honeftly—Now you admire me.

Camiola. I do, indeeed, it being a Word fo feldom Heard from a Courtier's Mouth, But, pray you, deal plainly,

Since you find me simple, what might be the Motives Inducing you to leave the Freedom of A Batchelor's Life, on your foft Neck to wear, The stubborn Yoke of Marriage? And, of all

The Beauties in Palermo, to choose me,

Poor me? That is the main Point you must treat of.

Fulgen.

Fulgen. Why, I will tell you. Of a little Thing You are a pretty Piece, indifferently fair too; And like a new rigg'd Ship both tight, and y'are Well truss'd to bear. Virgins of Giant Size Are Sluggards at the Sport: But, for my Pleasure, Give me a neat well-timber'd Gamester like you; Such need no Spurs,—the Quickness of your Eye Assures an active Spirit.

Camiola. You're pleasant, Sir;

Yet I prefume that there was one Thing in me Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all Those Parts you have remember'd.

Fulgen. What?

Camiola. My Wealth, Sir.

Fulgen. You are i'th' right; without that, Beauty is A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on: But, Beauty, Youth, and Fortune meeting in you, I will vouchfafe to marry you.

Camiola. You speak well;

And, in Return, excuse me, Sir, if I Deliver Reasons why, upon no Terms, I'll marry you; I sable not.

-Sylli. I'm glad

To hear this; I began to have an Ague.

[ Aside.

Fulgen. Come, your wife Reasons.

Camiola. Such as they are, pray you, take them.

First, I am doubtful whether you are a Man,

Since, for your Shape trim'd up in a Lady's Dressing,

You might pass for a Woman: Now I love
To deal on Certainties. And, for the Fairness
Of your Complexion, which you think will take me,
The Colour, I must tell you, in a Man
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out
If put to Labour. Give me the lovely brown.

A Flower avorn in the Morning, at Night trod on.

This Thought is happily express'd by Mr. Gay in the fixth Air of the Beggar's Opera.

Act 1. Scene 7.

A thick curl'd Hair of the same Dye; broad Shoulders;
A brawny Arm full of Veins; a Leg without
An artificial Calf;—I suspect yours;

Bit let that pass.

Sylli. She means me, all this while, For I have every one of those good Parts,

O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

Camiola. You are mov'd, Sir.

Fulgen. Fie! no; go on.

Camiola. Then, as you are a Courtier,

A grac'd one too, I fear you have been too forward:

And so much for your Person. Rich you are, Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have

The Aids of Satan's little Fiends to get it;

And what is got upon his Back, must be

Spent you know where; the Proverb's stale. One Word more,

And I have done.

5 8

le.

of

A

Fulgen. I'll ease you of the Trouble,

Coy, and difdainful.

Camicla. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Fulgen. No, your own Folly shall; and, since you put me

To my last Charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[Shews the King's Ring.

Camiola. At the Sight of a fair Ring? The King's, I take it:

I have feen him wear the like: If he hath fent it

As a Favour to me-

Fulgen. Yes, 'tis very likely;

His dying Mother's Gift, priz'd at his Crown.

By this he does command you to be mine;

By his Gift you are so:—You may, yet, redeem all.

Camiola. You are in a wrong Account still. Though the King may

Dispose of my Life and Goods, my Mind's mine own, And never shall be your's. The King (Heav'n bless him!) Is good and gracious, and, being in himself

Abstemious from base and goatish Looseness,

Will

Will not compel, against their Wills, chaste Maidens, To dance in his Minion's Circles. I believe, Forgetting it, when he wash'd his Hands, you stole it With an Intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd; I'm still myself, and will be.

Fulgen. A proud Haggard,

And not to be reclaim'd! Which of your Grooms, Your Coachman, Fool, or Footman, Ministers Night-physick to you?

Camiola. You're foul-mouth'd,

Fulgen. Much fairer

Than thy black Soul; and so I will proclaim thee.— Camiola. Were I a Man, thou durst not speak this. Fulgen. Heaven

So prosper me, as I resolve to do it

To all Men, and in every Place, -fcorn'd by

A Tit of Ten-pence? [Exit Fulgentio and his Page, Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant:

Nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher ! 9

Do a Friend's Part; 'Pray you, carry him the Length of't.

I give him three Years and a Day, to match my Toledo; And then we'll fight like Dragons.

Adorni. Pray, have Patience.

Camiola. I may live to have Vengeance: My Bertoldo Would not have heard this.

Adorni. Madam.-

Camiola. 'Pray you, spare

Your Language; Pr'thee Fool, make me merry: Sylli. That is my Office, ever.

9 Do a Friends Part, &c.

This is a true Picture of a Fop. He is here drawn in his proper Features—A Coward. Nothing could be more abjectly fearful, than this our Bravado, when in Danger: But, now his Enemy is gone, he swaggers about most courageously. Now I begin to be waliant; nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher! The bloody cruel Temper of one: He wishes he could act like one of them. Then turning to Adorni with the same intrepid Resolution, he says, Do a Friend's Part; pray you, carry bim the Length of't, &c.

Adorni.

Adorni. I must do, Not talk; this glorious Gallant shall hear from me. 10 [Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.

The Castle at Siena.

The Chambers discharg'd. A Flourish, as to an Assault. Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Soldiers.

Gonz. I S the Breach made affaultable?

Pierio. I Yes, and the Moat

Fill'd up; the Cannoneer hath done his Parts,

We may enter fix a-breaft.

Roder. There's not a Man

Dares shew himself upon the Wall.

Jacomo. Defeat not

The Soldiers hoped-for Spoil.

Pierio. If you, Sir,

Delay the Affault, and the City be given up To your Difcretion, you in Honour cannot Use the Extremity of War, but, in Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruel.

Jacomo. And an Enemy to yourfelf.

Roder. A Hindrance to

The brave Revenge you've vow'd.

Gonz. Temper your Heat,
And lose not, by too sudden Rashness, that
Which, be but Patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security ushers Ruin; proud Contempt
Of an Enemy, three Parts vanquish'd, with Desire

The foregoing Scene we still find is a perfect Representation of the Infolence of Office. Power inebriates. But few have Strength to bear it. It turns the Heads of the many, and makes them think their Station is a Protection for whatever they say or do. They have a certain Self-sufficiency that bears them out in every Thing; even like Fulgentio against good Manners and Virtue: They think like him that whatever their Soul lusteth after they can attain it; that there is no Man they cannot bribe—and no Woman they cannot lie with.

And

Page,

ns,

it

ngth edo;

oldo

than e, he

er of ig to Part;

ormi.

And Greediness of Spoil, hath often wrested A certain Victory from the Conqu'ror's Gripe. Discretion is the Tutor of the War, Valour the Pupil; and, when we command With Lenity, and our Direction's follow'd With Chearfulness, a prosp'rous End must crown Our Works well undertaken.

Roder. Ours are finish'd.

Pierio. If we make Use of Fortune.

Gonz. Her false Smiles

Deprive you of your Judgments. The Condition Of our Affairs exacts a double Care, And like bifronted Janus, we must look Backward, as forward. Though a flatt'ring Calm Bids us urge on, a sudden Tempest rais'd, Not sear'd, much less expected, in our Rear May soully fall upon us, and distract us To our Consusion.

#### Enter Scout.

Our Scout! what brings

Thy ghaftly Looks, and fudden Speed? • Scout. Th' Affurance

Of a new Enemy.

Gonz. This I fore-faw, and fear'd.

What are they? Know'st thou?

Scout. They are, by their Colours, Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the Brightness Of their rich Armours doubly gilded with

Reflection of the Sun.

Gonz. From Sicily?

The King in League! No War proclaim! 'Tis foul: But this must be prevented, nor disputed.

Ha! how is this? Your Oftrich plumes, that, but E'n now, like Quills of Porcupines seem'd to threaten The Stars, drop at the Rumour of a Shower? And like to captive Colours sweep the Earth?

Bear up; but, in great Dangers, greater Minds

Are never proud. Shall a few loose Troops, untrain'd But in a customary Ostentation Presented as a Sacrifice to your Valours, Cause a Dejection in you?

Pierio. No Dejection.

Roder. However startl'd, where you lead, we'll follow. Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their Charge, But meet 'em Man to Man, and Horse to Horse. Pierio, in our Absence hold our Place, And with our Footmen, and those sickly Troops, Prevent a Sally. I in mine own Person, With part of the Cavalry, will bid These Hunters welcome to a bloody Breakfast: But I lose Time.

Pierio. I'll to my Charge.

[Exit Pierro.

Gonz. And we

en

Are

To ours: I'll bring you on. Jacomo. If we come off,

It's not amiss; if not, my 'State is settl'd.

[Exeunt, Alarm.

#### SCENE IV.

Siena.

Ferdinand, Drufo, Livio above.

Ferd. No Aids from Sieily? Hath Hope forfook us? And that vain Comfort to Affliction, Pity, By our vow'd Friend, deny'd us? We can nor live, Nor die, with Honour: Like Beafts in a Toil We wait the Leifure of the bloody Hunter, Who is not so far reconcil'd unto us, As in one Death to give a Period To our Calamities; but, in delaying The Fate we cannot fly from, starv'd with Wants, We die this Night, to live again To-morrow, And suffer greater Torments.

Druso. There is not Three Day's Provision for every Soldier, At an Ounce of Bread a Day, left in the City.

Liv.

Liv. To die the Beggar's Death, with Hunger made Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack Our Heart-strings with Vexation.

Ferd. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato, 12
Could I tear out my Bowels, rather than
Look on the Conqueror's infulting Face;
But that Religion, and the horrid Dream
To be suffer'd in th' other World, denies it.
What News with thee?

Sold. From the Turret of the Fort,

#### Enter Soldier.

By the rifing Clouds of Dust, through which, like Lightning
The Splendour of bright Arms sometimes break through,
I did descry some Forces making towards us;
And, from the Camp, as emulous of their Glory,
The General, (for I know him by his Horse)
And bravely seconded, encounter'd 'em.
Their Greetings were too rough for Friends; their Swords,
And not their Tongues, exchanging Courtesies.
By this the main Battalias are join'd;
And, if you please to be Spectators of
The horrid Issue, I will bring you where,

# Could I, &c. How willingly, like Cato,

As in a Theatre, you may see their Fates

In purple Gore presented.

Ferdinand in the midst of his Missortunes, could willingly murder himself like Cato; but that he was restrained by Religion. Shakespear makes Hamlet reason in the same Manner: And, indeed, nothing can support a resolute Mind labouring under Afflictions without any Hope of Relief, and make him bear them rather than put an End to them, but the Thoughts of an hereaster—The Thoughts of running into greater and more lasting Miseries, to avoid lesser. Pity but Cato could have reasoned and acted like Ferdinand and Hamlet: He would have been not less a Patriot—the more a Hero; and would then have better deserved to be presented upon an English Stage.

Ferd. Heav'n, if yet
Tho art appeas'd for my Wrong done to Aurelia,
Take Pity of my Miseries!—Lead the Way, Friend,
[Execut.

### SCENE V.

Before the Castle of Siena.

A long Charge, after a Flourish for Victory.

Gonzaga, Jacomo, Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, Prisoners.

Gonz. We have 'em yet, though they cost us dear.
This was

Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourselves
True Mirrors to each other's Worth; and, looking
With noble Emulation on his Wounds
(The glorious Liv'ry of triumphant war)

[To Jacomo and Roderigo.

Imagine these with equal Grace appear
Upon yourself. The bloody Sweat you've suffer'd
In this laborious, nay, toilsome Harvest,
Yields a rich Crop of Conquest, and the Spoil,
Most precious Balfam to a Soldier's Hurts,
Will ease and cure em. Let me look upon
[To Gasparo and Anthonio.

The Prisoners Faces. Oh, how much transform'd From what they were! O Mars! were these Toys fa-

fhion'd
To undergo the Burthen of thy Service?
The Weight of their defensive Armour bruis'd
Their weak, effem nate Limbs, and would have forc'd 'em
In a hot day without a Blow to yield.

Anth. This Insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborn it; you are Women,
Or, at the best, loose Carpet-knights. What Fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your Ease in Court
For Labour in the Field? Perhaps, you thought

VOL. II.

it-

h,

ds,

der

bear

can

ope

em,

into

ave

bet-

erd.

Cc

To

To charge, through Dust and Blood, an armed Foe, Was but like graceful running at the Ring For a wanton Mistress' Glove, and the Encounter A soft Impression on her Lips. But you Are gaudy Butterslies, and I wrong myself In parling with you.

Gasp. Væ victis! now we prove it.

Roder. But here's one fashion'd in another Mould, And made of tougher Metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this Wound bravely given.

Bert. O that Mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire

A Wretch no more remember'd!

Genz. Look up, Sir.

To be o'ercome deserves no Shame. If you Had fal'n ingloriously, or could accuse Your want of Courage in Resistance, 'twere To be lamented: But, since you perform'd As much as could be hop'd for from a Man, (Fortune his Enemy) you wrong yourself In this Dejection. I am honour'd in My Victory o'er you; but to have these My Prisoners, is, in my true Judgment, rather Captivity than a triumph. You shall find Fair Quarter from me, and your many Wounds (Which I hope are not mortal) with such Care Look'd to, and cur'd, as if your nearest Friend Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better, You will make void this Promise: Can you call me Into your Memory?

Gonz. The brave Bertoldo!

A Brother of our Order! by St. John, (Our holy Patron) I am more amaz'd, Nay, thunderstruck, with thy Apostacy, And Pracipice from the most solemn Vows Made unto Heaven, when this, the glorious Badge Of our Redeemer was conferr'd upon thee

By the great Master, then if I had seen
A reprobate Jew, an Atheist, Turk, or Tartar
Baptiz'd in our Religion.

Bert. This I look'd for,
And am refolv'd to fuffer.

Gonz. Fellow-Soldiers,
Behold this Man, and, taught by his Example,'
Know that, 'tis fafer far to play with Lightning,
Than trifle in Things facred.—In my Rage. [Weeps.
I shed these at the Funeral of his Virtue,
Faith and Religion—why, I will tell you;
He was a Gentleman, so train'd up, and fashion'd
For noble Uses, and his Youth did Promise
Such Certainties, more than Hopes, of great Atchievements,

As, if the Christian World had stood oppos'd Against the Ottoman Race to try the Fortune Of one Encounter, this Bertoldo had been, For his Knowledge to direct, and matchless Courage To execute, without a Rival, by The Votes of good Men chosen General, As the prime Soldier, and most deserving, Of all that wear the Cross; which now, in Justice, I thus tear from him,

Bert. Let me die with it

Upon my Breaft.

Gonz. No; by this, thou wert fworn
On all Occasions, as a Knight, to guard
Weak Ladies from Oppression, and never
To draw thy Sword against 'em; whereas thou,
In Hope of Gain or Glory, when a Princess,
And such a Princess as Aurelia is,
Was disposses'd by Violence, of what was
Her true Inheritance, against thine Oath,
Haste to thy uttermost labour'd to uphold
Her falling Enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy Forseiture, and learn too late,

Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns 12
To Cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's Vizard. This is that which cancels
All Friendship's Bands between us.—Bear 'em off;
(I will hear no Reply) and let the Ransom
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Stil'd Justice, and not wilful Cruelty.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Second AA.

## BUREST BU

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Gonzaga, Afturio, Roderigo, Jacomo.

Gonz. WHAT I have done, Sir, by the Law of

I can, and will, make good.

Assurio. I've no Commission

To expostulate the Act. These Letters speak. The King my Master's Love to you, and his Vow'd Service to the Dutchess, on whose Person I am to give Attendance.

Gonz. At this Inftant,

She's at Pienza: You may spare the Trouble Of riding thither; I have advertized her Of our Success, and on what humble Terms Siena stands: Though presently I can Posses it, I defer it, that she may

12 Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns To Cowardice, &c.

The Greeks and Romans were so fond of this Thought, that they have adopted it into their Languages, and made the same Word stand for Valour and the right Use of it. 'April's is Courage and Virtue. So Virtue, in Latin.—But the Greeks and Romans are no longer imitated!

Enter

Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of The Prisoners and the Spoil.

Astutio. I thank you, Sir.

I' the mean Time, if I may have your Licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my Ward;
For whose Liberties and Ransoms, I would gladly
Make Composition.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,

Call'd Gasparo and Anthonio, Astutio. The same, Sir.

Gonz. For them you must treat with these: But, for Betoldo,

He is mine own: If the King will ranfom him, He pays down fifty thousand Crowns; if not, He lives and dies my Slave,

Aftutio. Pray you a Word-

The King will rather thank you to detain him, Than give one crown to free him.

Gonz. At his Pleasure.

I'll fend the Prisoners under Guard: My Business
Calls me another Way.

[Exit Gonzaga.

Astutio. My Service waits you.

Now, Gentlemen, do not deal like Merchants with me; But noble Captains; you know, in great Minds, Posse, & noble, nobile.

Roder. Pray you, speak

Our Language,

Jacomo. I find not, in my Commission, An Officer's bound to speak or understand More than his Mother-tongue.

Roder. If he speak that

After Midnight, 'tis remarkable.

Astutio. In plain Terms, then.
Anthonio is your Prisoner; Gasparo, yours.

Jacomo. You are i' the right.

Astutio. At what Sum do you rate

Their feveral Ranfoms.

Roder. I must make my Market

As the Commodity cost me.

C c 3

Aftuti

As it cost you?
You did not buy your Captainship? Your Desert,
I hope, advanc'd you.

Roder. How? It well appears
You are no Soldier. Desert in these Days?
Desert may make a Serjeant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But, if it ever get a Company
(A Company; pray you, mark me) without Money,
Or private Service done for the General's Mistress,
With a Commendatory Epistle from her,
I will turn Lancepesade.

Jacomo. Pray you, observe, Sir:
I serv'd two 'Prenticeships, just fourteen Year,
Trailing the puissant Pike; and half so long
Had the Right-hand File; and I sought well, 'twas said, too:

But I might have ferv'd, and fought, and ferv'd till Doomfday,

And ne'er have carried a Flag, but for the Legacy A bucksome widow, of threescore, bequeath'd me, And that too, my Back knows, I labour hard for, But was better paid.

Aftutio. Y're merry with yourselves:

But this is from the Purpose.

Roder. To the Point then.

Pris'ners are not ta'en every Day; and, when We have 'em, we must make the best Use of 'em. Our Pay is little to the Part we should bear, And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent Before we have it, and hardly wipes off Scores At the Tavern, and th' Ordinary.

Jacomo. You may add too, Our Sport took up on Trust.

Roder. Peace, thou Smock vermin!

Discover Commanders Secrets? In a Word, Sir,

We have enquir'd, and find our Pris'ners rich:

Two thousand Crowns a-piece, our Companies cost us;

And so much each of us will have, and that

In present Pay.

Jacomo.

Jacomo. It is too little: Yet,
Since you have faid the Word, I am content;
But will not go a Gazet lefs. 13

Astutio. Since you are not

To be brought lower, there is no evading:
I'll be your Pay-master.

Roder. We desire no better.

Astutio. But not a Word of what's agreed between us, 'Till I have school'd my Gallants.

Jacomo. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a Guard: Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gasparo, in Irons.

Bert. And where remov'd now? Hath the Tyrant found out

Worle Usage for us?

Anth. Worse it cannot be.

My Greyhound has fresh Straw, and scrapes in his Kennel;

But we have neither.

Gasp. Did I ever think

To wear fuch Garters on filk Stockings? Or That my too curious Appetite, that turn'd At the Sight of Godwits, Pheasant, Partridge, Quails Larks, Wood-cocks, collar'd Salmon, as coarse Diet,

Would leap at a mouldy Crust?

Anth. And go without it;
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The City Entertainment. A huge Shoulder
Of glorious Ram Mutton, feconded
With a Pair of tame Cats, or Conies, a Crab-tart
With a worthy Loin of Veal, and valiant Capon,
Mortify'd to grow tender.—These I scorn'd
From their plentiful Horn of Abundance, though invited:

13 But will not go a Gazet less.

From the Word Gazetta, a Farthing, Massinger makes Use of the same Word, and to the same Purpose, in the first Scene of the Guardian.

Cc4

But

But now I could carry my own Stool to a Tripe,\*
And call their Chitterlings Charity, and blefs the Founder.

Bert. O that I were no farther fensible
Of my Miseries than you are! You, like Beasts,
Feel only Stings of Hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: But your narrow Souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the Torments are,
Which a free and noble Soul, made Captive, suffers:
Most miserable Men! and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of Gold,
Express base Thraldom, and all Delicates
Prepar'd by Median Cooks for Epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; Quilts, fill'd high
With Gossemore and Roses, cannot yield
The Body soft Repose, the Mind kept waking
With Anguish and Affliction.

Astutio. My good Lord-

Bert. This is no Time, nor Place for Flatt'ry, Sir: Pray you, stile me, as I am, a Wretch, forsaken Of the World, as myself.

Astutio. I would it were

In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want Power, Sir,

Lip-Comfort cannot cure me.—Pray you, leave me

To mine own private Thoughts.

Astutio. My valiant Nephew! [Walks by. And my more than warlike Ward! I am, glad to see you After your glorious Conquests. Are these Chains

Rewards for your good Service? If they are,

You should wear 'em on your Necks (since they are massey)

Like Aldermen of the Ward.

Anth. You jeer us too.

Gasp. Good Uncle, name not (as you are a Man of Honour)

TI

N

1

R

F

<sup>\*</sup> A Mistake of the Proverb, Bring your Cheer.

That fatal Word of War; the very Sound of't Is more dreadful than a Cannon.

Anth. But redeem us

n-

From this Captivity, and I'll vow hereafter Never to wear a Sword, or cut my Meat

With a Knife that has an Edge or Point. I'll starve first.

Gasp. I will cry Brooms or Cat's Meat in Palermo; Turn Porter, carry Burthens; any Thing,

Rather than live a Soldier.

Astutio. This should have

Been thought upon before. At what Price, think you, Your two wife Heads are rated?

Anth. A Calve's Head is

More worth than mine; I'm fure it had more Brains in't, Or I had ne'er come here.

Roder. And I will eat it

With Bacon, if I have not speedy Ransom.

Anth. And a little Garlick too, for your own Sake, 'Twill boil in your Stomach, elfe. [Sir:

Gasp. Beware of mine,

Or th' Horns may choak you. I am marry'd, Sir.

Anth. You shall have my Row of Houses near the Palace.

Gasp. And my Villa. - All-

Anth. All that we have. [To Asturio.

Astutio. Well, have more Wit hereaster: For this You're ransom'd. [Time

Jacomo. Off with their Irons.

Roder. Do, do:

If you are ours again, you know your Price.

Anth. Pray you, dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe I am a Freeman, 'till I set my Foot In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,

And in Palermo too.

Astutio. The Wind sits fair,

You shall aboard To-night: With the rising Sun You may touch upon the Coast. But take your Leaves Of the late General. first.

Gasp. I will be brief.

Anth.

Anth. And I.—My Lord, Heaven keep you. Gasp. Yours, to use

In the Way of Peace; but, as your Soldiers, never.

Anth. A Pox of War! No more of War! Bert. Have you

[Exeunt Roderigo, Jacomo, Anthonio, Gasparo. Authority to loose their Bonds, yet leave The Brother of your King, whose Worth disdains Comparison with such as these, in Irons? If Ransom may redeem them, I have Lands, A Patrimony of mine own assign'd me By my deceased Sire, to satisfy Whate'er can be demanded for my Freedom.

Astutio. I wish you had, Sir; but the King, who

vields

No Reason for his Will, in his Displeasure Hath seiz'd on all you had; nor will Gonzaga, Whose Pris'ner now you are, accept of less Than sifty thousand Crowns.

Bert. I find it now,

That Misery ne'er comes alone. But, grant
The King is yet inexorable, Time
May work him to a Feeling of my Suff'rings.
I've Friends, that swore their Lives and Fortunes were
At my Devotion, and among the rest
Yourself, my Lord, when, torseited to the Law
For a foul Murther, and in cold Blood done,
I made your Life my Gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incensed King, and got your Pardon.
—Beware Ingratitude. I know you're rich,
And may pay down the Sum.

Astutio. I might, my Lord;

But, pardon me.

Bert. And will Astatio prove, then, 14
To please a passionate Man, the King's no more,

False

Fa

Co

W

01

In

A

W

(N

W

T

W

S

C

A

1

I

I

14 Bert. And will Astutio prove, then, To please a passionate Man, &c.

Bertoldo's Reasoning is strong, though, at first Sight, not very clear: "Will Astutio break through all his Obligations to me, to please

False to his Maker and his Reason, which Commands more than I ask? O Summer-Friendship, Whose slatt'ring Leaves that shadow'd us in Our Prosperity, with the least Gust drop off In th' Autumn of Adversity! How like A Prison is to a Grave! When dead, we are With solemn Pomp brought thither; and our Heirs, (Masking their Joy in salse, dissembled Tears) Weep o'er the Hearse; but Earth no sooner covers The Earth brought thither, but they turn away With inward Smiles, the Dead no more remember'd. So, enter'd in a Prison.—

Astutio. My Occasions

0.

0

Command me hence, my Lord.

Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel King, that I will wear
These Fetters 'till my Flesh and they are one
Incorporated Substance. In myself,
As in a Glass, I'll look on human Frailty,
And curse the Height of Royal Blood: since I,
In being born near to Jove, am near his Thunder.

Exit Astutio.

Cedars once shaken with a Storm, their own
Weight grubs their Roots out.—Lead me where you
please;

I am his, not Fortune's Martyr, and will die The great Example of his Cruelty

[Exit with the Guard.

please a passionate Mad man, for the King is no more, he is one? Will Astutio prove false to his Maker, and deast to his own Reason, which commands, in Return for the Benefits received of me, more than I ask? surely he cannot." But, seeing the courtly Assutio unmoved with these generous Sentiments, Bertoldo breaks out into that beautiful Description which follows:

- O Summer-Friendship, &c.

### SCENE II.

Co

Ch

H

TH

Y

Fulgen.

#### A Grove near the Palace at Palermo.

Adorni. He undergoes my Challenge, and contemns And threatens me with the late Edict made lit. 'Gainst Duellists, that Altar Cowards fly to. 15 But I, that am engag'd, and nourish in me A higher Aim than fair Camiola dreams of, Must not sit down thus. In the Court I dare not Attempt him; and in Publick, he's fo guarded With a Herd of Parasites, Clients, Fools and Suitors, That a Musket cannot reach him.—My Designs Admit of no Delay. This is her Birth-day, Which with a fit and due Solemnity Camiola celebrates; and on it, all fuch As love or ferve her, usually present A tributary Duty. I'll have fomething To give, if my Intelligence prove true, Shall find Acceptance. I'm told, near this Grove Fulgentio every Morning makes his Markets With his Petitioners. I may present him With a sharp Petition.—Ha! 'tis he: my Fate Be ever blefs'd for't

#### Enter Fulgentio.

Fulgen. Command such as wait me,
Not to presume, at the least for half an Hour,
To press on my Retirements.

Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your Prayers,

#### \*5 'Gainft Duellifts, then, &c.

Fulgentio put up his Challenge, and, instead of accepting it, threatened him with the Law against Duels. This Adorni would represent as base Treatment. A Man of Courage he supposes would not have taken the Advantage of such a Law. That Altar, that was a Sanctuary Cowards only would sly to. The Sense here plainly requires the Alteration I have made of that for then, which in the former Reading was scarce intelligible.

Fulgen. That will not find Belief;
Courtiers have fomething else to do.—Be gone, Sir.
Challeng'd! 'tis well. And by a Groom! still better.
Was this Shape made to fight? I have a Tongue, yet,
Howe'er no Sword, to kill him; and what Way,
This Morning I'll resolve of.

[Exit Fulgentio.

Adorni. I shall cross
Your Resolution, or suffer for you. [Exit Adorni.

#### SCENE III.

### Camiola's House.

Camiola: divers Servants with Presents.

### Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. What are all these?

Clar. Servants with several Presents,
And rich ones too.

of many such Days to you, the Lady Petula Presents you with this Fan.

2 Serv. This Diamond From your Aunt Honoria.

it.

3 Serv. This Piece of Plate From your Uncle, old Vincentio, with your Arms Graven upon it.

Camiola. Good Friends, they are too
Munificent in their Love, and Favour to me.
Out of my Cabinet return such Jewels
As this directs you, for your Pains;—and yours;—
Nor must you be forgotten. Honour me
With the drinking of a Health.

1 Serv. Gold, on my Life!

2 Serv. She scorns to give base Silver.

3 Serv. Would she had been Born every Month in the Year!

1 Serv. Month? every Day.

2 Serv. Shew fuch another Maid.

3 Serv. All Happiness wait you.
Sylli. I'll see your Will done.

[Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, Servants.

M

Ir

T

W

M

A

T

1

I

C

(

E

## Enter Adorni wounded.

Camiola. How! Adorni wounded? Adorni. A Scratch got in your Service, else not worth Your Observation; I bring not, Madam, In Honour of your Birth-day, antique Plate, Or Pearl, for which the favage Indian dives Into the Bottom of the Sea; nor Diamonds Hewn from steep Rocks with Danger: Such as give To those that have what they themselves want, aim at A glad Return with Profit: Yet, despife not My Off'ring at the Altar of your Favour; Nor let the Lowness of the Giver lessen The Height of what's presented. Since it is A precious Jewel, almost forfeited, And, dim'd with Clouds of Infamy, redeem'd, And, in its natural Splendor, with Addition, Restor'd to the true Owner.

Camiola. How is this?

Adorni. Not to hold you in Suspense, I bring you, Madam,

Your wounded Reputation cur'd, the Sting Of virulent Malice, fest'ring your fair Name, Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud Man, that was Deny'd the Honour of your Bed, yet durst With his untrue Reports strumpet your Fame, Compell'd by me, hath giv'n himself the Lye, And in his own Blood wrote it.—You may read Fulgentio subscrib'd.

Camiola. I am amaz'd!

Adorni. It does deserve it, Madam. Common Service Is fit for Hinds, and the Reward proportion'd To their Conditions. Therefore, look not on me As a Follower of your Father's Fortunes, or One that subsists on yours.—You frown! my Service

Merits

Merits not this Aspect.

Camiola. Which of my Favours, I might fay Bounties, hath begot, and nourish'd This more then rude Prefumption? Since you had An Itch to try your desp'rate Valour, wherefore Went you not to the War? Couldst thou suppose My Innocence could ever fall fo low As to have Need of thy rash Sword to guard it Against malicious Slander? O how much Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when The Clearness and Integrity of their Actions Do not defend themselves, and stand secure On their own Bases? Such as in a Colour Of feeming Service give Protection to 'em, Betray their own Strengths. Malice, fcorn'd, puts out Itself; but argu'd, gives a kind of Credit To a false Accusation. In this. This your most memorable Service, you believ'd You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more In your Defence of my undoubted Honour, Than false Fulgentio could. Adorni. I am forry, what

Was fo well intended, is fo ill receiv'd.

#### Enter Clarinda.

Yet, under your Correction, you wish'd Bertoldo had been present. Camiola. True, I did: But he and you, Sir, are not Parallels, Nor must you think yourself so. Adorni. I am what You'll please to have me. Camiola. If Bertoldo had Punish'd Fulgentio's Insolence, it had shown His Love to her, whom in his Judgment he Vouchfafe to make his Wife; a Height, I hope, Which you dare not aspire to. The same Actions Suit not all Men alike: -But I perceive Repentance

Repentance in your Looks. For this Time, leave me I may forgive, perhaps forget, your Folly, Conceal yourfelf till this Storm be blown over.) You will be fought for; yet, for my Estate

[Gives bim ber Hand to kiss.

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my Service.

Adorni. This is fomething, yet, though I mis'd the Mark I shot at. [Exit Adorni.

Camiola. This Gentleman is of a noble Temper;

And I too harsh, perhaps, in my Reproof:

Was I not, Clarinda?

Clar. I am not to censure

Your Actions, Madam: but there are a thousand Ladies, and of good Fame, in such a Cause, Would be proud of such a Servant.

Camiola. It may be;

#### Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this Kind.

Why uncall'd for?

Serv. The Signiors, Madam, Gasparo and Anthonio, (Selected Friends of the renown'd Bertoldo)

Put ashore this Morning.

Camiola. Without him?

Serv. I think fo.

Gamiola. Never think more, then.

Serv. They have been at Court.

Kiss'd the King's Hand; and, their first Duties done To him, appear ambitious to tender

To you their second Service.

Camiola. Wait 'em hither. [Exeunt Servant.]
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy Aids, and tell me, such a Wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such Care fashion'd,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heav'ns Providence

### Enter Anthonio, Gasparo, Servant.

So foon miscarry; pray you, forbear; e'er you Take the Privilege, as Strangers, to salute me, (Excuse my Manners) make me first understand, How it is with Bertoldo?

Gasp. The Relation

Will not, I fear, deserve your Thanks.

Anth. I wish

e

i.

Some other should inform you.

Camiola. Is he dead?

You see, though with some Fear, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead? Would that were the worst, a Debt
were paid then,

Kings in their Birth owe Nature.

Camiola. Is their aught

More terrible than Death?

Anth. Yes, to a Spirit

Like his; cruel Imprisonment, and that Without the Hope of Freedom.

Camiola. You abuse me :

The Royal King cannot, in Love to Virtue (Though all Springs of Affection were dry'd up) But pay his Ranfom.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis,

You will think otherwise-No less will do it

Then fifty thousand Crowns.

Camiola. A petty Sum;

The Price weigh'd with the Purchase; sifty thousand? To the King 'tis nothing. He, that can spare more To his Minion for a Masque, cannot but ransom Such a Brother at a Million—You wrong.

The King's Magnificence.

Anth. In your Opinion;
But 'tis most certain. He does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it; but forbids
All other Men.

Camiola. Are you fure of this? Vol. II. D d

Gasp. You may read

The Edict to that Purpose, publish'd by him:

That will refolve you.

Camiola. Possible? Pray you, stand off;
If I do not mutter Treason to myself,
My Heart will break: Yet I will not curse him; [Aside.
He is my King—The News you have deliver'd,
Makes me weary of your Company: we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the Door.
—Nay, pray you, no more Compliments.

Colo One Thing more

Gasp. One Thing more,

And that's substantial: Let your Adorni Look to himself.

Anth. The King is much incens'd

Against him, for Fulgentio.

Camiola. As I am

For your Slowness to depart.

Both. Farewel, fweet Lady!

Exeunt Gasparo, Anthonio. Camiola. O more then impious Times! when not alone Subordinate Ministers of Justice are Corrupted and feduc'd, but Kings themselves (The greater Wheels by which the leffer move) Are broken or disjointed! could it be, else, A King, to footh his politick Ends, should so far Forfake his Honour, as at once to break Th' Adamant Chains of Nature and Religion, To bind up Atheism, as a Defence 16 To his dark Counfels? Will it ever be? That to deferve too much is dangerous, And Virtue, when too eminent, a Crime? Must She serve Fortune still? Or, when stripp'd of Her gay, and glorious Favours, lofe the Beauties Of her own natural Shape? O my Bertoldo! Thou only Sun in Honours Sphere, how foon Art thou eclips'd and darken'd! not the Nearness

This appears to me to be false; I would read,

To bring up Atheism, &c.

Of Blood prevailing on the King; nor all
The Benefits to the gen'ral Good dispens'd
Gaining a Retribution! but that
To owe a Courtesy to a simple Virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some Sparks of Fire, which, fann'd with Honours
Breath,

Might rise into a Flame, and in Men darken Their usurp'd Splendor. Ha! my Aim is high, And, for the Honour of my Sex, to fall so, Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolv'd: Call in Adorni.

Clar. I am happy in
Such Employment, Madam. [Exit Clarinda.
Camiola. He's a Man,
I know, that at a reverend Distance loves me,
And such are ever faithful. What a Sea
Of melting Ice I walk on! what strange Censures

Am I to undergo! but good Intents
Deride all future Rumours.

#### Enter Clarinda and Adorni.

Adorni. I obey
Your Summons, Madam.
Camiola. Leave the Place, Clarinda:
One Woman, in a Secret of fuch Weight,
Wise Men may think too much. Nearer, Adorni.

[Exit Clarinda.

I warrant it with a Smile.

Adorni. I cannot ask
Safer Protection, what's your Will?

Camiola. To doubt
Your ready Defire to serve me, or prepare you
With the Repetition of former Merits,
Would in my Diffidence, wrong you: But I will,
And without Circumstance, in the Trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from Suspicion.

Adorni. I softer none of you.

Camiola. I know you do not,
You are Adorni, by the Love you owe me.—

Dd 2

Adorni.

Adorni. The furest Conjuration.

Camiola. Take me with you.

Love born of Duty; but advance no further.
You are, Sir, as I said, to do me Service,
To undertake a Task, in which your Faith,
Judgment, Discretion—in a Word, your all
That's good, must be engag'd; nor must you study,
In the Execution, but what may make
For th' Ends I aim at.

Adorni. They admit no Rivals.

Camiola. You answer well.—You have heard of Ber-

Captivity? and the King's Neglect? the Greatness Of his Ransom, fifty thousand Crowns, Adorni; Two Parts of my Estate.

Adorni. To what tends this?

Camiola. Yet I so love the Gentleman (for to you I will confess my Weakness) that I purpose, Now, when he is forsaken by the King, And his own Hopes, to ransom, and receive him Into my Bosom as my lawful Husband,

[Adorni starts, and seems troubled.

Why change you Colour?

Adorni. 'Tis in Wonder of

Your Virtue, Madam.

Camiola. You must, therefore, to Siena for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This Ransom for his Liberty; you shall
Have Bills of Exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn Contract to me, for you must be
My principal Witness, if he should—But why
Do I entertain these Jealousies? You will do this?

Adorni. Faithfully, Madam.—But not live long after.

Camiola. One Thing I had forgot.—Besides his Free-He may want Accommodations; surnish him [dom, According to his Birth. And from Camiola Deliver this Kiss, printed on your Lips [Kisses him. Seal'd on his Hand.—You shall not see my Blushes; I'll

Exit Camiola.

I'll instantly dispatch you.

Adorni. I'm half-hang'd

Out of the Way, already.—Was there ever Poor Lover so employ'd against himself To make Way for his Rival? I must do it: Nay, more, I will. If Loyalty can find Recompence beyond Hope, or Imagination,

Let it fall on me in the other World,

As a Reward; for, in this, I dare not hope it. [Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp.

Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo.

Gonz. TOu've feiz'd upon the Citadel, and difarm'd All that could make Resistance?

Pierio. Hunger had

Done that, before we came; nor was the Soldier Compell'd to feek for Prey; the famish'd Wretches, In Hope of Mercy, as a Sacrifice offer'd All that was worth the taking.

Gonz. You proclaim'd,

On Pain of Death, no Violence should be offer'd

To any Woman?

21

e-

n.

1

Roder. But it needed not; For Famine had so humbled 'em, and took off'

The Care of their Sex's Honour, that there was not So coy a Beauty in the Town, but would

For half a mouldy Bifket fell herfelf

To a poor Befognion, and without shrieking.

Gonz. Where is the Duke of Urbin? Jacomo. Under Guard,

As you directed,

Dd 3

Gonz.

Gonz. See the Soldiers fet

In Rank, and File; and, as the Dutchess passes,

Bid 'em vail their Ensigns; and charge 'em, on their Not to cry Whores. [Lives,

Jacomo. The Devil cannot fright 'em

From their military Licence; though they know They are her Subjects, and will part with Being, To do her Service; yet, fince she's a Woman,

They will touch at her Breech with their Tongues — and that is all

That they can hope for. [A Shout, and a general Cry within, Whores! Whores!

Gonz. O the Devil! they are at it.

Hell stop their bawling Throats. - Again! make up

And cudgel them into Jelly. Roder. To no Purpose,

Though their Mothers were there,

They would have the same Name for 'em.

[Exeunt.

I can-

#### SCENE II.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Roderigo, Jacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia (under a Canopy). Astutio presents her with Letters. Loud Musick. She reads the Letters.

Gonz. I do beseech your Highness not to ascribe To th' Want of Discipline, the barbarous Rudeness Of the Soldier, in his Prophanation of Your sacred Name and Virtues.

Aurelia. No, Lord General,
I've heard my Father say oft, 'twas a Custom,
Usual i'th' Camp; nor are they to be punish'd
For Words, that have in Fact deserv'd so well.
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent Princess!

Aurelia. But for these Aids from Sicily sent against us To blast our Spring of Conquest in the Bud:

I cannot find, my Lord Ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a Wrong,
With Purpose to detain us from our own;
Howe'er the King endeavours, in his Letters,
To mitigate th' Affront.

Astutio. Your Grace, hereafter,
May hear from me such strong Assurances
Of his unlimited Desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in Forgetfulness
The Mem'ry of what's past.

Aurelia. We shall take Time
To search the Depth of 't further, and proceed
As our Council shall direct us.

Gonz. We present you
With the Keys of the City; all Lets are remov'd;
Your Way is smooth and easy; at your Feet
Your proudest Enemy falls.

Aurelia. We thank your Valours:

A Victory without Blood is twice atchiev'd,
And the Disposure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest Honour. Worthy Captains, Thanks!
My Love extends itself to All,

Aurelia passes through 'em. Loud Musick.

Gonz. Make Way, there.

[Exeunt,

#### SCENE III.

### A Prison.

Bertoldo, with a small Book, in Fetters. Jailor.

Bert. 'Tis here determin'd 17 (great Examples, arm'd With Arguments, produc'd to make it good)

That

#### 17 'Tis bere determin'd, &c.

This Soliloquy of Bertoldo's is a very true Account of the Inconfishency of the Stoicks. It was one of their favourite Maxims, that Pain was not an Evil. Their wise Man was to be insensible; and yet no one bore Pain worse than he. They could argue, with great Appearance of Reason, against suffering from Affliction; but, when they selt it, it was intolerable. They were mighty Heroes in Theory, D d 4

That neither Tyrants, nor the wrested Laws; The People's frantick Rage, fad Exile, Want, Nor, that which I endure, Captivity, Can do a wife Man any Injury. Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought .- But then Felicity courted him; his Wealth exceeding A private Man's; happy in the Embraces Of his chaste Wife Paulina; his House full Of Children, Clients, Servants, flatt'ring Friends, Soothing his Lip-Positions, and created Prince of the Senate, by the general Voice, As his Pupil news Suffrage: Then, no Doubt, He held, and did believe, this. But no fooner The Prince's Frowns, and Jealousies had thrown him Out of Security's Lap, and a Centurion Had offer'd him what Choice of Death he pleas'd; But told him, Die he must: when straight the Armour Of his fo boasted Fortitude, fell off, Throws away the Book.

Complaining of his Frailty. Can it, then,
Be censur'd womanish Weakness in me, if,
Thus clogg'd with Irons, and the Period
To close up all Calamities deny'd me,
(Which was presented Seneca) I wish
I ne'er had Being; at least, never knew
What Happiness was; or argue with Heav'ns Justice,
Tearing my Locks, and in Desiance throwing
Dust in the Air? or, falling on the Ground, thus
With my Nails and Teeth to dig a Grave, or rend
The Bowels of the Earth, my Step-mother,
And not a natural Parent? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no Motion?

[Lies on bis Face.

but, in Practice, Cowards. The great Cleanthes starved himself to Death, because of a little Inflammation in his Gums. The Prince of Patriots, Cato, chose to die, because he could not bear to see Casar: And Seneca puled and whined at Death with the most womanish Fear imaginable: These were the Men who could demonstrate that Pain was not an Evil!

### Enter Gonzaga, Adorni, Jailor.

Gonz, There he is:

I'll not enquire by whom his Ransom's paid,
I'm satisfy'd that I have it; nor allege
One Reason to excuse his cruel Usage,
As you may interpret it; let it suffice
It was my Will to have it so.—He is yours, now,
Dispose of him as you please

Adorni. Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a Man,
He does deserve my Pity. Sir,—he sleeps,
Or is he dead? Would he were a Saint in Heaven;
'Tis all the Hurt I wish him. But, I was not

[Kneels by him.

Born to fuch Happiness.—No, he breathes—Come near, And, if't be possible, without his Feeling, Take off his Irons.—So, now leave us private.

[His Irons taken off.

He does begin to stir, and as transported [Exit Jailor. With a joyful Dream.—How he stares! and feels his As yet uncertain, whether it can be [Legs, True or phantastical.

Bert. Ministers of Mercy,

Mock not Calamity.—Ha! 'tis no Vision!

Or, if it be, the happiest that ever

Appear'd to finful Flesh!—Who's here? His Face Speaks him Adorni! but some glorious Angel,

Concealing its Divinity in his Shape, Hath done this Miracle, it being not an Act

For wolvish Man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for

Bent Knees in Adoration?

Adorni. O forbear, Sir!
I am Adorni, and the Instrument
Of your Deliverance; but the Benefit
You owe another.

Bert. If he has a Name, As foon as spoken, 'tis writ on my Heart, I am his Bondman,

Adorni.

Adorni. To the Shame of Men, This great Act is a Woman's.

Bert. The whole Sex

For her fake must be deify'd. How I wander

In my Imagination, yet cannot

Guess who this Phænix should be!

Adorni. 'Tis Camiola.

Bert. Pray you speak't again! there's Musick in her

Once more, I pray you, Sir!

Adorni. Camiola,

The Maid of Honour.

Bert. Curs'd Atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since she alone, in th' Abstract of herself,
That small, but ravishing Substance, comprehends
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the
Idea of a Woman. O what Service,
Or Sacrifice of Duty, can I pay her,
If not to live, and die, her Charity's Slave?
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorni. She expects not

Such a Dominion o'er you: Yet, ere I Deliver her Demands, give me your Hand: On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my Lips I print her Love and Service, by me sent you,

Bert. I am o'erwhelm'd with Wonder!

Adormi. You must now

(Which is the Sum of all that she desires)
By a solemn Contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a Debt due for your Freedom,

To marry her.

Bert. This does engage me further,
A Payment! an Increase of Obligation!
To marry her!—'twas my nil ultra, ever!
The End of my Ambition! O that now
The Holy Man, she present, were prepar'd
To join our Hands, but with that Speed, my Heart
Wishes mine Eyes might see her.

Adoani,

M

Se

Fa

Be

A

R

O

1

Adorni. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it? Collect all Oaths and Imprecations, Whose least Breach is Damnation; and those Minister'd to me in a Form more dreadful; Set Heav'n and Hell before me, I will take 'em: False to Camiola? Never.—Shall I now

Begin my Vows to you?

Adorni. I am no Churchman: Such a one must file it on Record. You are free; And, that you may appear like to yourfelf (For so she wish'd) there's Gold with which you may Redeem your Trunks and Servants, and whatever Of late you lost. I have found out the Captain Whose Spoil they were.—His Name is Roderigo.

Bert. I know him.

Adorni. I have done my Part.

Bert. So much, Sir,

As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks, I walk in Air! - Divine Camiola! -But Words cannot express thee. I'll build to thee An Altar in my Soul, on which I'll offer A still increasing Sacrifice of Duty. Exit Bertoldo.

Adorni. What will become of me now is apparent! Whether a Poniard, or a Halter be The nearest Way to Hell (for I must thither, After I've kill'd myself) is somewhat doubtful. This Roman Resolution of Self-Murther, Will not hold Water, at the high Tribunal, When it comes to be argu'd; my good Genius Prompts me to this Consideration. He That kills himself to avoid Misery, fears it. And, at the best, shews but a bastard Valour,

This Life's a Fort committed to my Trust, Which I must not yield up, 'till it be forc'd. -Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die, But he that boldly bears Calamity.

## strong and b S C E N E IV.

Siena.

A Flourisb.

Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Gonzaga, Aurelia, Ferdinand, Aftutio. Attendants.

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our Glory To overcome with Courtesies, not Rigour; The lordly Roman, who held it the Height Of human Happiness, to have Kings and Queens To wait by his triumphant Chariot-wheels In his infulting Pride, depriv'd himself Of drawing near the Nature of the Gods. Best known for such, in being merciful. Yet, give me Leave, but still with gentle Language, And with the Freedom of a Friend, to tell you, To feek by Force, what Courtship could not win, Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild School. Wise Poets seign, that Venus' Coach is drawn By Doves and Sparrows, not by Bears and Tygers. Ferd. I spare the Application,—In my Fortune Heav'n's Justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great Lady, Since my Offence grew from Excess of Love, And not to be refifted, having paid too, With Loss of Liberty, the Forfeiture Of my Prefumption, in your Clemency It may find pardon.

Aurelia. You shall have just Cause To fay it hath. The Charge of the long Siege Defray'd, and the Loss my Subjects have sustain'd Made good, (fince so far I must deal with Caution)

You have your Liberty.

Ferd. I could not hope for Gentler Conditions.

Aurelia. My Lord Gonzaga, Since my coming to Siena, I've heard much of Your Pris'ner, brave Bertoldo.

A Pres'ner'l may, a Princely

Gonz. Such an one,

Madam, I had,

rdi-

ory

Astutio. And have still, Sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your Hopes deceive you. - He is ranfom'd, Madam.

Aftutio. By whom, I pray you, Sir?

Gonz. You had best enquire

Of your Intelligencer: I am no Informer.

Astutio. I like not this.

Aurelia. He is, as 'tis reported,

A goodly Gentleman, and of noble Parts,

A Brother of your Order.

Gonz. He was, Madam,

'Till he, against his Oath, wrong'd you, a Princes,

Which his Religion bound him from.

Aurelia. Great Minds,

For Trial of their Valours, oft maintain

Quarrels that are unjust; yet without Malice;

And such a fair Construction I make of him.

I would fee that brave Enemy.

Gonz. My Duty

Commands me to feek for him.

Aurelia. Pray you do:

And bring him to our Presence.

[Exit Gonzaga.

Aftutio. I must blast

His Entertainment. [Afide.] May it please your Excellency,

He is a Man debauch'd, and for his Riots

Cast off by th' King my Master; and that, I hope, is

A Crime sufficient.

Ferd. To you, his Subjects,

That like as your King likes ---

Aurelia. But not to Us;

We must weigh with our own Scale.

Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo richly habited, Adorni.

This is he, fure!
How foon mine Eye had found him!—What a Port

He

He bears! how well his Bravery becomes him! A Pris'ner! nay, a Princely Suitor, rather! But I'm too fudden.

Gonz. Madam, 'twas his Suit, Unsent for, to present his Service to you, Ere his Departure.

Aurelia. With what Majesty

He bears himself!

Astutio. The Devil, I think, supplies him.

Ranfom'd? and thus rich, too!

Aurelia. You ill deserve

[Bertoldo, kneeling, kiffes ber Hand.

The Favour of our Hand.—We are not well:

Give Us more Air. [She descends suddenly.

Gonz. What fudden Qualm is this?

Aurelia. - That lifted yours against me.

Bert. Thus, once more,

I fue for Pardon.

Aurelia. Sure his Lips are poison'd,

And, through these Veins, force Passage to my Heart, Which is already seiz'd upon.

[Aside.

Bert. I wait, Madam,

To know what your Commands are; my Defigns Exact me in another Place.

Aurelia. Before

You have our Licence to depart? If Manners, Civility of Manners cannot teach you T'attend our Leisure, I must tell you, Sir, That you are still our Prisoner; nor had you Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurelia. You were my Substitute, and wanted Power,

Without my Warrant, to dispose of him.

I will pay back his Ransom ten times over,

Rather than quit my Interest.

Bert. This is

Against the Law of Arms.

Aurelia. But not of Love:

[Afide.

Why, hath your Entertainment, Sir, been such

In

In

Y

E

In

P

A

V

I

In your Restraint, that, with the Wings of Fear, You would fly from it?

Bert. I know no Man, Madam,
Enamour'd of his Fetters, or delighting
In Cold or Hunger, or that would in Reason
Prefer Straw in a Dungeon, before
A Down Bed in a Palace.

Aurelia. How!—Come nearer;
Was his Ufage fuch?

Gonz. Yes; and it had been worfe,

Aurelia. O thou mif-shap'd Monster! In thee it is confirm'd, that fuch as have No Share in Nature's Bounties, know no Pity To fuch as have 'em. Look on him with my Eyes, And answer then, whether this were a Man Whose Cheeks of lovely Fulness should be made A Prey to meagre Famine? or these Eyes, Whose every Glance store Cupid's empty'd Quiver, To be dim'd with tedious Watching; or these Lips, These ruddy Lips, of whose fresh Colour, Cherries And Roses were but Copies, should grow pale For want of Nectar? or these Legs that bear A Burthen of more Worth, than is supported By Atlas' weary'd Shoulders, should be cramp'd With the Weight of Iron? Oh, I could dwell ever On this Description!

Bert. Is this in Derision,

Or Pity, of me?

Aurelia. In your Charity

Believe me innocent. Now you are my Prisoner,
You shall have fairer Quarter; you will shame
The Place where you have been, should you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient Lodgings, and it shall be
My Care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our Will. You'll follow me?

Bert. To the Centre,

Such a Sibylla guiding me. [Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo.

Gonz.

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Ferd. We stand, as we had seen Medusa's Head! Pierio. I know not what to think, I'm so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I'm thunderstruck!

Jacomo. We are enchanted.

And this is some Illusion.

Adorni. Heav'n forbid!

In dark Despair, it shews a Beam of Hope.

Contain thy Joy, Adorni.

Aftutio. Such a Princes,

And of To long experienc'd Reservedness Break forth, and on the sudden, into Flashes Of more than doubted Looseness!

Gonz. They come again,

—Smiling, as I live: His Arm circling her Waist—

I shall run mad:—Some Fury hath posses'd her.

If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha!—I'll mumble

A Prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,

Though the Devil fart Fire, have at him.

#### Enter Bertoldo and Aurelia.

Aurelia. Let not, Sir,
The Violence of my Passions nourish in you
An ill Opinion; or, grant my Carriage
Out of the Road, and Garb of private Women,
'Tis still done with Decorum. As I am
A Princess, what I do, is above Censure,
And to be imitated.

Bert. Gracious Madam,
Vouchsafe a little Pause; for I am so rap'd
Beyond myself, that, 'till I have collected
My scatter'd Faculties, I cannot tender
My Resolution.

Aurelia. Confider of it, I will not be long from you.

[Bertoldo walking by, mufing.

1

I

T

Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursed Object strangles my Devotion:
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair Lady,
If you can n Courtesy, direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.

Aurelia. Are you blind? Who are We?

Gonz. Another kind of Thing. Her Blood was go vern'd

By her Discretion, and not rul'd her Reason:
The Reverence and Majesty of Juno
Shin'd in her Looks, and, coming to the Camp,
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see
No such Divinities in you: If I
Without Offence may speak my Thoughts, you are,
As't were, a wanton Helen.

Aurelia. Good; e'er long, You shall know me better.

Gonz. Why, if you are Aurelia, How shall I dispose of the Soldier?

Astutio. May it please you
To hasten my Dispatch?

Aurelia. Prefer your Suits

Unto Bertoldo; we will give him Hearing,

And you'll find him your best Advocate. [Exit Aurelia.

Astutio. This is rare!

Gonz. What are we come to?

Roder. Grown up in a Moment

A Favourite!

Ferd. He does take State already.

Bert. No, no, it cannot be!—yet, but Camiola, There is no Stop between me and a Crown:

Then my Ingratitude! a Sin in which
All Sins are comprehended! aid me, Virtue,

All Sins are comprehended! aid me, Virtue, Or I am loft.

Bert. Then my so horrid Oaths,

And hell-deep Imprecations made against it.

[Afide.

[Afide.

VOL. II.

E e

Astutio.

Aftutio. The King, your Brother, will thank you for th' Advancement

Of his Affairs

Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such Batteries, as her Power and Greatness
Raise up against my weak Defences!

[Aside.
Gonz. Sir,

#### Enter Aurelia.

Do you dream waking?—Slight, she's here again.

Bert. Walks she on woollen Feet!

Aurelia. You dwell too long

In your Deliberation, and come

With a Cripple's Pace to that which you should fly to.

Bert. It is confess'd: Yet, why should I, to win From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing, By false Play send you off a Loser from me?

I'm already too too much engag'd

To th' King my Brother's Anger; and who knows
But that his Doubts, and politick Fears, should you
Make me his Equal, may draw War upon

Your Territories; were that Breach made up, I should with Joy embrace, what now I fear

To touch but with due Rev'rence.

Aurelia. That Hind'rance

Is eafily remov'd. I owe the King

For a Royal Visit, which I straight will pay him, And having first reconcil'd you to his Favour,

A Dispensation shall meet with us,

Bert. I am wholly yours.

Aurelia. On this Book seal it.

Gonz. What Hand and Lip too? Then the Bargain's

You've no Employment for me?

Aurelia. Yes, Gonzaga;

Provide a Royal Ship.

Gonz. A Ship? Saint John!
Whither are we bound, now?

Aurelia.

U

Aurelia. You shall know hereafter, My Lord, your Pardon, for my too much trenching Upon your Patience.

Adorni. Camiola-

[Whispers to Bertoldo,

Aurelia. How do you?

Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you. [Exeunt. Adorni. The heavy Curse that waits on Perjury,

And foul Ingratitude, pursue thee, ever!
Yet why from me this? In this Breach of Faith
My Loyalty finds Reward! what poisons him,
Proves Mithridate to me 18 I have perform'd
All she commanded punctually, and now,
In the clear Mirrour of my Truth, she may
Behold his Falshood. O that I had Wings
To bear me to Palermo! this, once known,
Must change her Love into a just Disdain,
And work her to Compassion of my Pain.

[Exit.

#### SCENE V.

Camiola's House.

Sylli, Camiola, Clarinda, at several Doors.

Sylli. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was The Top and Ridge of my House, am, on the sudden, Turn'd to the pititulest Animal O' th' Lineage of the Syllies!

Camiola. What's the Matter?

Sylli. The King-break Girdle, break!

Gamiola. Why, what of him?

Sylli. Hearing how far you doted on my Person, Growng envious of my Happiness, and knowing His Brother, nor his Favourite Fulgentio, Could get a Sheep's Eye from you, I being present,

Proves Mithridate to me, &c.

Mitbridate (called after its Inventor, Mitbridate, King of Pontus) 2 Confection, that is a special Preservative against Posson.

E e 2

Is

de.

for

Is come himself a Suitor, with the Awl Of his Authority to bore my Nose, And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh! Camiola. Do not roar so:

The King?

Sylli. The King: Yet loving Sylli is not
So forry for his own, as your Misfortune;
If the King should carry you, or you bear him,
What a Loser should you be? He can but make you
A Queen, and what a simple Thing is that
To th' being my lawful Spouse. The World can never
Afford you such a Husband.
Camiola. I believe you.

But how are you fure the King is so inclin'd? Did not you dream this?

Sylli. With these Eyes I saw him

Dismis his Train, and 'lighting from his Coach, Whisper Fulgentio in the Ear.

Camiola. If fo,

I guess the Business.

Sylli. It can be no other

But to give me the Bob, that being a Matter Of main Importance.—Yonder they are, I dare not

# Enter Roberto, Fulgentio.

Be seen, I am so desperate! if you forsake me, Send me Word, that I may provide a Willow-Garland, To wear, when I drown myself. O Sylli, O Sylli. Exit crying.

Ful. It will be worth your Pains, Sir, to observe
The Constancy and Bravery of her Spirit.
Though great Men tremble at your Frowns, I dare
Hazard my Head, your Majesty, set off
With Terror, cannot fright her.
Rober. May she answer

My Expectation.

Fulgen. There she is

Cam. My Knees thus

Be

Fo

Di

D

T

(1

Y

F

V

1

Bent to the Earth (while my Vows are sent upward For th' Sasety of my Sov'reign) pay the Duty Due for so great an Honour, in this Favour Done to your humblest Hand-maid.

Rober. You mistake me,
I come not (Lady) that you may report
The King, to do you Honour, made your House\*
(He being there) his Court; but to correct
Your stubborn Disobedience. A Pardon,
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchas'd
With this Humility.

Camiola. A Pardon, Sir?
'Till I am conscious of an Offence,
I will not wrong my Innocence to beg one,
What is my Crime, Sir?

Rober. Look on him I favour, By your form'd and neglected.

Camiola. Is that all, Sir?

Rober. No, Minion; though that were too much. How can you

Answer the setting on your desp'rate Bravo To murther him?

Camiola. With your Leave, I must not kneel, Sir, While I reply to this: But thus rise up In my Defence, and tell you as a Man (Since when you are unjust, the Deity Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you) 'Twas never read in Holy Writ, or moral, That Subjects on their Loyalty were oblig'd To love their Sov'reign's Vices; your Grace, Sir, To such an Undeserver is no Virtue.

Fulgen. What think you now, Sir?
Camiola. Say you should love Wine,
You being the King, and 'cause I am your Subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not Kings,
By Violence, from humble Vassals force
The Liberty of their Souls. I could not love him.

DENHAM.

<sup>\*</sup> Courts make not Kings, but Kings Courts.

And to compel Affection, as I take it, Is not found in your Prerogative.

Rober. Excellent Virgin!

How I admire her Confidence!

[Afide.

Camiola. He complains Of Wrong done him: But, be no more a King, Unless you do me right. Burn your Decrees, And of your Laws and Statutes make a Fire To thaw the frozen Numbness of Delinquents. If he escape unpunish'd. Do your Edicts Call it Death in any Man that breaks into Another's House to rob him, though of Trifles, And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio live? Who hath committed more than Sacrilege In the Pollution of my clear Fame

By his malicious Slanders. Rober. Have you done this?

Answer truly on your Life.

Fulgen. In the Heat of Blood

Some such Thing I reported. Rober. Out of my Sight!

For I vow, if by true Penitence thou win not This injur'd Lady to fue out thy Pardon,

Thy Grave is digg'd already. Fulgen. By my own Folly

I've made a fair Hand of't, [Exit Fulgentio, Rober. You shall know, Lady,

While I wear a Crown, Justice shall use her Sword To cut Offenders off, though nearest to us.

Camiola, I, now you shew whose Deputy you are, If now I bathe your Feet with Tears, it cannot

Be censur'd Superstition. Rober. You must rife.

Rise in our Favour, and Protection ever: Kiffes ber. Camiola. Happy are Subjects! when the Prince is still Guided by Justice, not his passionate Will. Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

#### SCENE 1. ACT V.

Camiola's House.

Camiola, Sylli.

Camiola. TOU see how tender I am of the Quiet And Peace of your Affection, and what great ones

I put off in your Favour.

le.

Sylli. You do wifely,

Exceeding wifely! and, when I have faid,

I thank you for't, be happy.

Camiola. And good Reason, In having fuch a Bleffing.

Sylli. When you have it,

But the Bait is not yet ready. Stay the Time, While I triumph by myself.—King, by your Leave, I have wip'd your royal Nose, without a Napkin, You may cry Willow, Willow! for your Brother, I'll only fay go by. For my fine Favourite, He may graze where he please; his Lips may Water Like a Puppies o'er a frumenty Pot, while Sylli Out of his two-leav'd Cherry-stone Dish drinks Nectar! I cannot hold out any longer; Heav'n forgive me, 'Tis not the first Oath, I have broke, I must take A little for a Preparative. [Offers to kiss and embrace ber.

Camiola. By no Means.

If you forswear yourself we shall not prosper.

I'll rather lose my Longing.

Sylli. Pretty Soul!

How careful it is of me! let me bus yet, Thy little dainty Foot for't: That, I'm fure, is Out of my Oath.

Camiola, Why if thou canst dispense with't So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a Favour

My

My amorous Shoemaker steals.

Sylli. O most rare Leather! [Kisses ber Shoe often.

I do begin at the lowest, but in time I may grow higher.

Camiola. Fie! you dwell too long there;

Rise, pry'thee, rise.

Sylli. O, I am up already.

# Enter Clarinda bastily.

Camiola. How I abuse my Hours!—What news with thee, now?

Clar. Off with that Gown, 'tis mine; mine by your Promise:

Signior Adorni is return'd! now upon Entrance;

Off with it, off with it, Madam, Camiola. Be not so hasty:

When I go to Bed, 'tis thine.

Sylli. You have my grant too;

But, do you hear, Lady, though I give Way to this,

You must hereaster ask my Leave before

You part with Things of Moment.

Camiola. Very good;

When I'm yours, I'll be govern'd.

Sylli. Sweet Obedience!

#### Enter Adorni.

Camiola. You're well return'd

Adorni. I wish that the Success
Of my Service had deserv'd it.

Camiola. Lives Bertoldo?

Adorni. Yes, and return'd with Safety.

Camiola. 'Tis not, then,

In the Rower of Fate to add to, or take from My perfect Happiness: And yet he should Have made me his first Visit.

Adorni. So I think too;

But he-

Sylli. Durst not appear, I being present:

That's his Excuse, I warrant you.

Camiola. Speak, where is he?

With whom? Who hath deferv'd more from him? Or Can be of equal Merit? In this

Do not except the King.

Adorni. He's at the Palace

With the Dutchess of Siena. One Coach brought 'em hither,

Without a third. He's very gracious with her,

You may conceive the rest.

Camiola. My jealous Fears

Make me to apprehend.

Adorni. Pray you, dismis

Signior Wifdom, and I'll make relation to you Of the Particulars.

Camiola. Servant, I would have you

To haste unto the Court.

Sylli. I will out-run

A Footman for your Pleasure. Camiola. There observe

The Dutchess' Train and Entertainment,

Sylli, Fear not,

I will discover all that is of Weight

To the Liveries of her Pages, and her Footmen.

Exit Sylli. This is fit Employment for me.

Camiola. Gracious with

The Duchess! fure, you faid so?

Adorni. I will use

All possible Brevity to inform you, Madam, Of what was trusted to me, and discharg'd

With Faith and loyal Duty.

Camiola. I believe it;

You ranfom'd him, and supply'd his Wants-imagine That is already spoken; and what Vows

Of Service he made to me, is apparent;

His Joy of me, and Wonder too perspicuous;

Does not your Story end fo? Adorni. Would the End Had answered the Beginning—In a Word, Ingratitude and Perjury at the Height, Cannot express him.

Camiola. Take heed.

Adorni. Truth is arm'd

And can defend itself. It must out, Madam. I saw (the presence full) the amorous Dutchess Kiss and embrace him, on his Part accepted With equal Ardor, and their willing Hands No sooner join'd, but a Remove was publish'd, And put in Execution.

Camiola. The Proofs are Too pregnant.—O Bertoldo!

Adorni. He's not worth

Your forrow, Madam.

Camiola. Tell me, when you faw this, Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it?

Adorni. His Precipice from Goodness raising mine, And serving as a Foil to set my Faith off,

I had little Reason.

Camiola. In this you confess

The Devillish Malice of your Disposition, As you were a Man, you flood bound to lament it, And not in Flattery of your false Hopes To glory in it. When good Men purfue The Path mark'd out by Virtue, the bleffed Saints With Joy look on it, and Seraphic Angels Clap their celestial Wings in heav'nly Plaudits, To see a Scene of Grace so well presented, The Fiends, and Men made up of envy, mourning; Whereas now, on the contrary, as far As their Divinity can partake of Passion, With me they weep, beholding a fair Temple; Built in Bertoldo's Loyalty, turn'd to Ashes By the Flames of his Inconstancy, the damn'd Rejoicing in the Object .- 'Tis not well In you, Adorni.

Adorni. What a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin,—Can you pity him

[Afide That That hath shewn none to you?

Camiola. I must not be

Cruel by his Example, You, perhaps,

Expect now I should seek Recovery

Of what I have lost by Tears, and with bent Knees

Beg his Compassion. No; my towring Vertue,

From the Assurance of my Merit, scorns

To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler Course,

And, consident in the Justice of my Cause,

(The King his Brother, and new Mistress Judges)

Ravish him from her Arms—You have the Contract

In which he swore to marry her?

Adorni. 'Tis here, Madam. [Husband, Camiola. He shall be, then, against his will my And when I have him, I'll so use him—Doubt not, But that, your Honesty being unquestion'd; This Writing with your Testimony clears all.

Adorni. And buries me in the dark Mists of Error. Camiola. I'll presently to Court, pray you, give Order For my Coach.

Adorni. A Cart for me were fitter,

To hurry me to th' Gallows [Exit Adorni.

Camiola. O false Men!

Inconstant! perjur'd! My good Angel, help me
In these my Extremities!

#### Enter Sylli.

Sylli. If you ever will fee a brave Sight, Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the Dutchess Are presently to be married. There's such Pomp And Preparation.

Camiola. If I marry, 'tis, This Day, or never.

Sylli. Why, with all my Heart;

Though I break this, I'll keep the next Oath I make, And then it is quit.

You know my Confessor, Father Paulo?

Sylli. Yes: Shall he Do the Feat for us?

Camiola. I will give in Writing
Directions to him, and attire myfelf
Like a Virgin-bride, and fomething I will do
That shall deserve Men's Praise and Wonder too.

Sylli. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my Points of Cochineal and Yellow. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.

The Palace at Palermo.

## Loud Musick.

Roberto, Bertoldo, Aurelia, Astutio, Gonzaga, Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Bishop, with Attendants.

Rober. Had your Division been greater, Madam, Your Clemency, (the Wrong being done to you) In Pardon of it, like the Rod of Concord, Must make a perfect Union, once more With a brotherly Affection we receive you Into our Favour. Let it be your Study Hereafter to deserve this Bleffing, far Beyond your Merit.

Bert. As the Princess, Grace
To me is without Limit, my Endeavours
With all Obsequiousness to serve her Pleasures
Shall know no Bounds; nor will I, being made
Her Husband, forget the Duty that
I owe her as a Servant,

Aureila. I expect not
But fair Equality, since I well know,
If that Superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my Consort,
All the Prerogatives of my high Birth cancell'd,
I'll practice the Obedience of a Wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make Choice of their Inferiors, only aiming

To feed their fenfual Appetites, and to reign Over their Husbands, in some Kind commit Authoriz'd Whoredom, nor will I be guilty, In my Intent of such a Crime.

Gonz. This done,

As it is promis'd, Madam, may well fland for A Precedent to great Women: But, when once The griping Hunger of Desire is cloy'd, (And the poor Fool, advanc'd, brought on his Knees) Most of your Eagle-Breed, I'll not say all, (Ever excepting you) challenge again, What in hot Blood they parted from.

Aurelia. You are ever

An Enemy of our Sex, but you, I hope, Sir, Have better Thoughts.

Bert. I dare not entertain An ill one of your Goodness. Rober. To my Power

I will enable him, to prevent all Danger Envy can raise against your Choice. One Word more Touching the Articles.

# Enter Fulgentio, Camiola, Sylli, Adorni.

Fulgen. In you alone
Lie all my Hopes; you can or kill or fave me;
But pity in you will become you better,
(Though, I confess, in justice 'tis deny'd me)
Then too much Rigour.

Camiola. I will make your Peace As far as it lies in me; but must first Labour to right myself.

Aurelia. Or add or alter

What you think fit. In him I have my all, Heav'n make me thankful for him.

Rober. On to the Temple.

Camiola. Stay, Royal Sir, and, as you are a King, Erect one here, in doing Justice to An injur'd Maid.

Aurelia.

Aurelia. How's this?

Bert. O'l am Blafted! [Promptnels Rober. I have giv'n fome Proof, sweet Lady, of my To do you Right, you need not, therefore, doubt me; And rest assur'd, that, this great Work dispatch'd, You shall have Audience and Satisfaction To all you can demand.

Camiola. To do me Justice
Exacts your present Care, and can admit
Of no Delay. If ere my Cause be heard,
In Favour of your Brother, you go on, Sir,
Your Scepter cannot right me. He's the Man,
The guilty Man, whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in Duty, as you are Supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a Judge,
As a Delinquent look on him, and not
As on a Brother, Justice painted blind,
Infers, her Ministers are oblig'd to hear
The Cause and Truth, the Judge determine of it;
And not sway'd, or by Favour or Affection,
By a salse Gloss, or wrested Comment, alter
The true Intent, and Letter of the Law.

Roder. Nor will I, Madam,
Aurelia. You feem troubled, Sir,
Gonz. His Colour changes too.
Camiola. The Alteration.

Grows from his Guilt. The Goodness of my Cause Begets such Considence in me, that I bring No hir'd Tongue to plead for me, that with gay Rhetorical Flourishes may palliate That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd. I stand here mine own Advocate; and my Truth, Deliver'd in the plainest Language, will Make good itself; nor will I, if the King Give Suffrage to it, but admit of you, My greatest Enemy, and this Stranger Prince, To sit Assistants with him.

Aurelia. I ne'er wrong'd you.

Cam. In your Knowledge of the Injury, I believe it;

Nor

Nor will you in your Justice, when you are Acquainted with my Interest in this Man Which I 'lay claim to.

Rober. Let us take our Seats. What is your Title to him? Camiola. By this Contract, Seal'd folemnly before a reverend Man, I challenge him for my Husband. Sylli. Ha! was I

Sent for the Frier, for this? O Sylli! Sylli! Some Cordial, or I faint! Rober. This Writing is

Authentical.

Aurelia. But done in Heat of Blood, (Charm'd by her Flatt'ries, as, no doubt, he was) To be dispens'd with.

Ferd. Add this, if you pleafe, The Distance and Disparity between Their Births and Fortunes.

Camiola. What can Innocence hope for, When fuch as fit her Judges, are corrupted! Disparity of Birth, or fortune, urge you? Or Syren Charms? or, at his best, in me, Wants to deferve him? Call some few Days back, And, as he was, confider him, and you Must grant him my Inferior. Imagine You faw him now in fetters, with his Honour, His Liberty loft; with her black Wings Despair Circling his Miseries, and this Gonzago Trampling on his Afflictions; the great Sum Proposed for his Redemption; the King Forbidding Payment of it; his near Kinfmen, With his protesting Followers and Friends, Falling off from him; by the whole World forfaken; Dead to all Hope, and buried in the Grave Of his Calamities; and then weigh duly What she deserv'd (whose Merits now are doubted) That as his better Angel in her Bounties Appear'd unto him, his great Ranfom pay'd;

His

His Wants, and with a prodigal Hand, supply'd; Whether, then, being my manumised Slave, He ow'd not himself to me?

Aurelia. Is this true?

Rober. In his Silence 'tis acknowledg'd.

Gonz. If you want

A Witness to this Purpose, I'll depose it.

Camiola. If I have dwelt too long on my Deferving To this unthankful Man, pray you pardon me; The Cause requir'd it. And, though now I add A little, in my Painting to the Life His barbarous Ingratitude, to deter Others from Imitation, let it meet with A fair Interpretation. This Serpent, Frozen to Numbness, was no sooner warm'd In the Bosom of my Pity and Compassion, But, in Return, he ruin'd his Preserver, The Prints, the Irons had made in his Flesh, Still ulcerous; but all that I had done (My Benefits in Sand, or Water written) 19 As they had never been, no more remember'd: And on what Ground, but his ambitious Hopes To gain this Duchess' Favour.

Aurelia. Yes; the Object (Look on it better, Lady) may excuse The Change of his Affection.

Camiola. The Object?

In what? forgive me, Modesty, if I say
You look upon your Form in the false Glass
Of Flatt'ry and Self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a Dutchess, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your Face, and, that not seen,
For other Feature, make all these, that are
Experienc'd in Women, judges of 'em;
And, if they are not Parasites, they must grant

19 My Benefits in Sand, or Water Written.

Thus in Shakespear's Henry VIII.

Men's Evil Manners live in Brass; their Virtues

We write in Water.

ACT

For

For Beauty without Art, though you storm at it, I may take the Right-Hand File.

Gonz. Well faid, I' faith!

I see fair Women on no Terms will yield

Priority in Beauty.

Camiola. Down, proud Heart! Why do I rise up in Desence of that,

Which, in my cherishing of it, hath Undone me!

No, Madam, I recant;—You are all Beauty,

Goodness and Virtue; and poor I not worthy As a Foil to set you off; Enjoy your Conquest;

But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am

In my Lowness, from your Height, you may look on me,

And in your Suffrage to me, make him know That, though to all Men else I did appear

The Shame and Scorn of Women, 20 He stands bound

To hold me as her Master-piece.

Rober. By my Life,

You've shew'n yourself of such an abject Temper, So poor, and low-condition'd, as I grieve for Your Nearness to me.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my Opinion of you, Lady, and profess The Virtues of your Mind, an ample Fortune For an absolute Monarch.

Gonz. Since you are refolv'd

To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble Order for a Woman, do it [meet not
For this. You may search through the World, and
With such another Phænix.

Aurelia. On the Sudden

I feel all Fires of Love quench'd in the Water

The Shame and Scorn of Women.

This is the Reading of all the Old Copies, but I imagine it is false, and that we ought to read.

The Shame and Scorn of Nature.

What strengthens this Supposition, is the Lines following, which makes the Sense entire.

Vol. II. F f Of

Of Compassion.—Make your Peace; you have
My free Consent; for here I do disclaim
All Int'rest in you: And, to surther your
Desires, fair Maid, compos'd of Worth and Honour,
The Dispensation procur'd by me,
Freeing Bertoldo from his Vow, makes Way
To your Embraces.

Bert. Oh, how have I stray'd, And wilfully, out of the noble Track Mark'd me by Virtue! 'Till now, I was never Truly a Prisoner. To excuse my late Captivity, I might allege the Malice Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing Courage in my Defence was no Way wanting. But now I have furrender'd up my Strengths Into the Power of Vice, and on my Forehead Branded with mine own Hand, in Capital Letters, Difloyal and ingrateful. Though barr'd from Human Society, and his'd into Some Defert ne'er yet haunted with the Curses Of Men and Women, sitting as a Judge Upon my guilty felf, I must confess It justly falls upon me; and one Tear, Shed in Compassion of my Suff'rings, more

Camiola. This Compunction
For th' Wrong that you have done me, tho' you fhould
Fix here, and your true Sorrow move no farther,
Will, in respect I lov'd once, make these Eyes
Two Springs of Sorrow for you.

Bert. In your Pity

Than I can hope for.

My Cruelty shews more monstrous: Yet I am not, Though most ingrateful, grown to such a Height Of Impudence, as in my Wishes only To ask your Pardon. If, as now I fall Prostrate before your Feet, you will vouchfase To act your own Revenge, treading upon me As a Viper eating through the Bowels of Your Benefits, to whom, with Liberty,

I owe my Being, 'twill take from the Burthen That now is insupportable.

Camiola. Pray you, rife;

As I wish Peace and Quiet to my Soul, I do forgive you heartily. Yet, excuse me, Though I deny myself a Bleffing that, By the Favour of the Dutchess seconded, With your Submission is offer'd to me, Let not the Reason I allege for't grieve you, You have been false once.—I have done: and if, When I am married (as this Day I will be) As a perfect Sign of your Atonement with me, You wish me Joy, I will receive it for Full Satisfaction of all Obligations In which you stand bound to me.

Bert. I will do it.

And, what's more, in Despite of Sorrow, live To fee myfelf undone, beyond all Hope To be made up again.

Sylli. My Blood begins

To come to my Heart again.

Camiola. Pray you, Signior Sylli, Call in the holy Frier. He's prepar'd

For finishing the Work.

Sylli. I knew I was

Heaven make me thankful! The Man.

Rober. Who is this?

Astutio. His Father was the Banker of Palermo: And this the Heir of his great Wealth.—His Wisdom Was not hereditary.

Sylli. Though you know me not,

Your Majesty owes me a round Sum; I have A Seal or two, to witness; yet, if you please To wear my Colours, and dance at my Wedding, I'll never fue you.

Rober. And I'll grant your Suit.

Sylli. Gracious Madona, noble General, Brave Captains and my quondam Rivals wear 'em, Since

Since I am confident you dare not harbour A Thought, but that Way current.

Aurelia. For my Part
I cannot guess the Issue.

[Exit.

## Enter Sylli with the Friar.

Sylli. Do your Duty,
And with all Speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paulo. Thus, as a principal Ornament to the Church,
I seize her.

All. How!

Rober. So young, and so religious! Paulo. She has for sook the World. Sylli. And Sylli too?

I shall run mad.

Rober. Hence with the Fool! Proceed, Sir.

[Sylli thrust off.

Paulo. Look on this Maid of Honour, now Truly honour'd in her Vow She pays to Heaven: Vain Delight By Day, or Pleasure of the Night, She no more thinks of: This fair Hair (Favours for great Kings to wear) Must now be shorn. Her rich Array Chang'd into a homely gray. The Dainties, with which she was fed And her proud Flesh pampered, Must not be tasted; from the Spring, For Wine, cold Water we will bring, And with fasting mortify The Feasts of Sensuality. Her Jewels, Beads; and she must look Not in a Glass, but holy Book; To teach her the ne'er erring Way To Immortality. O may She, as she purposes to be A child new born to Piety, Persevere in it, and good Men,

With Saints and Angels, fay, Amen!

xit.

ch.

ith

Camiola. This is the Marriage! this the Port to which My Vows must steer me! Fill my spreading Sails With the pure Wind of your Devotions for me, That I may touch the secure Haven, where Eternal Happiness keeps her Residence, Temptations to Frailty never ent'ring. I am dead to the World, and thus dispose Of what I leave behind me, and, dividing My'State into three Parts. I thus bequeath it. The first to the fair Nunnery, to which I dedicate the last, and better Part Of my frail Life; a fecond Portion To pious Uses; and the third to thee, Adorni, for thy true and faithful Service. And, e'er I take my last Farewel, with Hope To find a Grant, my Suit to you is, that You would, for my Sake, pardon this young Man, And to his Merits love him, and no further.

Rober. I thus confirm it.

[Gives bis Hand to Fulgentio.

Camiola. And, as e'er you hope, [To Bertoldo. Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you To re-assume your Order; and in fighting Bravely against the Enemies of our Faith Redeem your mortgag'd Honour.

Rober. I restore this:— [The white Cross.

Once more Brothers in Arms.

Bert. I'll live and die so.

Camiola. To you my pious Wishes! And, to end All Differences, Great Sir, I beseech you To be an Arbitrator, and compound The Quarrel, long continuing, between The Duke and Dutchess.

Rober. I'll take it into

My special Care.

Camiola. I'm then at rest.—Now, Father,

Conduct me where you please.

[Exeunt Paulo and Camiola.

Rober.

Rober. She well deserves

Her Name, The Maid of Honour! May she stand

To all Posterity, a fair Example

For noble Maids to imitate! Since, to live

In Wealth and Pleasure, is common; but to part with

Such poison'd Baits is rare, there being nothing

Upon this Stage of Life to be commended,

Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

[Exeunt.

We are now come to the Conclusion of the Maid of Honour: A Piece which in my Judgment does Honour to its Author, and well deferves to be presented upon the English Stage.

my frait Life is a fecond Portion ...

To find a Granc, my Soit to you is, that

And to his Merils love him, and no furt

Rober, I thus confirm it.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

Four would, for my Salce, pardon this young Man,



differences, Great Sir. I befeech your

to be an Arbitrator, and compound to Ouarrel, long continuing, between

Camiela. Pin then at refl. - New.

i be Duke and Dutchels. Rober, I'll take it into

A o you my plons Wilhes! And, to co.

Execut Paulo and Camiol.

th unt. : A

1

